PENTHOUSE
THE INTE
OR MEN
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SEPTEMBER 1976 $1.50
SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
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A LUSTY INTERVIEW WITH MARGO ST. JAMES
CONFESSIONS OF AN EST DROPOUT:
LIFE AMONG THE TURKEYS
COUNTRY PORN:
THE OUTRAGEOUS ROCK GROUP THEY JUST COULDN'T CENSOR
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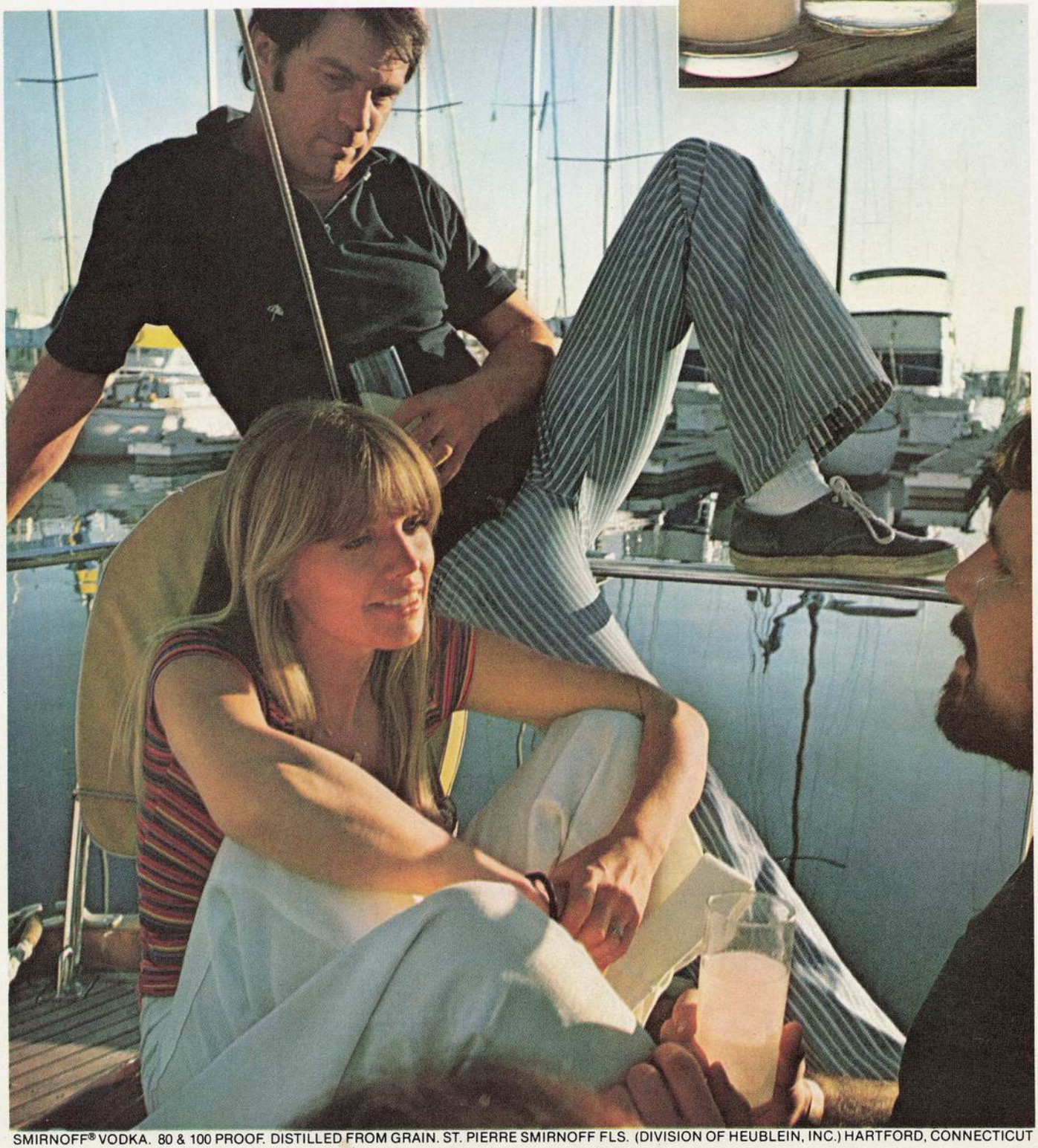

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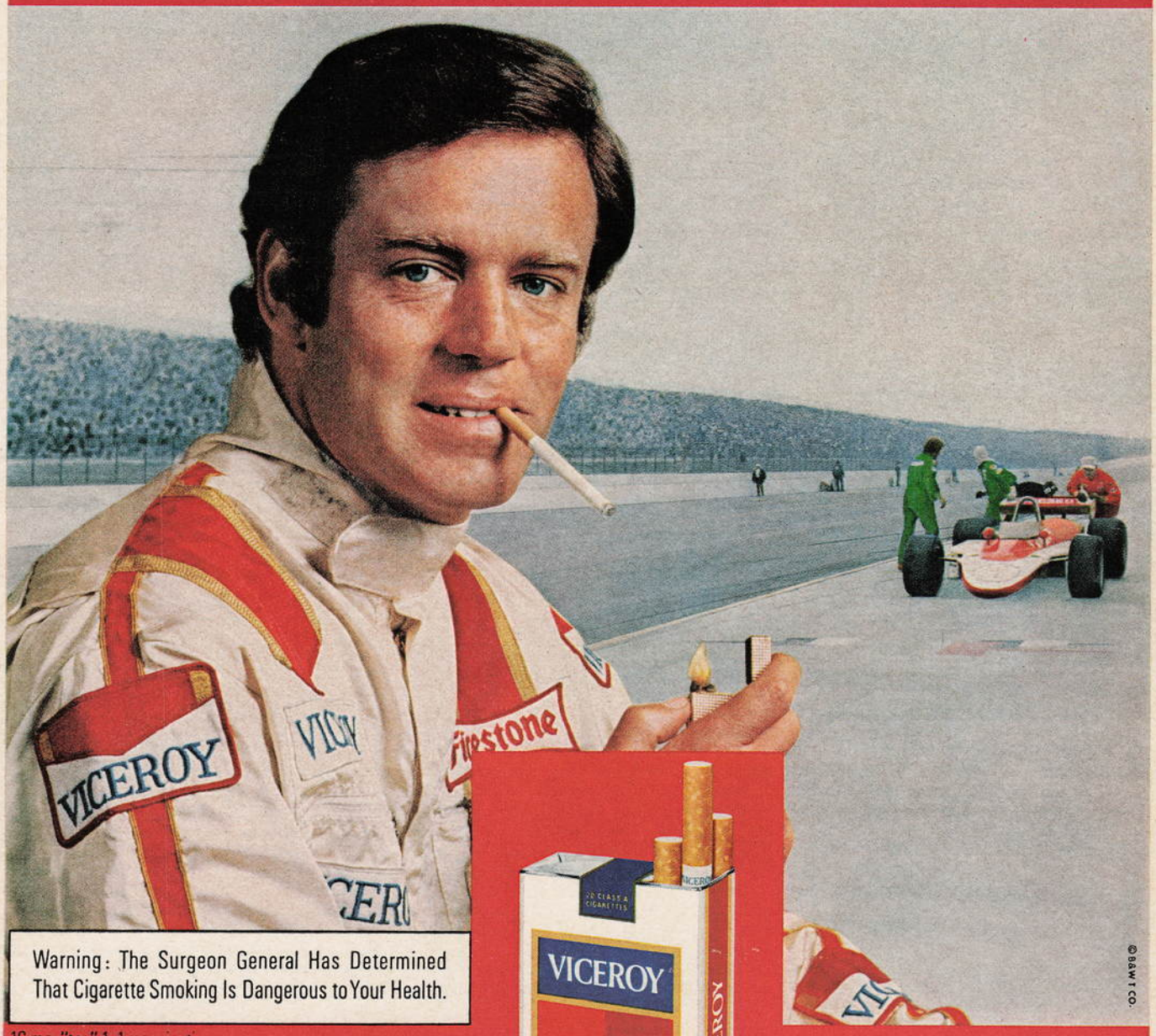

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / SEPTEMBER 1976

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***Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)**

For the price of an imitation sports car, you can own the real thing.

There are a lot of spiffy looking little economy cars around today masquerading as sports cars.

They drip with "features" like nonfunctioning hood scoops. And imitation racing mirrors. And tachometers for automatic transmissions.

The problem is that by the time you've added all the sporty options, you've also added a small fortune to the price of the car.

And you still don't have a sports car. Only an economy car that vaguely resembles one.

Obviously, we have a solution. In fact, we have two.

The Fiat X1/9. Or the 124 Spider.

Instead of tires with raised white letters to make the car look better, you'll find radial tires. To make it drive better.

Instead of a pseudo racing steering wheel, you'll get rack-and-pinion steering on the X1/9. The kind used in racing cars.

And instead of being impressed with a fancy racing stripe on the hood, you'll be impressed by what we've put underneath it.

Because where we come from, a sports car isn't a sports car because of the way it looks.

It's a sports car because of the way it drives.

Which should explain why the 124 Spider comes with a five-speed transmission. And a dual overhead cam engine. And four-wheel disc brakes.

It might also begin to explain why the X1/9, one of but seven mid-engine cars in the world, was named one of the ten best cars in the world last year by Road and Track magazine.

Of course, we still think sports cars have to look like sports cars. In the land of Ferrari, ugly doesn't sell.

So we got the people who design Ferraris to design both these Fiats.

Look at it this way.

If you're going to spend real money on a sports car, the least you should end up with is a real one.

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

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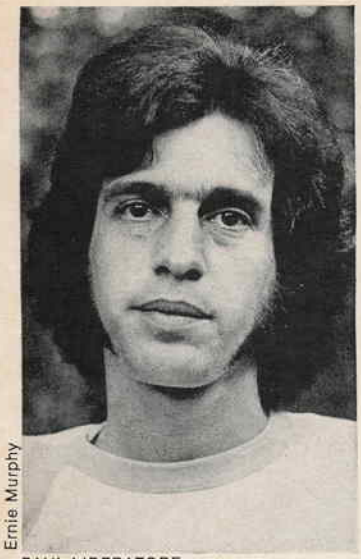

Ernie Murphy

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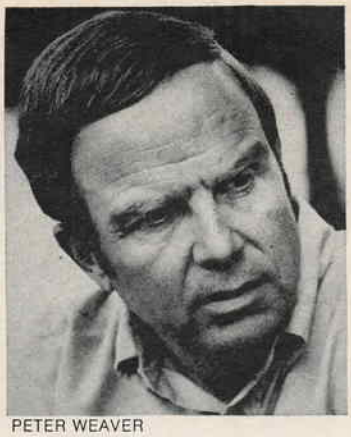

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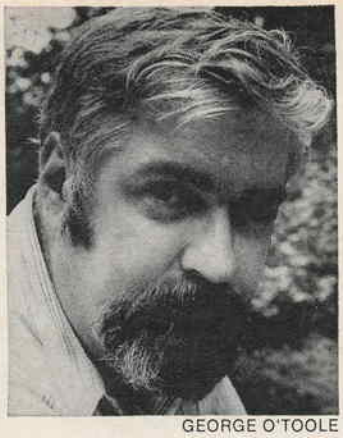

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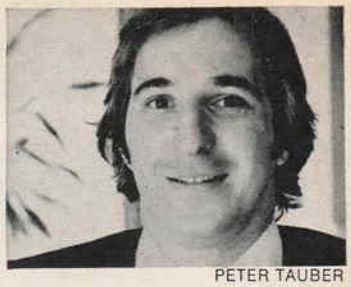

PETER TAUBER

ANDRE DUBUS

HOUSECALL

As regular *Penthouse* readers are no doubt aware, this is a very special time of year for us. It was way back in 1965, eleven years ago, that editor/publisher Bob Guccione launched the first tentative issue of *Penthouse* magazine in England and four years later, in September 1969, that *Penthouse* made its splashy debut on the American newsstands. So this is a double anniversary—the eleventh birthday of our British edition and the seventh anniversary of its "Colonial" American offspring. And this has been our best and most bountiful year ever. Our readership continues to increase unabated, there are more *Penthouse* staffers, and we are able to offer more people more to look at, read, and enjoy than ever before.

There are more *Penthouse* products on the market—more divisions, subsidiaries, and new ventures that reflect the bustling state of growth and development at Penthouse International. Keen-eyed observers, for example, will spot the first *Bravo* ad on page 115 of this issue, our latest and—in many ways—most adventurous magazine project to date.

Elsewhere *Penthouse* has moved into motion pictures (an epic $8.5 million commitment to *Gore Vidal's Caligula,* now being filmed in Rome and starring Malcolm McDowell, Peter O'Toole, Sir John Gielgud, Maria Schneider, and Helen Mirren), television, books, concerts, mail order, property, education, etc.—the kind of activities that have taken our first year's gross revenue of less than $1 million and increased it 10,000 percent to more than $100 million in these relatively few, short, incredibly exciting years. We've got much to celebrate and much to be grateful for. This is our party, and you're invited.

For openers, we've got former CIA analyst **George O'Toole**'s chilling story "Watergate on the Wabash," a penetrating examination of the way public officials used a private investigating firm in Indianapolis to get the goods on their "enemies." O'Toole, whom readers will remember for his controversial series on the Kennedy assassination (later published as the Penthouse Press book *The Assassination Tapes*), isolated the ostensible symptoms of a local scandal and watched as it metastasized into a national cancer. O'Toole's message is unmistakable: don't be complacent just because one group of crooks has been driven from the White House.

Not that our criticism of indiscriminate snooping is restricted to the misuse of public money. In "The Snoop Business" **Peter Weaver** demonstrates how insurance companies place a premium on gossip and how this gossip—a high-school rumor or a bit of malicious badmouthing passed on by a disgruntled neighbor—finds its way into someone's file, causing him to pay higher rates or, worse, fail to qualify for a policy at all. For more information on the way to get a firmer grip on some of the more vital aspects of everyday life, check out reporter Weaver's new book, *YOU, Inc.* (Dolphin).

On the other hand, thousands upon thousands of Americans are joyously giving up control of their lives to est, a philosophy espoused in "training sessions" given by the minions of one Werner Erhard. **G. H. Krispien**, a former animator, cartoonist, and occasional stand-up comic, came to est with a girlfriend, an open mind, and . . . an open wallet. Unimpressed with either est or Erhard, Krispien found the movement more a rip-off than a means of revolutionizing his life, and he tells the whole story in "I Was an est Dropout."

Since no birthday party is worth a candle without music, why not tune in to the new, x-rated Country and Western band, Country Porn? According to author **Paul Liberatore**, Country Porn makes incredibly hot music by marrying a down-home, funky sound to frankly pornographic lyrics. The group has successfully resisted all efforts to squelch them, and their bawdy ballads would easily cause a short circuit at the FCC if any radio station had the courage to play a cut from their newest and lewdest album to date. So if Liberatore's observations whet your appetite, buy the record and strike another blow for freedom.

This special anniversary issue also features a report on the farthest and most fragile sexual frontier yet—Virgin Liberation. **Peter Tauber**, a mild-mannered young man who lives "in the English-speaking ghetto of Manhattan known as the East Side," instructs us in the motley pleasures of being virginal and how to enjoy it—and even how to become a virgin for the second time. Although Peter may suffer from "a perpetual black thumb" (which has managed to kill many an unsuspecting houseplant), his other fingers are somewhat more productive. He has just finished a novel, *The Last, Best Hope,* which Harcourt Brace Jovanovich will publish next January.

As for fiction, we have **Andre Dubus**'s story entitled "The Misogamist," which answers the burning question, What is a misogamist? You may want to read more of Dubus's acclaimed short stories in his recent collection, "Acclaimed Short Stories," or, as published to the public, "Separate Flights" (Godine).

Norman Roby, an associate editor of *Vintage* magazine, is the only man in America courageous enough to admit to having spent a year in Bordeaux pining for American jug wine. Roby reveals herewith the best American wine buys for future imbibing. Meanwhile our exclusive report on the Porsche 124 will show how to tour the countryside in elegance and enjoy the glories of autumn.

And speaking of glorious scenery, we haven't forgotten the scenery we like best. The September *Penthouse* maintains our tradition of presenting the hottest pictorial features to be found anywhere in the world. In short, this special anniversary issue contains everything you expect from *Penthouse*—and much more besides.

"Style: my thoughts."

Yves Saint Laurent

"As a Paris designer, I've been credited with changing the look and sense of fashion many times. But I like to believe that my true strength is my continuing style—a constant interest I've had in being both forceful and graceful.

"My style is not intended to fit everybody. If it did, I'd no longer have a style, I'd only have a label."

"A man's style touches everything he has, even something as simple as a belt. A belt gets a lot of use—for me, a properly-styled belt has a subtle distinctiveness which doesn't tire, day after day."

"A tie is a challenge to a designer. For though it must work as part of an overall look, so, too, must it have its own bit of personality. The tie you put on inevitably says something particular about you."

"One's suit, perhaps more than anything else, reflects one's style. The suits I design are noticeable in the quality of their cut and their distinctive fabric, correct and individual. They're meant to embody a certain art of living."

"Using a cologne is a decision to please yourself as well as the people near you. Few things remind people of your style as vividly as your cologne. With 'YSL' I've sought a healthy presence, a freshness and something else—a bit of indulgence."

"There are many subtle touches in designing a shoe that, together, achieve a look both elegant and distinctive—and always tasteful. My shoes have been designed to coordinate with my clothing, to help present totally one man."

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SEPTEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Bird dogged

I would like to relate an experience which is different from the stud tales that sometimes appear in Forum. This happened right after I graduated from high school (I had lost my virginity shortly before that) during the summer.

There was a neighbor lady who needed yard work done since her husband was out of town so much because of his job. He was a huge, ugly man with a nasty temper, and I definitely would not have wanted to meet him in a dark alley. My fear of him was intensified even more by all the hunting trophies and guns which were openly displayed throughout the house. In addition, he owned a large hunting dog, which had the run of the house as well as of the yard.

Anyway Mrs. Smith (not her real name) had me doing the lawn work, and each time I was over she had worn brief clothing and had made suggestive remarks constantly. But because of her husband, I didn't want to try anything. One day she called me over, gave me the yard instructions, and since the temperature was close to 100 degrees, she then said she was going to cool off with a shower and change into something cooler to wear. I figured that she had told me this so I would walk in on her, but I just did my work and started home. But she called me back for my pay and offered me something cool to drink. It was hot, I *was* thirsty, and I certainly could have used the money that day. So I figured what the hell.

She sat across from me on the couch, wearing the flimsiest blouse and the merest nothing for a skirt—which she kept adjusting and making little fanning motions with until I had an erection that wouldn't quit. She could see this of course and asked me to come over to her, saying that it wasn't healthy for a young, strong man like me to suppress something like that, and asking if it happened when I was with my girl, and what we did on dates. Before I knew it, she was asking if I'd like to screw her, as she undid my pants. Well, I was inside her in an instant and just about to explode—when the damn dog came up to take a sniff of my ass, accidentally touching his cold, wet nose to my butt.

It only took an instant, but the only thing that came into my mind was her old man standing there with his double-barreled shotgun shoved up my ass. My peter shriveled instantly, and I jumped up and headed for the back door—but I forgot about my jeans down around my ankles, and I fell flat on my face, thinking this was the end of the line for me until I heard Mrs. Smith call out as she looked at me and laughed, "It's only the dog! Come on back so we can finish what we were doing!"

Well, I was so shaken up that I pulled up my pants and, without turning around, literally ran all the way home. I never went back for my money or to do any more yard work for Mrs. Smith.

That incident taught me to be true to any girl I was going with, and I have used the same philosophy in my marriage, which has lasted for ten years. All I can say to those who get turned on by the fear of getting caught, you must never have gotten caught.—*P.C., Waco, Tex.*

Which just might prove that a good bird dog is hard to come by. But there's still some guys around who will insist a near miss is as good as a mile.—The Editors

Fringe benefit

I've been reading in the Forum how many women are turned on to *Penthouse* even though the pictorials, at least, seem to be for men. So I would like to tell about my wife and her enjoyment of *Penthouse*.

I started bringing *Penthouse* home about a year ago. Every time I sat down to read it, my wife would make a remark about my being perverted and getting my jollies out of it. At first I would put the magazine down and walk off so I didn't have to hear her remarks. But I started to notice how, as soon as I laid the magazine down, she'd start to read it. It got to the point where I couldn't read my *Penthouse* without her looking over my shoulder or just plain sneaking it away from me.

One evening my wife was lying in bed reading an article in *Penthouse*. She had on a pair of short cut-offs, and I could see her hairy bush just peeking out to say hello. Right away I grabbed a big hard-on. I slipped my hand into my wife's shorts, her pussy was hot and juicy, and we started masturbating each other. Before I knew it, we were both naked, just fucking away.

We fucked, sucked, masturbated, screwed in the ass, and tried everything we could think of. We just kept on exploding into one orgasm after another. After fucking all night, we finally became exhausted. Then next morning I overslept and arrived at work an hour late. My boss was so pissed-off he fired me on the spot.

All I want to say is, thank you, *Penthouse*; I hated the job anyway, and now I just fuck all day long and collect unemployment benefits.—*E.J.E., New Orleans, La.*

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We're always glad to help a loyal reader if we can. But after reading your letter, we're beginning to suspect some of our editorial staff of doing the same thing.—The Editors

That certain hair about you

In response to "Hair streaker" (June 1976) from Las Vegas, you are not by yourself. I, too, have been into hair fucking for some time. I have always been attracted to women with long, soft, natural-looking locks and have enjoyed feeling and playing in it with my hands, and I must admit that this, along with other foreplay, has been very exciting to me. However, it was my wonderful, sexually liberated wife who really introduced me to the art of screwing hair. Here is how it happened.

About three years ago my wife, who has long, silky, waist-length brown hair, and I were having a terrific fuck session one weekend. In fact, we had fucked almost every way possible and had just finished screwing in the shower when we decided such strenuous activity called for a bath.

My wife had washed her hair, and I asked her to blow-dry it as I knew we would be fucking again before very long and I didn't want it wet. Being the good wife she is, she not only dried it but also put some curl into it, and after a fast lunch, we were back in the sack. She gives a fantastic blow job, and part of the fun for me has been getting two handfuls of her hair and playing with it while her educated tongue licks and sucks the come from my balls. Her head was heading for *my* head, and I assumed I was in for a great suck. But this time was to be different. She took my stiff prick, wrapped her crowning glory around it, and began gently jerking me off. The feeling of her silky hair sliding against my pulsating dick was just indescribable. The only part of my pecker she had left exposed was the head, and this she licked every few seconds. I was hot, hot, hot, and she could tell that the moment of truth had arrived. "Are you going to feed me or condition my hair?" she asked softly as she continued to work my dong. At this point I wanted to come all over her hair, I wanted to watch it run down her tresses, I wanted to massage it into her scalp. Without answering her question, I pulled her head down to my balls, grabbed as much hair as I could and—while she kissed, licked, and sucked my balls—I exploded into her hair, reaching a truly great climax.

My wife gets excited because she knows how aroused I get, and we have developed many new variations since the first time.

One of our favorites is for her to sit on a pillow at the edge of our bed with her back to me and her head in between my legs (I am on the edge of the bed, and she is on the floor), and while she spreads her legs wide apart so she can masturbate herself with a vibrator, I masturbate into her lovely hair. We still enjoy sex in all the same old ways, but this has been a wonderful addition. I only wish I had started many years ago as I let a lot of beautiful hair get away.—*L.W., address withheld*

It might be hair today, but will it be come tomorrow?—The Editors

Unseemly seamstress

In your May 1976 issue, I was delighted to see the letter from the man in the linen closet. He seems to have a set-up much the same type as mine—the only difference being that I have a variety of women to view.

It actually started only six months ago, but it took about a year of coaxing before that to get my wife to agree. However, we both agree now that our sex life has been much better because of it.

My wife has been designing and making clothes, especially sexy evening gowns, for years now. But six months ago I finally persuaded her to let me cut a peep hole through the wall from the room adjoining our bedroom to the bedroom where she does all the fitting. I also wanted her to do some petting with her customers. She was hesitant at first but gradually worked out some very sexy routines. All of her customers have good to very beautiful bodies (just like my wife), and all are friends of ours or friends of friends.

The first time she got into it was with a close friend. She started by joking and playfully pinching the friend's upper arms, then her tits. Soon her friend responded, and they were both rolling around on the bed, tickling and pinching each other. This soon developed into caresses and gentle biting of each other's tits. By this time, as always, I had a terrific hard-on.

After this initial contact, my wife gained confidence and confessed that she really began to like the whole thing and was looking forward to the next fitting session.

She would try to put the girl at ease by telling her that I would be out of the house on the night of the appointment. And because some of the girls seemed a little uptight about disrobing, my wife would first strip down to her panties, either claiming that it was warm or that she could work better that way, or using the pretext of wanting to model some of her own clothes for the customer—all this to make the girl more at ease. And while wearing some of the more clinging dresses, my wife would absentmindedly massage her own nipples until they were good and hard and then comment on the way that they pushed against the material.

On one occasion my wife was fitting a sheer halter-type dress on a girl whom she had never met before. This girl had a gorgeous set of boobs. I could tell by the way my wife was looking at them that she was dying to get her hands on them. And that she did. She told the girl that when her nipples got hard they would really be noticeable in the dress that she was being fitted for. The girl asked if she really thought so, and with this, my wife reached behind her, unhooking the top and expos-

Some brag about economy.

Some, performance.

Some, roominess.

But there isn't a car we know of that gives you the combination of economy, performance and roominess that you'll find in the Volkswagen Rabbit.

39 mpg highway, 25 mpg city.

These are the highly impressive EPA estimates of what the Rabbit got with standard transmission in the 1976 EPA tests.

(The mileage you get can vary, depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and the condition of your car.)

Fast outside.

The Rabbit propels you from 0 to 50 in only 8.2 seconds.

At that range, a Datsun B-210 is 60% slower than a Rabbit.†

You have to drive it to believe it.

Big inside.

As Road & Track put it: "Its space for passengers and luggage is remarkable."

In fact, 87% of the space in the car is devoted to passenger and luggage room. The Rabbit has as much head and leg room as some mid-sized cars.

Open the large Hatchback, put the rear seat down, and you have more luggage space than in the trunk of a Cadillac Fleetwood.

So there you have it:

Economy.

Performance.

Roominess.

All are alive and well, thank you, and residing in the 1976 Volkswagen Rabbit.

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD FOR UNDER $3500* IS A RABBIT.

Based on Road & Track magazine's consideration of hundreds of 1975 cars.

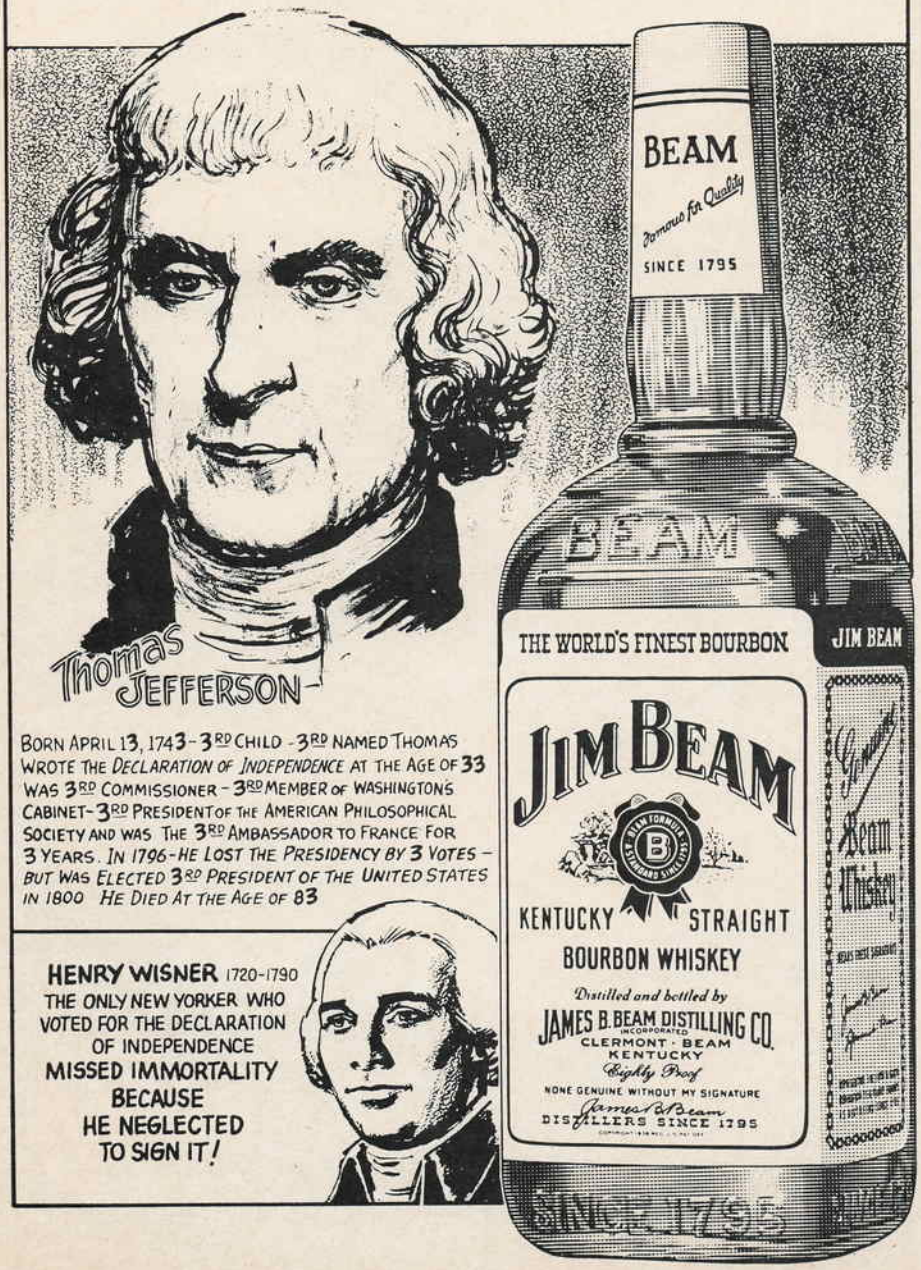
*Suggested 1976 retail price $3,499 East Coast P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes, and dealer delivery charges additional.
†Agbabian Associates test results. © Volkswagen of America.

Ripley's® Believe It or Not!

BEAM

SERVING THE UNITED TASTES OF AMERICA FOR 181 YEARS

FROM 1795 TO TODAY—
SIX GENERATIONS OF THE BEAM FAMILY HAVE BEEN MAKING THE WORLD'S FINEST BOURBON.



Thomas JEFFERSON

BORN APRIL 13, 1743 - 3RD CHILD - 3RD NAMED THOMAS WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AT THE AGE OF 33 WAS 3RD COMMISSIONER - 3RD MEMBER OF WASHINGTON'S CABINET - 3RD PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND WAS THE 3RD AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE FOR 3 YEARS. IN 1796 - HE LOST THE PRESIDENCY BY 3 VOTES - BUT WAS ELECTED 3RD PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1800 HE DIED AT THE AGE OF 83

HENRY WISNER 1720-1790
THE ONLY NEW YORKER WHO VOTED FOR THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
MISSED IMMORTALITY
BECAUSE
HE NEGLECTED
TO SIGN IT!

ing those luscious tits. Then, with her thumbs and forefingers, she began tweaking the nipples. After about a minute, during which the girl didn't make much response (and no protests), my wife grabbed both tits, squeezed them together, and gently tongued the nipples. This hardened them like a couple of rocks—and also finished me. I blew my wad right on the spot.

During the fittings my wife is usually topless or has an unbuttoned blouse on, leaving her tits exposed. This seems to help excite the girls who are so inclined. Last week a living doll who lives behind us came in for a fitting and stripped completely—panties and all. When my wife was measuring her bust, this beauty began to play with my wife's tits. Before long she had my wife on the bed, sucking away at her tits and removing her panties. They went on for about twenty minutes, sucking each other's boobs and fingering each other's cunts. They did everything short of eating each other out. Next time they get together, I hope I see that, too.—*Name and address withheld*

I am in total agreement with the writer of the letter from Hollywood, Fla., regarding "the size of it" (April 1976).

Big tits, small tits—the great American Breast Myth!

Anyone with any experience will have to admit that tits alone do not make a woman sexy. You may be in for the disappointment of your life if you bank on big jugs for sexual enjoyment, sexual fulfillment, sexual compatibility, and sensuality.

My most memorable experience was with a petite woman from Europe. There was an aura of sex around this lady that drew men to her wherever she went. Sensitivity, charm, warmth, appreciation, and a great sense of humor—she had these qualities, and they were genuine. She carried them right into bed with her. She made me feel ultra-masculine, ultra-sexy, and never before nor after have I ever felt so sexually fulfilled. She was a 34-B—*C.K., St. Augustine, Fla.*

Table service

I often had a hard time believing some of the episodes that readers write into Forum, but after what happened to me just last night, I shall never doubt even the most bizarre story again.

I was recently hired as a waiter for the midnight-to-seven shift at the local Howard Johnson's. As the restaurant just started its all-night policy, few of the townspeople know about our new hours. Because of this, some nights are painfully slow. Last night, a rainy Sunday night, was a classic example. I had already washed everything in sight, the manager was in the back office dozing off, and the cook was in the kitchen reading—what else?—*Penthouse*. It was so boring that I was going stir crazy when finally two luscious young ladies came into the restaurant.

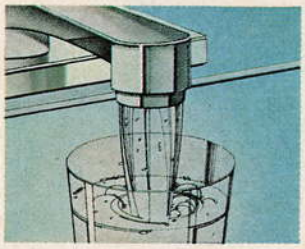
I jokingly told them that I thought that

Why is Tareyton better?

Others remove.

Tareyton improves.

The Reason is Activated Charcoal



The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water.

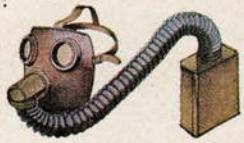
As a matter of fact, many cities across the United States have instituted charcoal filtration systems for their drinking water supplies.

The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.

Charcoal: History's No. 1 filter

Charcoal was used by the ancient Egyptians as early as 1550 B.C.

Charcoal has been used ever since then in many manufacturing processes, including the refining of sugar!



Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.

Charcoal is used today for masks that are required equipment in many industries.

Charcoal helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.

Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.

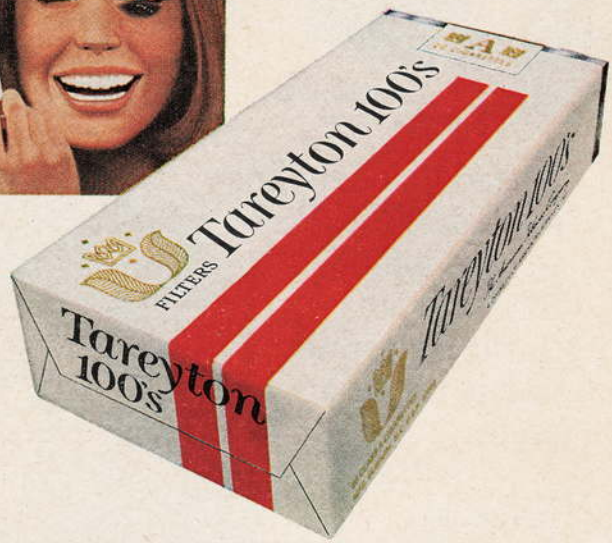
Charcoal also plays a key role in auto pollution control devices.

Activated charcoal does something for cigarette smoke, too.

While plain white filters reduce tar and nicotine, they also remove taste.

But Tareyton scientists created a unique, two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced... but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths and balances and improves the tobacco taste.

"...That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."



Tareyton is America's best-selling charcoal filter cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine;
100 mm: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76.

Bad sound is an unnecessary evil.

To hear music beautifully reproduced in the home is one of life's most pleasurable experiences.

It's also a pleasure that 8 out of 10 Americans have never experienced.

Good for news. Bad at music.

Unfortunately, most people still listen to music played through dinky kitchen radios that weren't intended for accurate music reproduction in the first place.

Or they invest in "magnificent mediterranean fruitwood stereo consoles" which may be easy on the eyes but are generally a blight on the ears.

Some people pick up nifty all-in-one stereo compacts they believe will give them good, high-fidelity sound. But a visit to a reputable high-fidelity dealer will quickly shatter that belief. Because only there will you hear *true* high fidelity and come to realize just how inadequate everything else is.

The simple truth is that only real high fidelity will give you real high-fidelity sound. That means separate component pieces; receivers, turntables, tape decks and speakers, each designed to do its job perfectly.

Pioneer makes more different

The $900 worth of fruitwood looks good. The $200 worth of electronics sounds bad.

©U.S. PIONEER ELECTRONICS CORP., 1976.

Avoid buying cheap "no-name" stereo in a place like this or you'll end up with no-quality sound.

high-fidelity components than anybody. In fact, we're the leading high-fidelity manufacturer in the world today.

If you don't own some Pioneer components, or some of similar quality (such as that made by Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui and a handful of other dedicated companies) you're probably listening to bad sound. And it's so unnecessary. Today, in 1976, good hi-fi

This may be stereo. But it's not high fidelity.

components (as opposed to bad "no-name" stereo systems which are ridiculously low-priced and provide sound to match) cost no more than many unsatisfactory alternatives.

True, you can assemble a super Pioneer system that costs more than an automobile. But that's equipment designed for the high-fidelity purist to whom expense is no object.

On the other hand, the Pioneer receiver, turntable and speakers shown here cost about the same as the console pictured at left. And when it comes to sound, there's no comparison.

Pioneer also makes equipment that costs still less. So for a few dollars more than a plastic compact, you can have life-size and life-like sound the compact could never deliver.

You see, bad sound is not only unnecessary. It's unjustifiable.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.

For a brochure describing the full line of Pioneer high-fidelity components and their capabilities, write us. To hear our sound with your own ears, visit your Pioneer dealer.

PIONEER®

Anyone can hear the difference.

there was a spare table in the back (there wasn't a customer in the entire place) and showed them to a table in the back of the main dining room. As I came back to the table with two glasses of ice water, they were taking off their rain parkas, and I couldn't believe my eyes. One was a redhead and the other brunette, and they were both dressed exactly the same with super-short blue-jeans shorts and low-cut, white T shirts with a little embroidered "pussy cat." They were both bra-less, with well rounded, very firm tits, and because of the dampness of the shirts, you could see their nipples sticking out as plain as if they wore nothing at all.

I could feel the blood rushing into my cock as it began to stiffen. I was going to go back to the front of the restaurant as the two girls looked over their menus when the brunette said that they didn't need to because they just wanted French fries and cokes. I took the order and went back to the kitchen, wondering whether they had noticed the large bulge in my pants. I think they must have because I heard them giggling pretty clearly as I walked to the front of the restaurant.

A few minutes later I delivered their order and was just standing there enjoying the sights when one of them turned and told me that that would be all. I disappointedly took the cue and rather downhearted went back to the front.

After some time and a truckdriver on the fountain later, I went back to give these girls their check. The red-headed one started some small talk about the weather, but then she dropped the check and leaned over to retrieve it, giving me a full view of her beautiful tits. She then reached into her jeans pocket for some money, spreading her legs so wide that I was sure some of her red pubic hair showed. She was obviously teasing me and doing a damn good job at it. My cock felt twice the size it was before. The girls would have had to have been blind not to notice it this time. The redhead then apologetically said that she had only enough money to pay the bill and would be unable to leave a tip. What followed next was beyond my wildest dream.

She looked at the bulge in my pants and, while reaching over and placing her opened hand on it, said she knew of a way she could repay me for my services—with a "Ho Jo Blo Jo." She then began slowly rubbing my cock through my pants as I instinctively pressed against her hand and moved closer to the table, pretending to talk with them. She continued rubbing, only harder, and squeezing, while they both looked me right in the eyes and moved their wet tongues over their full lips. The excitement of possibly being discovered by the cook or the manager, or another customer, the passing traffic, and her adept fingering as she now played with my balls (still through my pants) proved to be too much for me. I shot my load into my pants as she continued to squeeze my now dampening crotch.

Just then I heard the bell on the door ring, and I went up front to find a man waiting for take-out coffee. I quickly threw an apron on to cover the dark spot on my crotch. After giving the coffee to him, I went over to the register, where the girls were waiting to pay their check. As they turned to leave, the redhead turned back and said that maybe we could do the "Ho Jo Blo Jo" next time they were through. With that she cupped her hand under her nose and took a deep breath, saying, "Now I know what they mean by the 'Flavor of America.'"

Now, on slow, rainy Sunday nights, I will always jump when I hear the bell on the door ring.—*Name and address withheld*

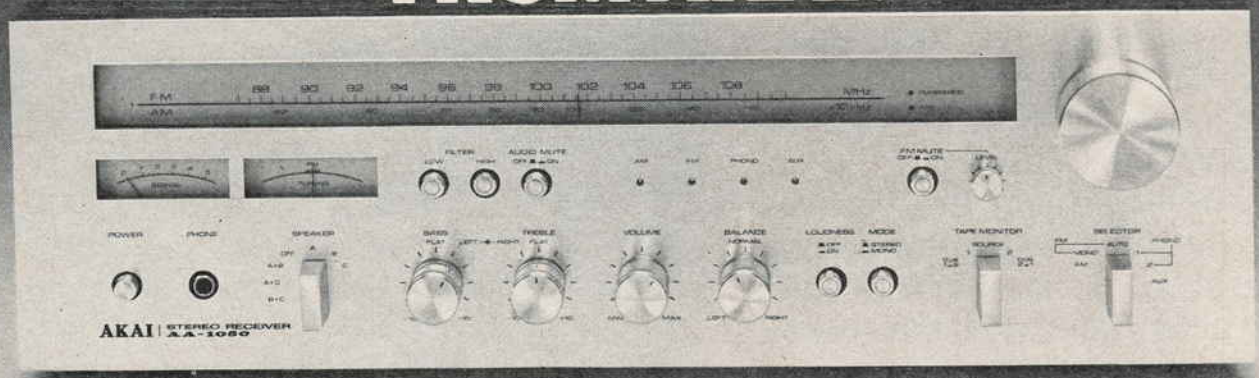
The girl next door

I have been an ardent *Penthouse* reader since your magazine first appeared in this country. And, quite frankly, I never believed the letters that told of older men being seduced by young girls. But a recent event has made me a believer.

After moving to another state out west, my wife and I made the acquaintance of two very fine people. We live next door to them and share similar interests. One of those interests is the couple's sixteen-year-old daughter.

We had been invited out to dinner with

ANOTHER STRONG STATEMENT FROM AKAI!



The AA-1050. Our top-of-the line stereo receiver. Part of Akai's new 1000 series of Stereo and Quad components. We believe it's the finest line of receivers, for the money, in the business!

Like all our receivers, the AA-1050 was built with the same commitment to quality that made Akai tape equipment internationally famous.

We feel you won't find another receiver that comes on for the price with better sound or performance. Or better styling. Clean. Brushed aluminum. Beautiful. The strength of Akai. It's in our AA-1050. It's in our 1000 Series. With five different models to choose from, there's an Akai receiver for you. So you can make your own strong statement!

AKAI™
COMIN' ON STRONG!

Akai 1000 Series from $300 to $900. For more information write Akai America Ltd., 2139 East Del Amo Boulevard, Compton, California 90220.

GF Hardtop

DL 4 Door Sedan

WHILE OTHER CARS ARE BLOWING THEIR OWN HORNS, ROAD TEST MAGAZINE NAMED SUBARU "LINE OF THE YEAR."

2 Door Sedan

4 Wheel Drive Wagon

DL Sport Coupe

DL Station Wagon

For the first time, Road Test has honored an entire line of cars. That line is Subaru.

Here's why:

A PRICE THAT ISN'T HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

The price of our 2 door sedan is $2899.* Our other models are slightly higher but just as economical.

Because the price of every Subaru includes front wheel drive. The SEEC-T engine that won Road Test's Fresh Air Award. And extras like power front disc brakes, radial tires and a lot more.

CARS THAT CAN NURSE A DRINK.

Our cars make a little go a long way. According to EPA test estimates, the manual transmission Subaru sedans delivered 39 highway and 29 city miles on a gallon of regular.**

IN ADDITION TO ECONOMY, WE OFFER VARIETY.

Our line includes seven models. Many available with either 4 speed, 5 speed or automatic transmission. And the only passenger car that's at home on the road and off the beaten paths: the 4 Wheel Drive Wagon.

SUBARU

THE ECONOMY CAR FOR TODAY'S ECONOMY.

**Total POE—not including dealer prep, inland transportation and taxes. Some exterior accessories pictured are extra cost options.*

***Your mileage may vary because of the way you drive, driving conditions, the condition of your car and whatever optional equipment you have. California mileage figures are 34 highway and 24 city.*

this family, and we all went in the neighbor's car. On the trip home the daughter sat between me and my wife. The girl, Sharon, was dressed in very tight blue jeans and a cotton top. Now and then she would lean forward to talk to her mother in the front seat, and I could see down the top of her pants to the pink underwear she wore. Since I have a reputation of being a dirty old man, I made it my business to sit as far away from this nubile lass as I could. I didn't want her to get upset, but I needn't have worried. The turns of city driving on the way back from the restaurant soon forced our knees to touch. Then there was body contact all along the thigh, and soon, before I knew what had happened, her pert little ass was pressed against my leg.

I was sure it wasn't intentional on her part, and I moved away. But the rear seat of the car was very confining, and for the next few blocks, the pressure of her leg against mine was constant. When we pulled up in front of their apartment, I was hard-pressed to conceal the bulging erection that was threatening to burst my zipper. I was sure there would be no hanky-panky between us, the law on statutory rape being what it is. But I was wrong there.

As luck would have it, the girl's parents went out of town (to a college reunion) and so my wife and I, as designated babysitters, had Sharon for company. It was a school night, and Sharon wouldn't be out on a date. So we barbecued.

Sharon went next door to "freshen up" after school, and when she came over, she was wearing very tight short-shorts and a cotton pullover with no bra. I could swear she didn't have any panties on either. So while my wife was setting the table, I was out watching the hamburgers and Sharon. Sometimes I'd crack a joke, and she'd lean close to me and put her hand on my shoulder. It was a definite turn-on, but I didn't reciprocate. I figured that would frighten her away.

Well, we all had some wine with dinner and went to sleep early. Then, at about two in the morning, I awoke and had to go to the bathroom. On the way back I passed Sharon's room and noticed through the half-open door that she had a night-light on. As soon as I looked in, I could see her in the dim light, lying on her side facing the other way. Remembering the car ride and being able to make out the outlines of her tantalizing form, I became emboldened and moved silently to where she was sleeping —or so I thought. Because as I stared down at her, the silence was suddenly broken as she whispered, "I thought you'd never get here." And with that she rolled over to face me as she reached toward my crotch. She obviously had not been asleep.

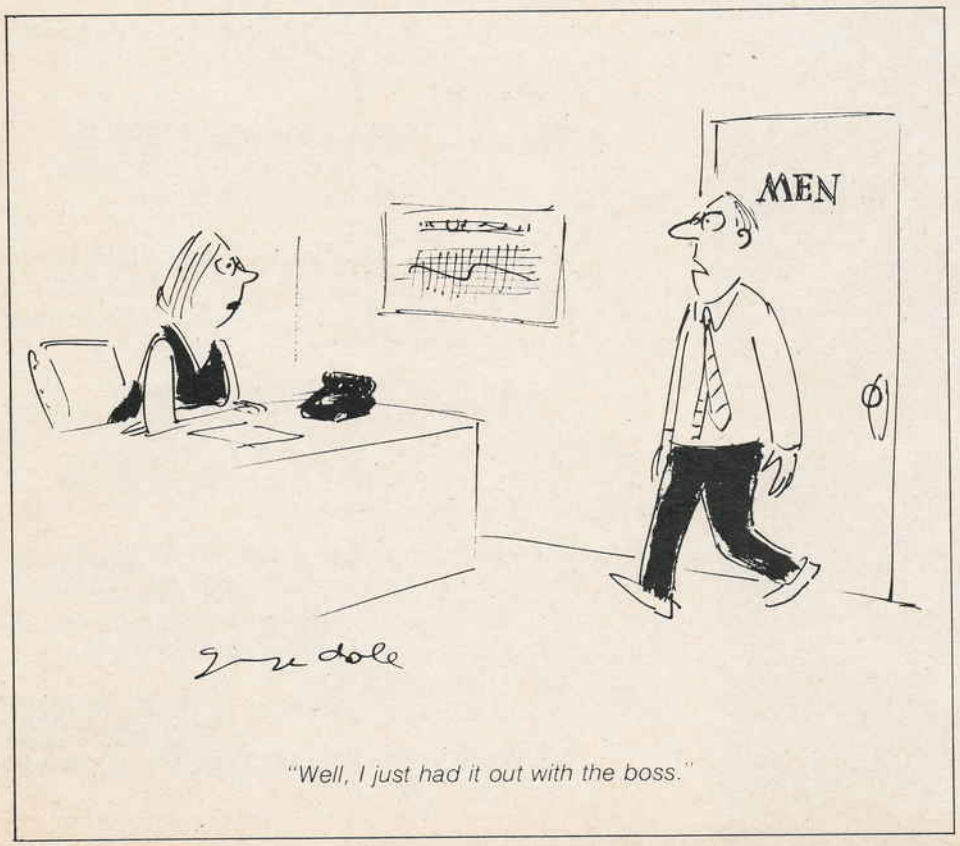
As she insistently tugged me down onto the bed, I could see plainly through her filmy, baby-doll top. Her breasts were mouth-size morsels, and I could see that her nipples were hard and erect. She didn't say another word but pressed her finger against her pouting lips and gently pulled my pyjama bottoms down off my hips, releasing my swelling cock. I was really getting hard, and Sharon began massaging my naked cock and balls, running her nails gently along the sides of my thighs. The sensation was out of this world.

Then she made me lie down on the bed and proceeded to give me the most incredible blow job in the world. Believe me when I say that I've been sucked off before, but nothing I'd experienced could compare with the skilled tongue of that sixteen-year-old. It was like thrusting my rod into a tube filled with warm butter. She brought me to the brink about four times, and then she squeezed the base of my cock and made me hold back the sperm that was trying to burn its way out of my balls. I almost went out of my mind.

I wanted to fuck her desperately, and I told her so, but she said that she was still a virgin and would like to remain that way for a while. All this time she kept her tongue moving up and down the length of my shaft. Then she took each one of my balls into her mouth and sucked on them, too. This time I knew there was no holding back, and I exploded into her mouth.

Her mouth filled up, and even though I don't remember ever before ejaculating that much, I felt like I was coming forever. That's how intensely pleasurable it was.

Well, I managed to stagger back to my bed and slept through until the following morning. Sharon made no mention of the previous night's encounter, but it was no subtle wink she gave me as she walked off to school.—*Name and address withheld*



"Well, I just had it out with the boss."

The professor's daughter

For many years I had never read men's magazines. I only recently discovered yours. Things have changed, folks. I've read three of your Forum columns and find them amazing. Some of the stories sound preposterous, but all are good entertainment. Something that happened to me may sound equally preposterous, but I assure you it is all too true.

Late last summer I visited a college professor and his family at their home in the woodlands of Northern California. I hadn't seen him in the six years since I graduated, but we'd kept up a lively correspondence, and he was kind enough to extend an open invitation.

When prof and his two daughters met me at the bus station, I saw that the older girl, a gangling eleven-year-old when I'd last seen her, was now incredibly transformed. She had always been rather pretty, with large brown eyes and silky auburn hair, but now her face had matured into near-classic loveliness. In addition, nature—aided, I learned later, by ballet, swimming, and gymnastics—had molded a stunning body: flat, hard tummy, slim waist, and large, cunningly curved breasts. I was astounded by Julie; also I was slightly intimidated, not being one with much contact with genuine beauties. It might have been love at first sight, if not for the difference in our ages (she seventeen, me twenty-seven), my steady back home, and the general delicacy of the situation. Or so I rationalized and tried to keep cool.

It was a thoroughly pleasant weekend. The prof and his wife and I talked, laughed, went hiking, played games, and relaxed. I saw little of Julie, who was polite and reti-

Inver's in in Paris

The boulevards and sidewalk cafes of Paris are even nicer these days. Parisians enjoy them with the Scotch that's Soft as a Kiss. (Because Paris is now drinking what London, New York, Rome, San Francisco and Moscow are drinking.) Inver House, the international Scotch, continues its triumphant march forward.

80 PROOF IMPORTED BY INVER HOUSE DISTILLERS LTD PHILA

cent in my presence and seemed to have her own things to do. Nonetheless, she made a profound impression each time she tripped through the house in shorts and halter. I had trouble keeping my eyes from her and found myself in bed both nights unable to put her out of my mind.

The weekend went so well that my friends dissuaded me from leaving Monday as I'd planned, and it was decided that I would stay through the following weekend as well.

That Monday night I awoke to sounds from the kitchen, which adjoined the guest bedroom. I flipped on the light and checked my watch: 3:30 A.M. Hoping it was only the prof after a late snack, I slipped on my pants and, sans shirt and barefoot, went to investigate. It was Julie. She didn't seem at all surprised to see me but said hello and explained that she couldn't sleep. I couldn't help wondering. She was dressed in a long, T-shirt-like garment that came to mid-thigh and clung fetchingly to her body. A bobble or two and two distinct nipple impressions told me that her breasts were naked under the cloth. She proceeded to fix a sandwich while I stared at the curves of her buttocks and their motion each time she shifted her weight. Then, as she ate, we chatted in near-whispers. She was self-assured and very much at ease.

Sitting at the table I grew more and more uncomfortable about the newly returned bulge in my pants. Although I secretly hoped she would see it and be attracted to it (a common male vanity, I imagine), reason hadn't left me completely and I was very paranoid about the professor. At last, ruefully, I excused myself to go back to bed. She asked why I was leaving. I said that her father might not approve of our being there together.

At that she smiled, touched my arm lightly, and said, "That's all right. He wouldn't mind; he trusts me." Then she added, "Besides, we couldn't do anything anyway, if that's what you're worried about." Intrigued, I asked why not. She said that she couldn't; it wasn't physically possible. I pressed for an explanation. She declined, but I grew insistent, even more excited by her now that she was talking about sex. Finally, she said, "There's something wrong with me." How? I asked. Without a blink she murmured, "My pussy."

I pressed her further, and she told a lengthy story of a sexual experience that summer, her first, she said, and a failure. She said that the boy had been very disappointed and that it had been a failure because she was somewhat deformed: "There's something wrong with my pussy, and I just can't do it," she said plaintively. With a paternalistic air I said that it was impossible, and that she looked perfectly healthy to me—which was a gross understatement. She asked how I could possibly know. I took a deep breath and said that I didn't, but that I could tell if I saw it. To my surprise, she didn't seem suspicious or offended, but only asked if I had seen a lot of women. I said I had, which was a slight exaggeration. "You could tell if anything's wrong?" she asked. I said I was sure of it. She paused reflectively and then said, "Would you look at it and tell me?" I nearly burst out laughing but contained myself to an I'd-be-happy-to. She then compounded the tension by making me promise not to touch her. "I mean it," she said.

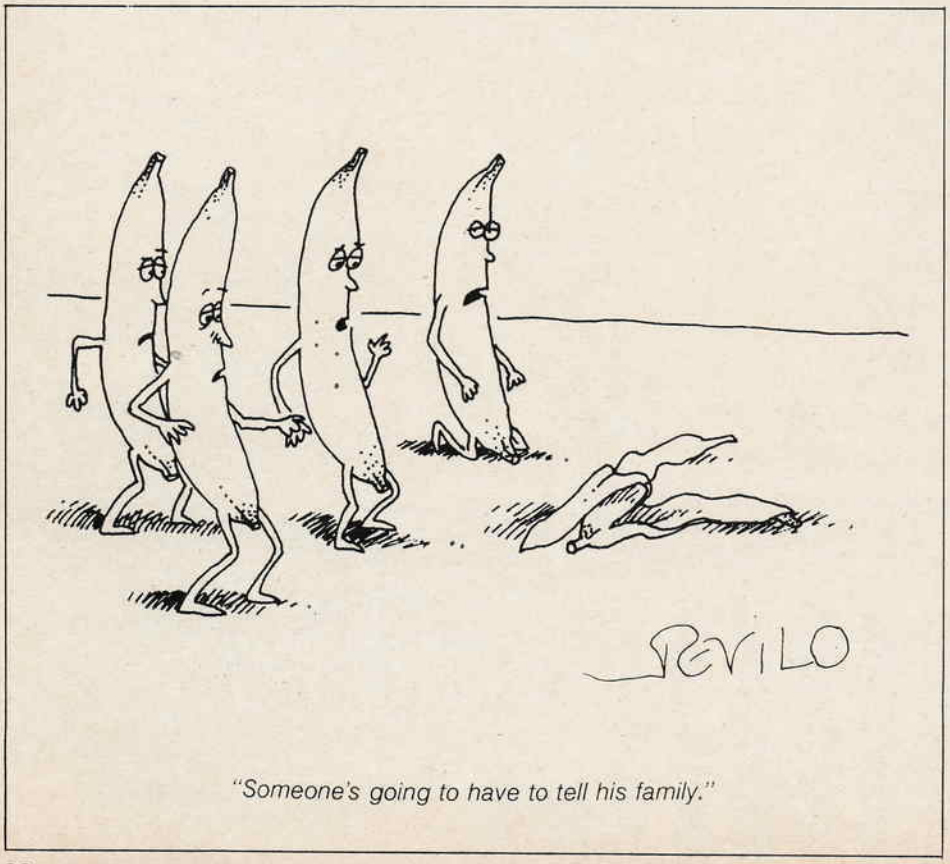
On the way into the bedroom I wondered if I was being seduced by this beguiling creature. Whatever, I was delighted, and my conscience was nowhere in sight. Wordlessly, Julie lay down on the bed, raised her hips slightly, and pulled the shirt up just enough to reveal a small patch of fine brown hair. Her legs, long and lovely, were tight together. I sat down on the edge of the bed and gently suggested that she part them so I could see better. She did, and I leaned forward to get a better look. Through thin wisps of hair, her pussy was indescribably lovely, small and delicately formed. It was, however, closed tightly. Barely able to control my voice, I suggested that she raise her legs a bit and part her thighs even further. Reminding me that I'd promised not to touch her, she did so without a trace of emotion.

The smaller lips revealed themselves fully. They were slightly moist, and they pouted and parted like a soft, pink blossom. I saw, to my surprise, that they were unusually prominent, protruding well beyond the outer lips. Maybe this orchid-like effect was what she saw as an "abnormality," although to me it was a supreme asset.

I had never seen a pussy quite like this, and the excitement was maddening and my hard-on actually painful. I touched the flower. "Don't," she whispered. I quickly explained that it was necessary to see better. I moved my fingertip lightly over the delicate lips and then, with my thumb and forefinger, opened them wide. She quivered slightly but said nothing. Scarcely able to speak, I told Julie that it would be necessary to moisten her a little because there was something "interesting" I wanted to see. I leaned forward and very lightly touched my tongue to those soft inner lips. She gave a quick intake of breath but didn't stop me, so I began to lick very slowly and gently around the inner folds. I heard a low moan.

This encouraged me so that I worked my way up to her clitoris and gave it a light lick. I took it between my lips and caressed it. At that she began to moan softly and steadily and barely started to move her hips. Thus encouraged, I slipped the shirt up above her navel and over her breasts and continued licking, savoring the cunnilinguist's-eye view of her heaving belly and breasts. Licking slowly, I ran my hands over her warm stomach, pressing slightly, and cupped her beautiful mounds, pulling and rolling the nipples between my fingertips.

She raised her hips slightly and began to undulate side-to-side, gently humping her vulva into my mouth, lips and tongue. My face was wet with her sweet musk, and I paused to run my tongue up and down her inner thighs. She raised her bottom higher, and I saw that her arms were now contorted behind her head and that she was crushing the pillow with her hands, her head moving slowly from side to side, her face in



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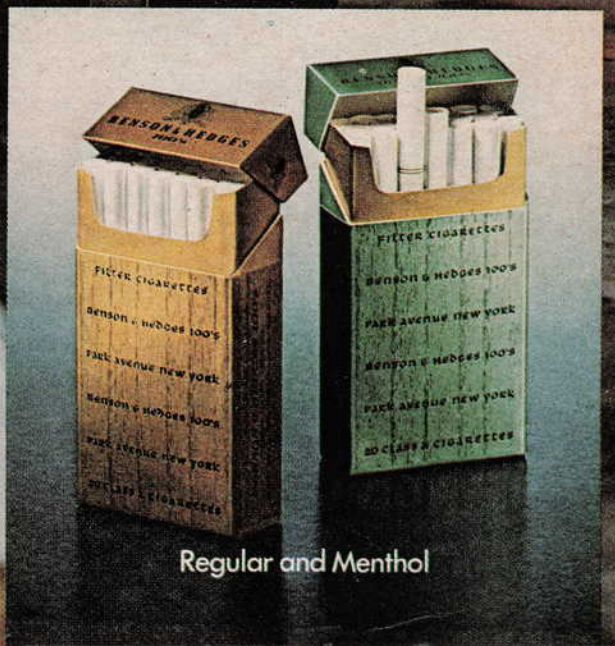

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an expression of sweet anguish. I slipped my tongue deep into her for the first time and she stuffed a corner of the pillow into her mouth and moaned. The moans grew louder and more frequent, and her movements quickened. I licked quickly all around her pussy and then buried my tongue as deep in her as I could and wiggled it. The sight of her naked body now covered with sweat, the muscles in her belly as she writhed, drove me wild. She was ready, I thought. Quickly I raised up, unzipped my pants and pulled them to my knees. It was all I could do to keep from plunging wildly into her, but I controlled myself and slowly eased up between her legs. Suddenly she raised forward, wild-eyed, and said no in a whispered cry. "No, no, no," she said; "You promised!" Thinking to excite her further until she couldn't resist, I dropped back and began to lick and suck her again. She didn't stop me but fell back and once again raised her hips and began to heave and undulate. I increased the tempo, sliding my tongue in and out of her and flicking it all over, running it around her inner thighs, now bathed in juice. I inserted my tongue and began shaking my head wildly from side to side. She gasped and cried into the pillow and began humping my face in the quick, spasmodic motions of intercourse. I stopped and started to raise up again, when without warning she reached forward and seized my hair and forced me back to her. Again she arched her back. I licked and nibbled at her perineum and traced a wet line up the center of her pussy, my lips nipping at her clitoris. Suddenly, she shuddered, and her hips fell to the bed. She shuddered again. Her hips coiled and rose again. I cupped her buns to hold her up and inserted my tongue again, at the same time mouthing the soft inner lips. Her whole body suddenly grew rigid; she threw her right leg out straight and held tight, her breath stopped. For a split second she was poised in incredible tension as I buried my tongue as deeply as possible. Then, with a long, muffled cry, she convulsed violently. She convulsed again, and gasped, and gasped again, and I knew that she had come. Her hips became dead weight in my hands, and I let them drop to the bed. As her orgasm ebbed in softer, diminishing spasms, I licked her slowly and gently. I imagined that I could feel her vulva throbbing against my mouth.

I looked up and saw that her arms were outstretched over the sides of the bed, her eyes closed, her face flushed. Her breasts rose and fell deeply. I stood up and pulled my pants off from around my ankles. My hard-on was fierce, almost flat against my belly, and I was actually shaking with lust. Her body was wet and slick, her nipples hard. She opened her eyes and saw me, jerked the shirt down to cover herself and very quickly sat up on the edge of the bed. Grabbing her shoulders to keep her from rising, I tried to bring my cock up to her mouth. She turned away, and for an instant it touched her hair. Then she pushed me away viciously. "No," she said. "Get away from me." "My God," I said, "You've got to do something for me, Julie—I can't stand it!" She kept saying no, that I had promised. I begged her to just kiss it, just touch it, just let me rub it against her body—anything. She refused again and again. Then she said: "I don't want sex with you. Can't you understand? I don't like you!" I stepped back and regarded her in disbelief. She started for the door. I said angrily, "Then why did you let me do that?" She put her hand on the doorknob, turned it, and opened the door. She looked back at me over her shoulder. Her eyes were knowing. "It was easy," she said nonchalantly. "I just pretended you were a girl."

The next morning I remembered an emergency business deal in San Francisco and left.—*B.R.P., San Diego, Calif.*

We sympathize, but that's the kind of risk you run in playing doctor without a license.—The Editors

This happened to me last May when I was a twenty-eight-year-old Ph.D. teaching freshman English at a state university. Students had the option of taking finals, and in one class only one elected to do so—at 8:00 A.M. on the last day of exams. I had papers to grade, so the time didn't bother me, and at 8:00 A.M., she began the two-hour essay.

She sat in front of me, young and cute, wearing sandals, jeans, and a blouse that dipped low in front. When she bent forward, the blouse fell forward, and, naturally, I looked. Very nice, high-held breasts, not pointed but rather rounded, cradled in a thin bra.

A bit later I thought of the coffee pot in the department office and asked if she wanted a cup, too. I was gone only a few minutes. I put hers on the desk, and when she bent forward to get it, again I looked. Her bra was gone.

I began walking around, peeping down at her. No bra at all. She yawned, stretched, and two hard points pushed into the thin cloth. I'd always discounted stories about teachers and coeds—until then. I found myself wanting to run my hand down to that breast. Then I thought of my career and what would happen if she ran yelling down the hall.

What the hell, I decided. I can always hop tables. I touched her almost bare shoulder, and she stopped writing. My hand slid down her soft yet firm skin. No protest. Then down into the blouse and cupped that firm breast. She sighed. "Please, do you have a private office?"

We went there. I cleared off a table, undressed her, and my hands explored all of

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that naked, sexy body. She kissed me hard, her tongue like a hot poker, and then undid buttons, belt, and zipper. Soon I laid her on her back on the table, stood at the end, and put my throbbing cock into her tight little cunt and pumped like hell. As I exploded, the old joke came to mind: "An A for a lay."

Afterward, she knelt before me and gave me a beautiful blow job. Then we dressed. "I hope I did all right on the exam."

"Definitely A quality," I assured her.

I walked her down two flights to the main floor, quite happy and quite excited at having laid my first coed. Teaching, I decided, had much more to offer than scholastic pursuits. She gave me a quick kiss, said she enjoyed the course, and left. I turned —and saw a man of about fifty watching us. My department chairman! Thoughts of pleasure vanished, and again I thought of hopping tables.

"Cute girl," he remarked, coming closer.

"Oh, yes, she is. Very good student, too." I touched my cheek, where she had kissed me. "I hope that meant she enjoyed the course."

"Obviously she did," said my boss. "Did she do all right?"

"Oh, yes. In fact, she earned an A."

Suddenly, his face wore a big grin. "I know," he said. "I had her last semester."

Moments later, both laughing, we went up the stairs.—*Name and address withheld*

A wolf in sheepskin clothing, eh!—The Editors

Hard times

What do you do with a husband who after fellatio and coming at least twice is still found jerking himself off an hour later?

My husband and I fuck every night, but for the past week, he has been jerking himself off after I go to sleep. I want him to fuck me and not waste it in his hand. He had the biggest and best cock in all of Maryland—it is ten and three-quarter inches long and five and a half inches in diameter. It is circumcised and has a beautiful pink head. I can only get about half of it into my mouth because I gag when I try to take more of it in. But I am worried that he might prefer his hand to me. He is the only man who has ever satisfied me, and I want to keep him happy. Sometimes I think he just likes to see it hard. But I do, too. I have a color picture of it—in full erection—framed over the bed.—*Name withheld, Baltimore, Md.*

A case of not being able to keep a good man down. Try taking down the photograph and substituting something less inspirational—like a color photograph of a recent president.—The Editors

The new era

Over the past few years, many articles have stated that, as a result of equal rights, women would become demanding, harsh, and non-feminine. I wonder if the reverse isn't true: that once a woman achieves job status and recognition as a person, she will become more feminine and feel free to be herself. At least I think my own experience indicates this.

Last year, when I was twenty-seven, I was hired to work in the personnel office of a large firm. The manager, and a vice-president of the firm, was a tall, lovely woman named Sheila, who was thirty-four. She was always efficient and business-like. One afternoon in the summer, I took some papers to her office and found her on the telephone, trying to get someone to work at her place that weekend. She explained after she hung up that she had bought a small house, that the previous owner had left a patio area half-finished, and that she needed help with large flagstones which had to be moved. I had nothing planned for Saturday, and so I offered to help her.

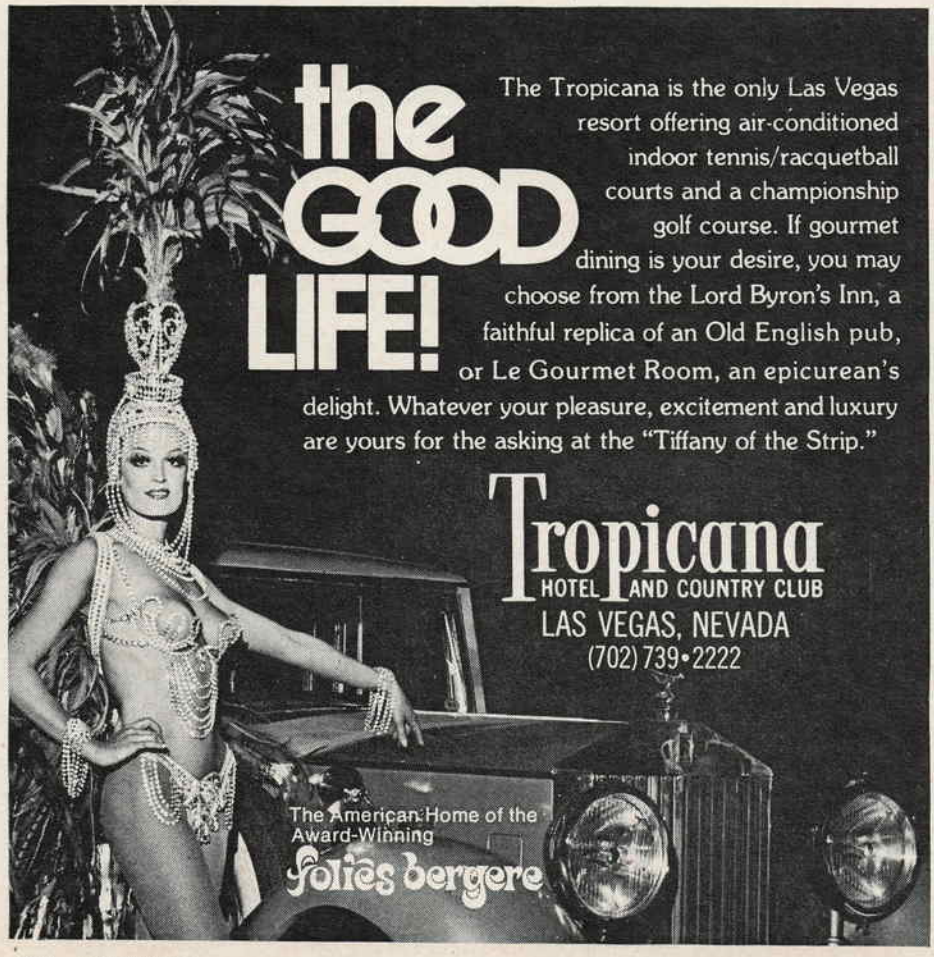
I got my first big surprise when she opened her door at 9:00 A.M. the next day. No more hair in a bun—it flowed down past her shoulders. No granny glasses and no tailored clothes—just a little halter that barely covered the tips of her fine breasts and a pair of hip-hugger cut-offs so low they bared most of her taut stomach. An inverted V in the side proved she wore no pants. I felt my cock surge.

"Don't look so amazed," she laughed. "You've only seen the office me. This is the weekend me." As she led me in, I admired the way her tight ass moved under the scant shorts.

We worked on the patio. Whenever she crouched down, that V would widen, and I'd get stiff thinking of her wearing no panties. She'd bend over, the halter would dip forward, and I'd see the fine pink tips of her breasts. Wow, but I got hard! After a while in the warm sun, she announced she'd rather work bare-breasted. She asked whether I'd mind. I didn't know if she was joking, but of course I said the hell with the office and took her arm, pulling her close and kissing her while one hand tested her firm nipples. "I love an employee with initiative," she murmured, and I slid her shorts down—revealing a clean-shaven pubis. Next, she pulled down my trousers and shorts, caressed my cock, and before long the office help was fucking the vice-president—and loving it.

She was a vivacious female, completely uninhibited, who put everything into the sex act, enjoying it with fervor, and giving tremendous pleasure. Before the day was over, she gave me the best head in my life and shared sixty-nine with intensity.

She told me she liked sex with me better than with other men she had known, so we continued enjoying each other several nights a week and on the weekends. Soon I moved in with her. During the week she is an efficient, intelligent boss who runs an office well and is respected for her ability. After hours, she is a sex bomb. I get a big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kick having a vice-president do a slow strip for me while a record plays sensuous music. I like performing cunnilingus on my boss or having her kneel in the shower under the spray and bring me off with her lovely mouth. Believe me, if this is the result of equal rights, I'm all for it!—*S.T.A., Phoenix, Ariz.*

Teeny bopper

I have just completed one of the more poignant sexual experiences in the self-induced mode, and I would like to share it with you.

There is an inflatable boxing glove for toddlers that is called "Socker Bopper." They resemble small hassocks and have an enticing orifice at one end, presumably for the hand of the little tyke. Well, the advertisement reads ". . . more fun than a pillow fight," and truer words were never spoken. Take one of these babies, inflate it, fill the opening with hot shaving cream lather, and slide in the old schlong.

I'm shopping around now, looking for a wedding band for mine.—*Name and address withheld*

Without first getting a divorce from your pillow?—The Editors

Belle lettre

Much of Forum and the lead pictorial in the May issue is pure erotica, without apologetic phrases or clothing to hide the naked forms, the hunger of lust for the flavor of unrestrained love. Your readers must have drooled with envy.

Before I had finished reading a couple of letters, my clothing felt uncomfortable. Mid-way through the second half, I had to unbuckle my belt, zip open the fly, and open the shorts within—at which moment who should come sauntering through the room but my wife!

Looking down at what had taken shape, she said, or asked, "What's the cause of this?" Sitting on a footstool between my knees, she let her pink lips (no make-up, she still looks much like a school girl) slide over the end of what was now upright.

"I'll read one out loud to you," I said. And I did. I read slowly, dwelling on every syllable. Her mouth became a slippery tunnel in which my erection bathed. The more I read, the more she seemed to want. She has become over the years (three) an expert at fellatio. When I was a boy in school, we said only in whispers, when nobody could hear us, the naughty words which so excited us—"cock-sucker." We thought it full of fantastic implications even though, in that long-ago decade, it was derogatory, seemingly damning the accused. But today I use the word as a term of greatest praise—for my wife. By her oral affection, she transforms existence from the ordinary to the blissful. The more I feel her caresses, the lips and the tongue fondling my swollen glans, the less I remember and care for ordinary events. She keeps me in a coma of bliss. She can keep me stiff for a

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couple of hours, in that state of anticipation, pulses throbbing, never quite coming, always wanting, wanting.

I reread the letter to her. And then I went on to read the next few.

During the long session I'd murmur, "It's my turn," but she was so happy with that big, thick thing for her tongue to lick and love she wouldn't quit. She'd been brought up in a strict home, which meant no talk ever of the functions of the body, no words, no pictures, no knowledge. She lived with the pretty dreams and the outrageous fantasies a tender mind can create in the secrecy of its privacy. When at last she had to claim for her own, in her own bedroom, her own male body with all its parts, she tried to make up for the celibacy of her girlhood. What I have may be no different from that of a million other men. But for her, in the safety of her marriage, in the intimacy of the bedchamber, I was Priapus, to be taken in the most voluptuous ways, kissed and slobbered over, licked and licked dry, made wet, licked dry, a stick of delicious candy—only many times better. With her lips she often tries to massage the stalk; so much she craves the feel of it. She calls it names. She uses the words forbidden in the years of innocence. Between mouthfuls she addresses it with words. Then she'll cradle the sensitive testicles on her tongue while her fingers—just her finger tips—rub the loose foreskin against the firm sides. And more. Until she feels I'm soon to come, and then . . . then there's nothing. I'm erect in mid-air, waiting for the impulse to recede.

But I digress. The sequel came because at last we got into the other room, with her on the bed and soft pillows for her to recline against. With legs outspread and slightly bent, she was waiting for me to force my face between them and rub my cheeks against her smooth thighs, kissing on the way until . . . there's that pout of female flesh, ripe as a melon, swollen with anticipation, eager to respond to my kisses with returned kisses. She was a fountain of love, moist with nectar, welcoming my mouth's salutations, incredibly hospitable to my exploration.

You can guess the phases of embrace, from the first, tentative, delicate kiss to the ultimate possession of the stiff little female penis in the folds of the lips. Hours? One never knows or cares. What pleasure compares with bringing a girl's body up through the crescendo of feeling to climax—and after a pause for second pleasures, starting once more to so caress her private parts until once again the mouth brings her further and further, quicker and quicker, to yet another, quivering spasm?

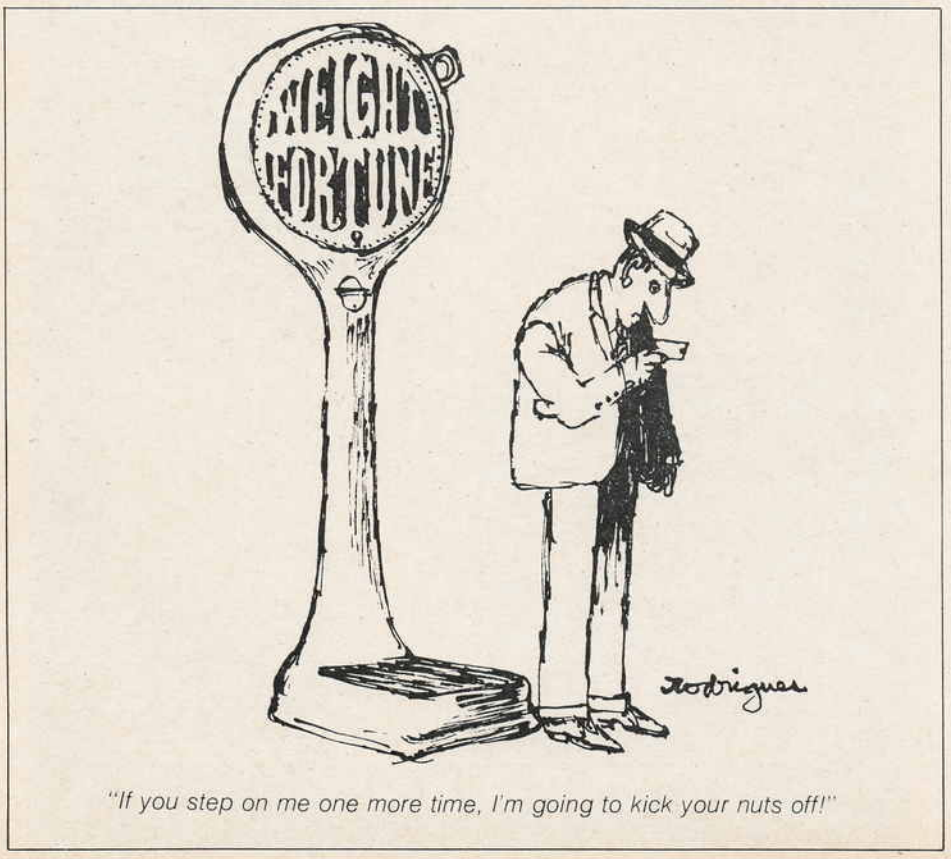
She read your column, out loud, her ladylike voice adding measures of astonishment to the words, as though in a drawing room before a gathering of formally dressed guests we were performing the wonderful rites of lust. As much as she had wanted my stiff cock, I wanted her sensual pussy—and that amazingly responsive clitoris. What pleasure! To be lewdly wanton, sucking each other's sexual organs, in turn, turnabout! We felt your words had been printed just for us, a music to accompany our performance, to encourage us to greater efforts, to describe something of our pleasure-giving acts.

I later wished that I had positioned in the ceiling a carefully focused camera with colored film . . . for you to see what effect your accounts have had upon two vigorous lovers. For most of that day, we wallowed on the satin sheets, our loins wet, our mouths thirsty, our organs distended with desire for erotic play.

I often wonder: of the next thousand men passing me on the sidewalk, how many will recline in an easy chair and, his knees apart, watch a pretty face suck his cock into a delirium of excitement? A man without such a wife hasn't known the possibilities of living.

May your wife be as competent and as delicious as mine. I know no better wish to send you.—*M. H. H., address withheld*

What more could we ask?—The Editors



"If you step on me one more time, I'm going to kick your nuts off!"

Female forum . . .

I have read with interest the various stories of women "flashing" in public, and I think my own story will put this activity in a somewhat different light. I am twenty-four years old and possess a figure of which I am quite proud. I have always been aroused by the attention that my body receives from men. Recently, my husband and I moved into a new neighborhood and found ourselves living between two retired couples. Once while working in the yard, wearing a halter top and a pair of shorts, I noticed that both husbands were more than a little fascinated by my figure. It was then that I conceived my plan for flashing.

Over the next few weeks, whenever my husband was not at home (he is somewhat old-fashioned and would not approve of my activities), I made sure that these gentle, old men could see all my charms. I would work outside in the shortest of skirts—and no panties—being sure to bend over often to give these now-flabbergasted men an eyefull. Often I would work inside in the nude, casually passing in front of open windows so that I could give a show that would really turn them on.

I had a lot of fun with my little game and thought it was bothering no one. But I was wrong. One day, after a particularly exhilarating session of "yard work," which, I was sure, had left both old fellows panting, I heard my doorbell ring. To my surprise, it was the wives of my neighbors. They told me that they did not appreciate my little game and were here to teach me a lesson. Before I could say anything, they began to push me back into the room. These women were in their early fifties but were remarkably strong. They easily tripped me up and sent me sprawling onto the floor on my back. Before I knew what was happening, one of these "ladies" sat on my face. I tried to push her off, but she was too heavy, and the other one was pulling off my skirt, leaving me naked from the waist down. She then bent my legs back, and they were grasped firmly by the woman sitting on me. As I lay there with my ass up in the air, she began to spank me like I've never been hit before. This continued for what seemed

like forever while I struggled to free myself in vain. When she finally stopped, instead of letting me up, she sat on my legs and to my mortification began to cut my pubic hair with a pair of scissors she had brought. When she stopped cutting, they finally let me up, and I saw they had completely clipped off my bush. They held up a plastic bag of hair and told me they would give it to my husband with a full story of how they got it if I ever flashed again. I tearfully promised not to.

My husband was less than enthused with my hairless cunt, which I of course told him was my idea. I have never flashed to anyone since and would recommend that anyone engaging in this activity ponder my experience.—*Name withheld, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.*

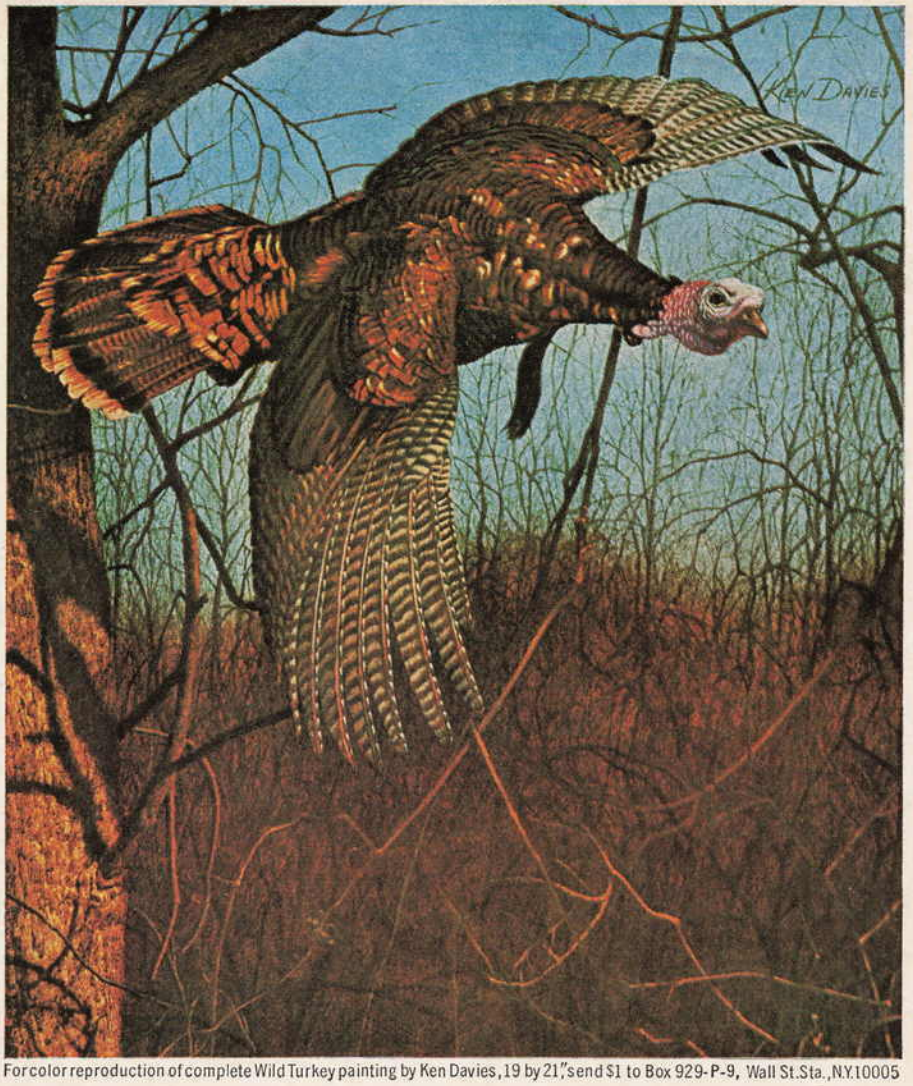
Does that mean that it's not so much what you show as to whom you show it?—The Editors

. . . Prince Tongue

I am a twenty-one-year old, green-eyed blond and have had a dream fulfilled—finally! I had always dreamed of some guy coming along some day with a double-jointed tongue who loved to eat pussy. So I tried to find him every time I went out with someone. I couldn't believe that even after sixty-eight tries, I still hadn't found the Mr. Right I was seeking.

Finally, I have written to tell everybody that I have found him, ironically, on the sixty-ninth try. After diligent searching on my part, he fell into my pussy almost by a predestined accident.

This fellow lived across the hall from my new apartment. He was so forward that he turned me completely off at first. But my curiosity and his persistence finally broke my resistance, and I invited him for dinner and "whatever." Well, "whatever" turned out to be the best sexual experience that I have ever had. After dinner we adjourned to the couch to watch some TV, but that didn't last too long. He kissed me, and the way he used his tongue in that first kiss convinced me that if he wasn't pussy shy, he must be worth asking back to my bedroom. (Even if he was pussy shy, he couldn't be too bad—nobody is, really.) And so he readily agreed, and we wandered back to the bedroom. Once we were settled in bed, comfortably in each other's arms, he began to caress my breasts, and his fingers strayed down toward my pussy. My hopes were high, so I just lay there, breathing rapidly. "That feels good," I said. He didn't say anything but instead began teasing my breasts with his tongue and then started moving down toward my pelvic area, kissing his way as he went. I couldn't move—I couldn't believe that he was going down on me! He gently parted my thighs, looked me straight in the eyes, and said "Nice . . ." Then he proceeded to kiss my inner thighs and the outer lips of my cunt. I was going crazy. Finally, he started working on my clit, and after some



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twenty minutes of flicking, licking, and sucking—backing off at just the right second and starting over—I had a climax that couldn't have lasted any less than two minutes long. It was such a strong climax that I almost passed out!

After that, as I was trying to regain my composure, he said, "I love to eat pussy!" I think that all I could say then was "Oh, boy, can you . . . ," then I pulled him up to me, and I was so juicy his cock just slid into me. We both woke up the next morning, and I had to shake myself to realize that this time it wasn't a dream, but a dream come true!—*L.R., Atlanta, Ga.*

Good for you, L.R. We're always glad to hear about a success story—especially when it concerns a search for the golden fleece.—The Editors

. . . deep sleep

My present lover and I had an unique experience, and we'd like to know if anyone else has experienced a similar one.

One Saturday morning I awoke in a very amorous mood and began to caress my lover, who lay sleeping blissfully beside me. He is usually a very deep sleeper, so I was quite pleasantly surprised when he immediately began to respond to my suggestive touches, even though his eyes were still closed, indicating his state of unconsciousness. I gently stroked his genitals and tickled his entire pubic area. He slowly began thrusting his pelvis in a pulsating manner. I slowly walked my fingers across his chest and stroked his lips in a circular motion. He started to kiss my fingers, and when I inserted them into his mouth, his waiting tongue anxiously twirled around my finger. When I removed my hand, he continued to kiss the air and protruded his tongue in hopes of finding a warm, wanting mouth.

By this time he was gently thrashing his entire body and quietly moaning about his desire to copulate. I responded in a very lewd manner and suggested that he could really turn me on by sucking my tiny, tiny breasts. My breasts were caressed, kissed, licked, and sucked as they have never been before. I was in absolute ecstasy, and my lover's iron-rod erection and pulsating pelvis indicated his readiness.

He began to grow really wild and kept crying out that he wanted to be fucked. I became a little worried because his eyes were still sealed shut, and I didn't feel right about having sex when he was not aware of it. So I tried to slip away from his reach. Anxiously, I stood at the end of the bed and watched him thrash on our king-size mattress and cry out, "Fuck me! Fuck me!" He stood and scrambled around until he found me. He forcefully grabbed me and rolled me onto the bed. His desire at this point was at an unsurpassable height, and I was quite excited myself at the thought of having such passionate intercourse with a sleeping partner.

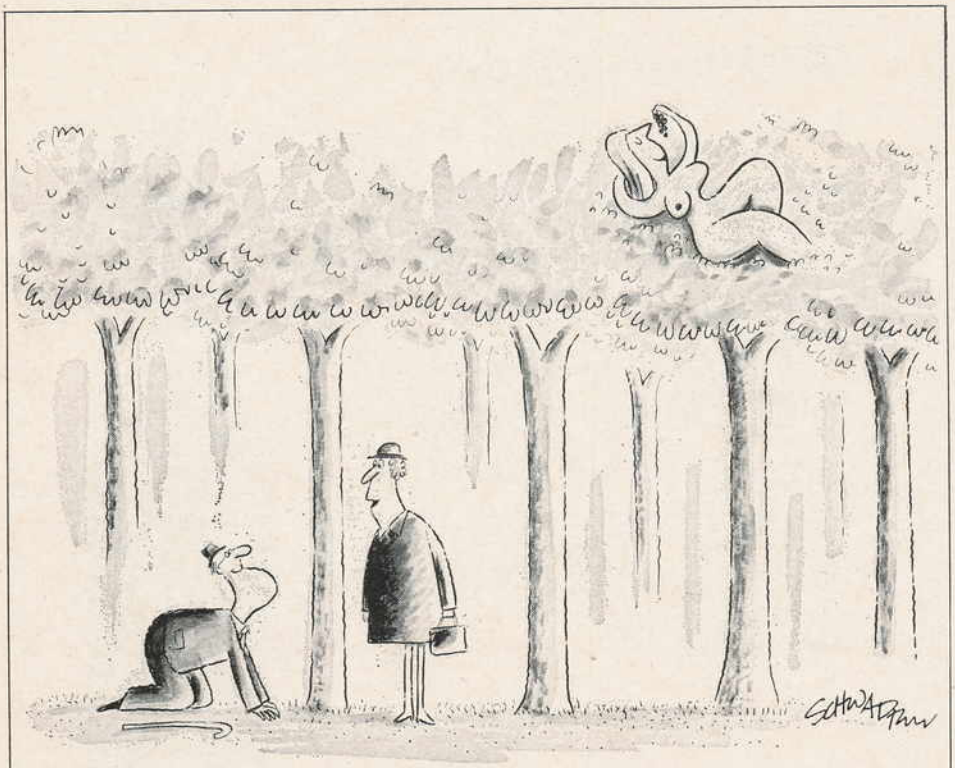
The entry of his pulsating penis was like an expert diver performing a swan dive from a thirty-foot ledge. The impact nearly knocked us both out, and the crashing waves that finally resulted were equivalent to the being caught in a horrendous hurricane. The storm seemed to last forever, and when the waves and winds subsided, we both lay in a sopping heap, tangled among the sheets, our hearts thumping wildly in our chests.

Throughout this entire *menage à deux*, not a word had been exchanged, nor had my lover lifted his lids to reveal his crystal blue eyes. I fell back to sleep, and in a little while, we both woke up. With great excitement I recounted the events of the previous hour. A sly grin crept across his face as he quietly asked, "Are you sure I was asleep?" He began to laugh, and I wished that there was a hole to crawl into—I felt like a street-crazy fool for letting him trick me like that.

Next my lover lay down, and a change seemed to come over him. He sat up and asked what was going on—as if he were totally ignorant of the situation. Determined not to play the fool again, I refused to answer and informed him that he couldn't try that twice in one morning. He really appeared confused, but still I questioned his sincerity. After fifteen minutes of talking in circles, I finally had to admit that he did not recall any of the morning's events—including the conversation immediately preceding. Needless to say, he was quite confused about the entire experience and never fully comprehended what had taken place.

The experience has been repeated only a few times and never with the intensity of that first time. Often my lover verbally protests and moans when I seduce him in his sleep. It is as if his subconscious is revolting against experiencing an act it knows his conscious mind cannot enjoy.—*Name withheld, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"To sleep, perchance to dream. . . . Ahhhh . . . there's the rub!"—The Editors



"Frankly, Mr. Metzbaum, I think you're barking up the wrong tree."

Moon children

Thank you for the very informative article on Sung Myung Moon (June 1976). I, like many other Americans, have heard the name but didn't realize who he is or what he's trying to do. Reading your article has raised questions in my mind about various religious groups that have popped up recently around the country, carrying various titles and representing themselves on the streets with their "save the world" advocate/members.

Because of your article, not only do I feel safely informed for myself, but I also think that I can contribute to informing others and alerting them to the situation.

Seizing a human mind is a ghastly thing. I feel fortunate that the freedom of the press and *Penthouse* magazine have meshed nicely.—*T.H., Baton Rouge, La.*

As we have a daughter involved with the Sun Myung Moon Unification cult, we can state authoritatively that this is a total political movement, unfortunately covered by our First Amendment.

Moon is the charismatic leader allegedly building up an army to protect the Far East. Just ask "Moonies" if they would fight for Korea. As you may remember,

Moon arrived on the scene just as we were weakening our support of Vietnam (1973). It is also said that he is financed by wealthy Japanese extremists, and that he has a good relationship with President Park of Korea that other Korean religious leaders do not have.

In 1974, when suit was brought against Moon for 583 illegal aliens in New York alone, his ploy was to have the case delayed while he got an injunction from any more suits being filed until the original case is settled. Yet he continues to have more and more "missionaries" brought over here.

His wealth, both here and in Korea, has been acquired by "brainwashing" these good young people so that they turn over everything to him. Wake up, America, this is really happening here!—*Name withheld, Atlanta, Ga.*

U.S.S. Liberty

I have just finished reading your article on the wanton destruction of the U.S.S. *Liberty*. It is beautiful. On behalf of many other American seamen, I salute you. It was a long time coming, but now the true story is up front for all to see—and I hope they never forget.—*B.A., New York City, N.Y.*

Vietnam veterans

I am the founder and president of IVAO, Inc., an organization founded and governed by incarcerated veterans to help incarcerated veterans.

I applaud your publication for printing the article "Incarcerated Veterans" by Wilbert Rideau in your April issue. It is assistance such as this that will help change the conditions that men and women must face daily in prisons throughout the United States.

Since our inception we have brought about significant accomplishments, such as establishing extension projects of our organization which are operated by incarcerated veterans in penal institutions in Texas, South Carolina, and Virginia.

The Veterans Incarcerated Organization at the Louisiana State Penitentiary is not the only self-help group of incarcerated veterans within the country. We are distinguished from the organization in Louisiana in that we are an autonomous organization whose structure and design were developed solely by incarcerated veterans pursuant to the true concept of self-reliance, peer outreach, and self-sufficiency.

Again, *Penthouse* is to be commended on its exposure of the problems of incarcerated veterans. For more information about the national plight of incarcerated veterans, write to: Haywood T. Kirkland, President, Incarcerated Veterans Assistance Organization, 1900 L St. N.W. Suite 314 Washington D.C. 20031.

Female forum II...

I am writing concerning older men vs. younger women. I am thirty years old, and married to a man of fifty-six, whom I shall

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call H.R. He and I lived together for about a year before we were married (two years ago), and I can tell you from firsthand experience, sex, as well as everything else, has never been so good.

When H.R. and I met, we did not have any immediate sexual involvement. We were both in the midst of divorce (happily so) and dating others. I thought his lack of interest not unusual because of his age. I reasoned he was either not capable or I just did not turn him on. However, I was in for quite a surprise the day he decided he had waited enough to show me he was interested in *me* and not just sex (which I later found out). The first time we had sex, it was terrific, and it's been that way ever since. During the first year and a half, we balled every day, two or three times. After three and one-half years, we have cut down to about six nights a week, sometimes twice a night.

We are truly inspired by one another. No matter how tired I am, *he* is usually ready and tries to get me in the mood—almost always succeeding. There are absolutely no inhibitions between either of us, and for the first time in his life, he is terribly proud of himself and his giant eight-inch schlong. He makes me feel like the most beautiful, desirable female on earth, and I love it when he examines every inch of me to make sure he isn't missing anything.

I especially resent it when people think I have a "daddy" complex because I married an older man. My father is tops in my book and a lot better off financially than my husband. He and H.R. get along famously and are great friends, and both H.R. and I seek his advice on certain matters.

I could go on and on and on, but suffice it to say that *my* older man is the greatest thing since vibrators (which is another wonderful story), and he is not at all aware that he is fifty-six years old. He thinks he's twenty-one because he has such a beautiful, magnificent hard-on a good deal of the time, and he has told me that this should never go to waste—and I do try to keep that thought in mind whenever I see him.—*S.H., Orlando, Fla.*

. . . lucky lady

I have just finished my third year of marriage and believe I have the greatest sex life a girl could hope for. I fully expect it will go on getting better and better. In this I realize I am a lucky kid, indeed, and thought I might share some thoughts with your readers. I feel I am really lucky in three respects; which are more or less interrelated.

First, is my husband, of course. I never need a vibrator, for sure, because his "cordless" version—eight inches of man-meat—is always handy in all its gorgeous virility to subdue my lusty cravings with TLC applied morning, evening, and on demand. I may well be the most thoroughly fucked female on the eastern seaboard, and I intend to keep it that way, as he does.

Second, while I am far from being the All-American beauty, I have to admit I am an all-girl American in the boob department. I have a pair of super-tits that have always turned fellows on and even give me a warm glow when I admire them (as I can't help doing). They are really yummy, and I am lucky in this one respect as to physical attractiveness. I am only five feet, one inch tall, and the nicest thing people say about my face is that I have a pixie look, which, I guess, means big eyes and boyish features. But my bust measurement is 35½, and my tits stand out like watermelons (or cantaloupes) because I'm so small otherwise—eighteen-inch waist and thirty-inch hips, and I weigh only ninety-four pounds.

Obviously, these goodies helped me attract and capture my long-donged guy, who is a wonderful catch in every other way besides his sex prowess, and I know I am lucky to be so endowed because that was one of the reasons that made our relationship possible in the first place.

But I am luckiest of all, I realize, because of the extremely enlightened sex education I received as a girl from my wonderful mother. We used to have wonderful heart-to-heart talks, but we also could just chatter spontaneously, and joke and giggle together. From age sixteen on, when my mother remarried and I had more privacy in a larger house, I would even bring boys home sometimes to my own bedroom. It was a perfectly wonderful girlhood, which I have my mother to thank for, and I did grow up being glad I was a girl and glad that I knew how to get boys to exercise their fantastic love-muscles for my benefit.

Anyway, my adolescent pleasures contributed to my chestiness, I'm sure. (No, I did not fellate my partners and swallow semen at that age.) And my chestiness helped get me a careful, considerate, loving, well-hung husband.

The one final thing I must report is that even though I would not have missed my enjoyable and educational premarital sex activities that helped me learn to be a woman in the really great way of actual practice, I am even more contented with marriage and the constant opportunity for balling you get. Premarital sex made me ready for marriage, and I would advise the same kind of "vocational training." But I also believe very strongly that girls who have become used to a good bit of sex out of marriage ought to be married young, as I was. Premarital fucking is good, but marital is better and makes a girl really glad to be alive. A good fuck is the great thing in life.—*F.P., Washington, D.C.*

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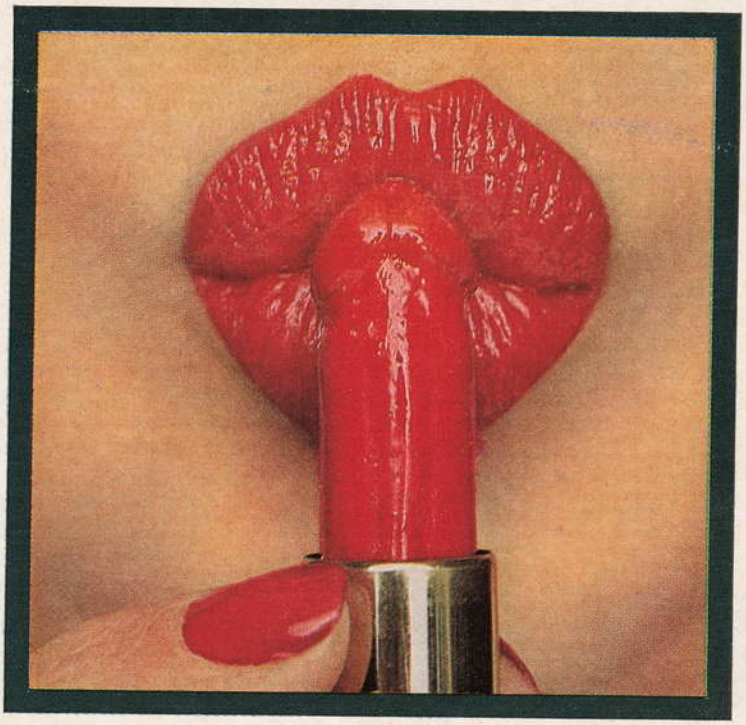
"Voyeurism can be fun. But why marry a woman just so you can watch her make it with other guys?"

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH



My wife and I are both in our thirties, and although she claims that I'm the only man in her life—or was until five years ago—I really didn't care, since I had screwed around with at least forty other women before we were married. But after ten years of married life things were pretty dull. A lot of our friends were swinging and swapping. I suggested we join them, and she refused. She didn't want the gossip, and she didn't know how she would feel about taking on someone else. Since I couldn't persuade her to go along, I decided to set up some nifty situations for us.

First, there was a salesman I met in a motel bar. I told him I wanted him to seduce my wife, even if he almost had to rape her. So we went to my house. I told my wife that my friend was an old army buddy who happened to be passing through town. We had several drinks, and he joined me in hugging and kissing my wife. Then I went out of the room to fix some more drinks. I took my time returning, and when I did—I looked before entering the room—he was on the couch with her. He was kissing her, and her dress was up around her waist. When I came in she jerked away. Thinking that things might go nicely from there, I said that I was out of Scotch and would have to run down to the corner store. I stayed out of the house about thirty minutes, and when I came in they were both sitting, talking. When I drove the guy back to the motel, he told me that she resisted some but that she finally gave in and he screwed her. It was good to hear; it was at least a beginning. Maybe I could turn her on to "spreading it around."

After dropping him off, I couldn't wait to get back to see what the reaction would be. But my wife acted perfectly normal and didn't say anything. I pried as much from her as I could without giving myself away but never learned anything to speak of.

Two months later I took my wife to a motel for a week's vacation. We met three other couples in the motel bar, where we drank and chatted until about midnight. One couple suggested that we go to their room for more partying, and we all agreed. There was a lot of kissing, caressing, and feeling up of each others' wives. After a couple of hours, some wanted to call it a night and others wanted to go get something to eat. After we all split up, it ended up with one of the men left in the room with me and my wife. He had really been pressing hard to get his hand in my wife's bra and feel her tits. When things looked right, I said that I would go get some ice. My wife asked me not to leave, but I said that I would be back in a few minutes. When I stepped outside, I heard the other man lock the door behind me. Outside, I stood at the window and watched to see what would happen. (The window was partly open, so I could hear everything.) He went over to where she was sitting, pulled her to her feet, and started kissing her. As he did this, he unzipped her dress down the back. My wife pulled away, but as she was trying to zip it up he hooked his finger under the bra strap and pulled it off her shoulder, exposing her left tit. Then he pushed her down on the bed and began to suck her tit. As she struggled, he lifted her dress and began pulling her panties down. At this point she really began to put up a fight. I almost went to the door, and yet I couldn't pull myself away from watching the whole incredible, arousing scene. My wife with a stranger—for my eyes only!

The man got up for a moment and poured himself a drink. He downed it fast and went back to the bed. Meanwhile, my wife had pulled her dress down and also covered her tits—but she

Photograph by James Moore

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Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
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hadn't zipped up her dress. He rolled my wife over, face down, unhooked her bra, and grabbed the dress and pulled it off her. After he slid her panties off, he dropped his own pants and got on the bed. My wife was trying to fend him off, but it wasn't long before he was trying to get what appeared to be a seven-inch prick inside her. After several minutes of struggling, he finally got it in her and then rammed its entire length deep inside her.

I suddenly realized that I had one of the biggest erections that I have ever had in my life. I was really enjoying watching this! They continued to screw for about twenty minutes. Finally the fellow got off my wife and walked into the bathroom and washed off his cock. My wife lay there on the bed, gasping and panting, her legs wide apart. When the man came back into the room, he had another drink and walked over to the bed. As he stood there, my wife raised up on her elbow and took hold of his prick and carefully guided it into her mouth. She began to suck it, first slowly, then more and more wildly. She continued for about five minutes, until he pulled away with a second, huge erection. He then climbed back on the bed as my wife guided his prick into her cunt. While they were screwing, I saw the couple that the room belonged to returning through the parking lot and I had to get out of sight. After they unlocked the door and went in, I immediately went back to the window, anxious to watch.

My wife and the man continued to screw while the other couple stood and watched. The other man's wife didn't seem to like it. Her husband said that he would get rid of them, and she left the room. As she came outside, I met her. I gave her my room key and told her she could wait there until everything was clear. As she disappeared, I went back to the window—just in time to see the second guy strip and get on the bed with my wife and the other man. He began sucking my wife's tits and finally slid up to where he could put his cock in her mouth. While the first guy was screwing her, she sucked the other fellow. Finally, the guy screwing her had an orgasm and climbed off her. The second man immediately slid into position and began screwing her. I watched for about thirty minutes while he kept pumping away. After he finished, the two men sat there totally exhausted, and my wife got up and paraded around the room, totally nude. As she picked up her dress, I heard her ask them if either one wanted to go again, but neither could. I raced back to the room and got rid of the other man's wife. I jumped into bed. My wife came in, and I pretended to be asleep. The following day she said nothing about the incident. Not a word!

After seeing what had transpired, I again approached her on the subject of swapping. She refused. I couldn't figure what the problem was; I knew that she would screw other men when I wasn't around, so why wouldn't she agree to swapping? I told her that I didn't care if someone else screwed her, but she still refused.

As the months went by, I discovered how much fun I was having just watching her screw, so I gave up on swapping and just began setting up situations where she would get screwed. I have kept a notebook on the dates, times, places, names (when I knew them), and how it happened. And over the past five years I have set up twenty-seven different arrangements that have resulted in sixty-eight different men enjoying her sexual talents; and of the sixty-eight, she sucked off thirty-seven of them. Each was a different situation—a motel room, a parking lot, a set-up burglar, a weekend in a hunting cabin with four men, a frat house after a football game with six college students, and so on.

The best one of all was when I took her to a rodeo in Cheyenne, Wyo. We were strolling around the horse barns, and I told a bunch of horny cowpokes that the woman coming along was a prostitute and that if they wanted some fun, they could pull her inside the barn and strip her and take turns.

They agreed, and I climbed up on some bales of hay and watched. Four of them then surrounded her, led her into the barn, and started stripping her. She tried to resist, but one cowpoke quickly ripped off her dress and her bra. After that I watched—for the next four hours—while nine different guys took turns, with five of the nine screwing her a second time. When they finished with her, they left her with nothing. They even took her shoes and stockings. Then they pushed her out into an open area, totally nude. When some other cowpokes from across the way saw her, they came over and grabbed her and took her to another barn. I left the area, later returning to look for her at about 5:00 P.M. I finally reported to the police that she was missing, but they weren't too concerned. They said that everyone gets lost in crowds. Still, I at least knew that she had no clothes and that she was in the general barn area, naked as the day, with all those horny cowboys.

About ten o'clock, I returned to the motel after looking all through the bar area and asking if anyone had seen a woman. I waited, and finally, about 5:00 A.M., I heard a key in the door. I pretended to be asleep as she and some man stepped inside. I heard her thank him for the blanket as she pulled it off and gave it to him. He began feeling her all over and said he wanted to screw her again. My wife lay down on the floor, signaling to him to be quiet, and he got on top of her and screwed her right there in the room. They were both breathing hard.

She has never discussed any of these episodes with me, and I guess I will never know how many men she screwed that rodeo night. But I love it. I wish I could see her screw ten men every night of the week, 365 days a year. The only time she ever balked on an arrangement that I was trying to set up was when I wanted her to go to a party at a nearby army base. I wanted to see just how many men she could screw without stopping. My plan was to get her in one of the barracks and let the fellows line up. I had already told a fellow that I would bring to the base a woman who was a nymphomaniac and that there was no limit to how many men she would take on. By the night of the big event, he had spread the word. He said there would be at least fifty to

"You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!"

sixty guys to screw her. I think she must have sensed that I was setting her up for an all-night gang-bang; it never came off.

I still set up situations for guys to screw her, but I don't think she wants any more of the mass sex encounters. With all the sex that she has participated in, she has never once mentioned any of it to me—but I think she knows that I'm responsible for all of it. I guess she knows that I love it; and from watching her, I know damn well she enjoys every minute of it.—Match Maker

I suppose you're what one might call a voyeur. I've gotten letters from men who've married women just so they can get a free screwing every night. But never before have I gotten a letter from a husband who married so he could give other men a free fuck. Your marriage situation is indeed unique, and I suppose there's nothing wrong with it—outside of the fact that you're married to a horny moron—if you both get your rocks off. Each (or somebody else?) to his own.

By the way, do *you* ever have sex with your generous, free-lanced wife?

SPLENDOR IN THE GLASS

I'm a teenager, currently hot for a married woman of thirty-three. We became friends through my parents. She is beautiful in every way: kind, considerate, sexy, and loving. I used to talk with her when her children were at school. We would discuss everything from religion to her daughter's virginity. We joked about taking showers together and mutual masturbation.

One day I stopped by her place and found her sunning in her backyard. We talked, and I got an erection just seeing her beautiful body. She was very tan, wearing a small white bikini. Her breasts—thirty-six inches, D-cup bra—were sticking way out as she lay on her back. As she lay there with her eyes closed, I began to check out every inch of her body: her beautiful face with its moist mouth, her slender neck, those breasts with the rock-hard nipples jutting out a half-inch or more, her tan belly with tiny beads of perspiration surrounding her deep navel, her lovely thighs and crotch with a few strands of black pubic hair escaping from her bikini, and her lovely, suckable toes. I wanted to fuck her right there! I managed to control myself, however, and told her I was going inside for a drink. While standing in her kitchen, I looked out at her and violently jerked off. I managed to get most of the come in the sink, but some of it hit the window. It was by far the most satisfying orgasm I'd had up to that point in my life. It was so intense I had to brace myself against the counter because I thought I might pass out.

I kept thinking how great it would be just to hold her naked body close to mine and kiss her. Suddenly, I heard her call for me to bring her out some suntan lotion. An idea hit me: since I'd probably never get to make love to her and fill her insides with my hot sperm, I'd give it to her on the outside. *I*

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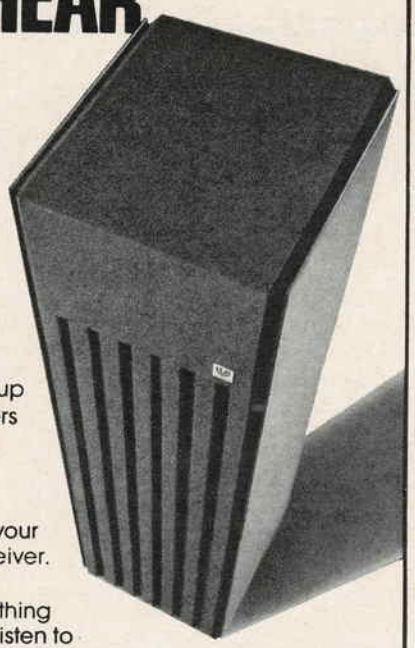

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> Over the past five years I've set up twenty-seven different arrangements that resulted in sixty-eight different men enjoying my wife's sexual talents.

was so excited that I jerked off again and filled a glass with my fresh come. I held this glass behind my back and went outside, bringing the suntan lotion also. She was now on her stomach, and she asked me to apply the lotion to her back and legs. I put some lotion on my palm and then dipped my fingers into the glass to apply the mixture to her body. I paid particular attention to her inner thighs, neck, and feet. While applying the mixture to her back, I gently rubbed my balls and cock on the heel of her foot. While inside I'd removed my underwear, and the sensation of my jeans rubbing against her bare skin was great.

She rolled over on her back, and so I applied my mixture on her legs and stomach. Luckily, the sun was in her eyes and she kept them closed. I began to put my lotion/come mixture on her face. (I used only a small amount of lotion to mask the scent of my semen.) I could feel my cock swelling inside my jeans. The mere thought of my semen so near her lips made my cock swell to a size I just couldn't believe. When I looked down, it had become at least an inch longer than usual and the head was massive, like a puffed-up adder.

It had been fifteen minutes since I had come, and I again began to feel the pressure building up in my balls. While I applied my sperm to her face, she remarked how warm the lotion was. It was too much. I climaxed again—my cock was pushed down the leg of my cutoffs, and so I caught my load as it spurted out. I wanted to cry out but managed to restrain myself. Mixing my fresh load of semen with a little lotion, I began to apply what was to be my last product of the day to her face. I rubbed the remaining amount on her stomach, just below her breasts with their erect nipples.

I still see this woman occasionally. Sometimes when I'm at her place, I must excuse myself, go to the bathroom, and masturbate. Right now, however, I'm still a virgin, waiting to lose my "cherry."—Rick.

I'm most interested in my readers' masturbatory fantasies and only wish that more of them would relate such interesting stories—or come-as-you-are tales.

I guess it's just a matter of time before your wildest dreams materialize, Rick. You have a vivid imagination, and I'm sure that one day you'll outgrow your right hand. You ought to have a taste of the real thing very soon. Why wait?

BALL IN THE FAMILY

Please help me! I'm so confused that I don't know what's going on. I've been married for five years, and we've had one helluva good marriage—until now.

My wife is five feet, three inches, with blond hair, a beautiful ass, and the biggest tits you've ever seen on a chick. She has a size forty bust, but with no sag, and looks beautiful without a bra on. She has an older sister, Linda, who is just the opposite. Linda is five feet, seven inches, and has red hair, a small ass, and no tits. I first dated Linda a few years ago, had a couple of good fucks, and then met her sister, Brenda, who is now my wife. Linda got married to a well-to-do dude about a year ago and moved to Miami. We'd only seen this guy, Jeff, once, when they came up to see us over Memorial Day weekend. He seemed like a good enough guy. But one day both my wife and I noticed a huge bulge in his pants. We came to the conclusion that he simply had a hard-on at the time.

Well, a couple of weeks ago I had to go to Miami on business. I suggested to Brenda that she go along on the trip with me so that we could drop by to see her sister, and so she came along. Wanting to surprise them, we did not announce our arrival, and instead just sauntered up to their front door. We heard voices coming from their backyard, and so Brenda and I walked around the corner—lo and behold! I'd never seen anything like it in my life. Linda was face down on a blanket, on her knees, ass perched up in the air, while Jeff was ramming her ass hole with the biggest dick I've ever seen on a man. Well, that's where all the trouble started, Xaviera.

Brenda and I've always been open to each other and talked about screwing with other people. She has said many times that she couldn't possibly take a dick bigger than mine, and I only have a six-inch cock. Watching her reaction to Jeff's big cock, I could see that she was completely turned on. Seeing that this was not the right time to disturb Linda and Jeff, we returned to our car and waited about an hour.

Later that day I told Linda what we'd seen and how it had affected Brenda. Then Linda told me how much Jeff had gotten off on my wife's big set of tits. Linda confided that the first time Jeff had screwed her, she hadn't seen how big his dick was until the next morning. She couldn't believe she'd taken in all that meat! Linda then suggested that maybe Jeff and Brenda should get together for a little sex play. After all, why not? We had fucked. Why shouldn't our mates check out each other's ample genital equipment?

That night, after dining and dancing out, we all returned to the house. We played strip poker so things could get started. Brenda lost the first hand and so took off her gown. Well, as soon as her big tits popped out for all to see, Jeff was completely gone. He started ripping off his clothes and then went immediately for my wife's breasts. I've never seen two people undress so damn fast. Brenda's nipples were hard and erect, and you could see the wetness of her pussy hairs. Jeff's big dick was straight out like a thick billy club. They both went for the floor, and soon Brenda had the head of Jeff's dick in her mouth, sucking with all her power, as Jeff ate out her pussy until it looked like a swamp.

Linda and I then decided to get undressed and take a ringside seat at the movies. After a few minutes of eating Brenda's pussy, Jeff got up and went into the other room. He returned with a big red cushion, which he threw on the floor, and rolled Brenda over onto it on her back. Jeff then knelt right up against my wife's ass and pulled and hoisted her buttocks up into the air, sliding that red cushion up under her. He then inserted his big hunk of meat into my wife's wide-spread pussy. Linda whispered into my ear that his cock was twelve and one-half inches long and seven inches around! I gasped for my wife, watching Jeff slowly work his giant rod into her swollen pussy, but in less than a minute his cock had completely disappeared inside her. After a few minutes of slow thrusting, he started pounding that big dick in and out of her hot pussy lips for all he was worth. Brenda started to go wild, delirious with passion. They came again and again. After they finished, Linda and I took our turn on the floor. We then exchanged wives for the rest of the evening.

After we returned home, Brenda and I discussed what we'd done. She admitted that it was the best fucking of her life and that she'd like to do it again.

Now, Xaviera, my problem. I have a friend who's got a ten-inch dick. Since my wife enjoys being fucked with a big dick, do you think I should invite him and his wife over for a little session on the floor? I should add that he has a wife whom I'd like to make it with. Also, what's your professional opinion of big dicks? Are they more enjoyable for women?—Atlanta

If the penis hits the clit, it's the right size. I know a number of women who prefer smaller cocks, just as there are some men who like petite breasts. Of course, as your wife will attest, there are women who really get off on well-endowed men.

Why not let your wife get her fill of monstrous cocks? I, for one, believe that people should live out their fantasies. If she doesn't live out this fantasy, I'm afraid she'll always feel that she's missed something—like another four inches tacked on to your penis. When she's been screwed by enough big cocks, she'll eventually learn that good sex takes more than sheer length—or breadth, for that matter.

THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER

BY MARTINE

AUGUST 23 VIRGO SEPTEMBER 22

THE VIRGO MALE

You like women. You admire them, you have fun with them, you love to make love to them. But you are careful about becoming totally involved with them.

The reason you're reluctant to get embroiled in a serious affair is that you have nightmares about women who stage scenes and throw tantrums. If this happens, you walk out on her. Period. Rather than stay with a high-strung, emotional woman, you'd gladly live in a cave with lice, fleas, bats, and mangy dogs for companions.

One exasperated Virgo male summed up the basic feeling of men born under this sign as he explained the reason for his breaking up with a demanding, argumentative woman: "I felt as if I somehow got trapped inside a John Cassavetes movie and couldn't get out!" The Virgo male is objective, cool, and rational. He has the kind of innate intelligence that runs on its own and can't be turned on or off by anyone else. He's not easily deceived, because he takes anything he hears with a large grain of sodium chloride. It is no surprise that Virgo is also fascinated by money. The first thing he ever learned about money matters is that money *does* matter. He has a built-in respect for bank balances and ledgers, and will happily sit down before a column of figures and check the addition right up to the last decimal point. In a restaurant, he's always the one to add up the check and figure the tip.

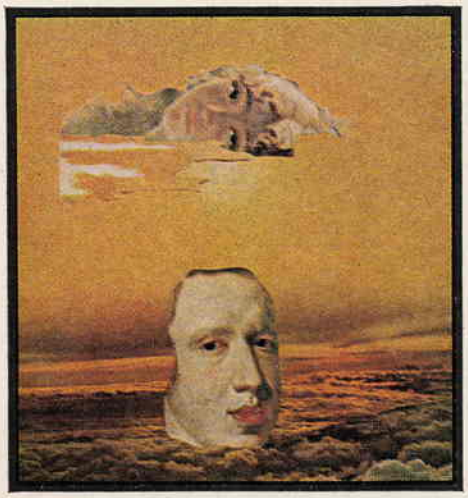
If you are a Virgo, you rarely make mistakes and can be quite cutting toward people who do. Still, you never feel your standards of performance are too high. After all, you're not asking anything more of other people than you ask of yourself. If you make a mistake, though, you won't cop out. You'll stay and confront it, and probably figure a way to turn failure into success!

You never take long to react to anything. You're at your best in an emergency. The only crisis in which you can't be trusted to reach a practical decision is that one in which you find

yourself confronted by two perfectly balanced alternatives. When you can't see any *reason* to make a choice, you become like the legendary jackass which, placed between two equally large and equally tasty bundles of hay, starved to death!

In business Virgos are persevering and industrious, but sometimes too accommodating. As a Virgo employee once confessed to me, "I kiss my boss's ass simply because he's one rung ahead of me on the ladder—and I'm in a perfect position to do it." Virgos worry about their health and take precautions to safeguard it, including regular appointments with the doctor and dentist. In the medicine cabinet they have pills for almost any occasion. They even have pills to take in the event they've taken too many pills!

Virgos like to change their image. They see themselves as the classic love-'em-and-leave-'em types, witty, charming, and sexy. They dream about being all these things. The woman who can tap this secret



Virgo fantasy will reap the surprisingly rich and memorable rewards of pent-up Virgo sensuality, a hot thing in a cool package.

VIRGO AS A LOVER

You like a woman who will give you a little trouble before jumping into bed, and you don't go for extreme sexual behavior. Of course, the definition of *extreme* varies with time, place, and individual. Your foreplay is expert but can tend to be a bit methodical. You never had to read a book to know what turns a woman on. You can hit the right passion button almost every time. And you're especially good in bed with a woman who has a sexual problem. The reason is that you believe that for every problem there is a solution waiting somewhere. It will be your pleasure to discover it—and hers to be part of it.

You realize that when coital compatibility is lacking, the rest of the rapport between man and woman quickly falls apart. But you do suffer from one serious problem: you want each encounter to be absolutely perfect. What you should remember is that in sex "perfectionism" has unfortunate results. I know one Virgo man who was enjoying ecstatic lovemaking with his favorite playmate until he happened to read about the "ultimate male orgasm." He felt he wasn't having an "ultimate experience" and became dissatisfied. Naturally, the affair broke up. Like other Virgos, he became the victim of his compulsive ambition to achieve perfection—and emerged a perfect malcontent.

If negatively aspected, the Virgo man will become voyeuristic. An innocent peek into a woman's cleavage or an unwitting fascination with tight pants that accent the vulva is nothing to worry about, of course. Still, this impulse—if left unchecked—can develop into a real peeping-tom obsession. Nobody ever went blind from peeping, but looking and hoping was never a substitute for making love.

Virgo can be a kinky sexual animal. A close friend told me that her Virgo lover was particularly turned on by having her take off all her clothes and doing setting-up exercises. He would make her begin by swaying her torso from left to right and then, while keeping her legs stiff, bending over to touch her toes. For the best peekaboo view of her, he liked to watch this performance from the rear. As soon as she began doing knee bends, he would masturbate. Of course, this obsession was much too vicarious from the woman's point of view, since setting-up exercises weren't exactly the kind of physical exercise she was expecting (*sans* rearview mirror?).

A WORD OF ADVICE FOR VIRGOS

Don't worship work at the expense of everything else. Because you're so conscientious, this isn't easy for you; but if you learn to take life on its own terms, you'll be happier. And you might make others happier just at seeing you loosen up a bit.

Do what pleases you, instead of what you think you must do.

THE VIRGO FEMALE (WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW)

She keeps her passions under a tight rein, but is actually one of the most conflicted signs. Underneath, her emotions rage and boil, while outwardly she is cool, calm, sometimes unreachable. Think of that famous Virgoan, Greta Garbo: her classic beauty, her serene repose, yet with a haunted look—seething passion lurking just beneath the surface. You've got the picture: a cool Tom Collins with a cherry bomb beneath the cubes.

The Virgo woman's dominant trait, in fact, is mute restlessness, a carefully controlled intensity. Watch her in repose. You can almost sense the conflict, her nagging desire to be up and doing, rearranging, *improving*. She exhausts herself sitting still more than she does moving around. It's impossible for her to put off until tomorrow what might be done today, or to do later what might be done now. She runs her life the way a good bookkeeper keeps a ledger—always ready to give a reckoning on whether there's a profit or a loss. She is no daydreamer. She's a day-*doer*. She is, in a word, organized.

She has an incurably orderly mind and a great capacity for attending to little things. She's the best housekeeper in the zodiac. She's always washing the dishes, emptying the ashtrays, wiping up spills. Her only *real* enemy is the person who invented lint.

The Virgo female is never satisfied with things as they are. She continues to analyze situations and people (especially men) in the hope of finding some way to make them better. She's not particularly sentimental and not at all nostalgic. And she doesn't like to feel indebted to anyone. She won't accept a favor if it can be avoided, just so she won't have to feel under any obligation or pressure.

She is a constant striver, and her chances for success in love and life are great. She has the natural equipment to achieve her goals and to get any man she really wants. She has brains, looks, charm. She

knows how to adapt to any setting, job, social group, or male personality. And she has a keen ability to probe a lover's motives. She considers herself different from, sometimes superior to, most men she deals with. The man who gets her will have to match her strength of purpose. She likes men who are going full steam ahead, not plodding along on a treadmill.

When a Virgo female commits herself to her special man, she wants to take out an immediate insurance policy against any change in their status—with a provision for double indemnity in case of accidental straying. She believes in symbolizing love with a ring on the finger and a diamond in the vault. In fact, many Virgo females are inclined to be sexual blackmailers. They expect to be paid for services rendered—or they will withhold services. You may recall the true story of a much-married, foreign-born adventuress who insisted that her new husband slip a certified check for $25,000 under the bedroom door before she would let him in. Any astrologer could have told you she was a Virgo (*extracta* rather than *intacta*).

In her sex life she is fastidious, discrimi-

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MARIONETTE BY THE DREAMSTUFF CORPORATION

nating, elegant, and well-mannered. She has innate elegance. Her emotions are so controlled that some lovers think her undemonstrative—it's not true. If any proof were needed, consider that Raquel Welch and Sophia Loren, were born under this sign. If a man knows how to unlock the Virgo woman's passions, they will flare. She would disagree with the Biblical advice that it is better to marry than burn. She thinks it easier to "burn" than share her life with a man who doesn't appreciate her.

A Virgo friend once complained to me that her lover wanted her to perform a "degrading" act. This turned out to be a request that she get down on all fours while he entered her from behind. I told her I couldn't see what was wrong with a little horseplay. "I'd feel just like an animal," she replied. I learned the real reason for her objection: she didn't want to get into that position because she was afraid her paramour would be laughing at her behind her back!

A typical Virgo female reaction.

VIRGO'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY

VIRGO AND ARIES Your arguments will be fully as passionate as your lovemaking. You're too inhibited for Aries, and Aries is too impulsive for you. Forget it.

VIRGO AND TAURUS You're both practical when it comes to making love. And you're both satisfied with tried-and-true methods. This union has a promising future.

VIRGO AND GEMINI Neither of you are too demanding. But Gemini is likely to stray to other lovers. A short-lived affair at best.

VIRGO AND CANCER A stimulating affair because Cancer isn't too forceful—which suits you fine. And the attentions won't be neglected, which suits you even better.

VIRGO AND LEO Highly sexed Leo takes it as a personal affront if you don't match the leonine ardor. Your passivity will lead to quarrels. Try a one-night stand.

VIRGO AND VIRGO Both of you think there are more important things in life than sex. You may end up just talking in bed.

VIRGO AND LIBRA Libra is too frivolous for your tastes. You criticize. Fickleness comes to the fore. Libra drifts away.

VIRGO AND SCORPIO Sensual Scorpio tries to entice you into ever-bolder, sexual adventures. But you're pleased, because Scorpio is also fiercely loyal.

VIRGO AND SAGITTARIUS Sagittarius considers your sexual attitudes rather prudish. Try this for a fun weekend with return-trip ticket.

VIRGO AND CAPRICORN You take great pride in pleasing each other. Sexual compatibility becomes a mutual achievement. Harmonious vibes.

VIRGO AND AQUARIUS Aquarius has bizarre ideas about sex and thinks you unresponsive or cold. Your own sexual enjoyment tends to diminish over the long term. Strictly a short run.

VIRGO AND PISCES Sentimental, in-love-with-love Pisces will seem intriguing at first. However, you must adapt to some far-out sexual activity.

PASSIONATE PORTENTS

ARIES (March 21–April 19) Don't force your ideas about in-bed behavior on someone else. You're going to become intimate with someone you've long wanted to impress, probably over a weekend in mid-September. A surprising nugget of good news comes your way during the early part of September.
Sexually Potent Days: Sept. 2, 10, 22, 29.
TAURUS (April 20–May 20) The spotlight focuses on your physical life during the second and third weeks of the month. There will be a fun-filled interval with a playmate, although some of the consequences may upset you later. False rumors and scandal are in your chart this month; so move warily. You wonder who is trying to make trouble for you, and the answer will probably shock you.
Sexually Potent Days: Sept. 1, 12, 16, 24.
GEMINI (May 21–June 20) An affair you thought had ended some time ago returns to vex you. You'd like nothing better than to take immediate action, but that won't improve a sticky situation. The best thing is to wipe it out of your mind and memory. You are entering an excitingly creative and sexy cycle. You'll feel heady with triumph and you'll be almost irresistible to women. A financial success around September 18 will keep you humming, "Everything's going my way!"
Sexually Potent Days: Sept. 4, 13, 15, 25.
CANCER (June 21–July 22) Planetary aspects this month strongly affect your sex life and friendships. This is no time to dwell on past lovers—you need your strength to handle the needs of your present playmate. If an emotional situation arises, don't hoist all your sails; just keep a steady hand on the tiller and you'll come through in fine shape. There will be an upswing in your career around September 20 to 22.
Sexually Potent Days: Sept. 8, 17, 21, 27.
LEO (July 23–August 22) The first week of September will bring a serious confrontation with a lover. A secret about the past leaks out and makes you jealous. You're asked to take a great deal on faith, and there is nothing in your experience to justify it. But stay cool. A surprising change is in store around the full moon (September 8). It will give a new charge to your career, and to your entire mode of living.
Sexually Potent Days: Sept. 20, 23.
VIRGO (August 23–September 22) You get good marks in the boudoir as a long and arduous campaign reaches a climax. The turning point occurs when you receive assistance from an unexpected source. Mars in your money house means that acumen in business will pay off handsomely. Your love life becomes a very passionate affair.
Sexually Potent Days: Sept. 14, 19, 22, 30.
LIBRA (September 23–October 22) Slow-developing changes are at work in your emotional chart. You are tempted to hurry things along. Instead, do background work and wait for the right time. Mars and Venus are transiting your sign, and success is almost assured. Your sexual energies are peaking. After September 23, you reap the results of your new maturity. The love pattern will be different for each Libran, but the short-term improvement is marked and the long-term is most encouraging, yielding amorous "staying" power.
Sexually Potent Days: Sept. 13, 24, 27.
SCORPIO(October 23–November 21) Be careful not to jump to conclusions about a current amour: you're not dealing with a genuine hostility but simply feeling a bit paranoid. Before September 25 a mystery about a sexual encounter will be resolved. An important date comes up in early September, and things will develop into intimacy as the weeks go on. It will become a very intriguing relationship, with surprises seeming to come along day after day.
Sexually Potent Days: Sept. 5, 9, 17, 26.
SAGITTARIUS (November 22–December 21) You should gamble on a premonition about someone you desire. Use the Sagittarian ability to look a little way into the future. That sexual problem you've occasionally suffered from becomes less vexing. Wind up your current work program and take a short holiday. This will lead to a meeting with someone who stirs powerful emotions. There will be a really passionate involvement, an affair that feels like first love, second nature, and the third degree.
Sexually Potent Days: Sept. 1, 10, 18, 28.
CAPRICORN (December 22–January 19) Your stubborn and long-standing passion begins to pay off. Your loved one suddenly seems more responsive. Sex assumes great importance during this thrilling liaison. There will be an inspiring word for you in the business or career area, as Mars and Venus will be transiting your tenth house of goals and ambitions.
Sexually Potent Days: Sept. 3, 12, 16, 22, 30.
AQUARIUS (January 20–February 18) Don't go out on a limb with a decision that affects your love life. Between September 10 and 14, you are able to see more clearly what should be done. So, wait until then to make the final choice about whether to risk all. The intervening time will pass very quickly, for you will find yourself in a rather interesting dalliance. You feel more liberated, and your self-image improves, making you feel more free and easy.
Sexually Potent Days: Sept. 5, 7, 23, 29.
PISCES (February 19–March 20) You are keyed up to meet a challenge, but you are also likely to become impatient. After the first week, though, everything comes together. Between September 8 and 11, you break through, reaching a level of sexual enjoyment at which the chances for great happiness are in your grasp. Be subtle. Use your Piscean intuition—and don't overlook any avenues to satisfaction. During the latter days of the month, you might stock up on empty cardboard cartons, for a change of residence is indicated.
Sexually Potent Days: Sept. 8, 11, 15, 27.

TRAVEL AND LEISURE

LUSTY GUIDE TO PARIS

By Allan H. Mankoff

Until very recently, Amsterdam has been the world's champion Sex City, having overtaken Paris—if only in reputation. But today Paris is back on top again, by all standards of quality, quantity, and variety—lovers' hotels, lovers' restaurants, nude restaurants, group-sex restaurants, pubic hairdressers, street and motorized prostitutes and semi-pros of all sexes, hard-core sex shows that are no longer held clandestinely and group-sex hotels and *boites*. Not to mention mixed saunas, gay brothels, sex museums, porn shops, bordellos for men and "bordellas" for women —and an abundance of willing amateurs.

One could always see a hard-core sex show in Paris, usually in a seedy, semi-legal hotel or cellar *boite* somewhere around Pigalle's rues La Fontaine or Houdon; you still can, and perhaps the illicit ambience will add to the fun. But now Parisian live shows have come out of the cave, as they have elsewhere in Europe. (The best shows in Europe are in Hamburg, at the Club Salambo, Grosse Freiheit; second best, in Amsterdam, at the Casa Rosso, O.Z. Achterburgeval 98. In Copenhagen the place to go is the Eden Club, Strandvjen 390A, in suburban Espergaerde.) Although the shows are not yet permitted to operate on the grand scale that the French could so easily manage—the government imposes extremely high taxes on the bustling new French porn industry—most live shows are presented with typical French élan, panache, and wit. One of two eventualities will probably happen: the shows will disappear in a couple of years, or—perhaps more likely—Paris will offer hard porn with all the glitter and publicity of the heavily touristed Crazy Horse (12 avenue George V, 8e, where "everything's a parody but the prices." The phone number is appropriate, too (BAL-69-69), and the club has the large seating capacity of the Folies-Bergère, that legendary showcase of nudity.

The eighty-seat Theatre Saint-Denis (70 rue Saint-Denis, 1e; 508-95-84) features "audience participation" and is highly recommended. The emcee (formerly an actor in the legitimate theater) moves through the house and usually selects a little old lady or gentleman to undress the four attractive performers, who are also chosen from the audience. The farce reminded me of radio's old Dr. I.Q. quiz (road) show: "I have a lady in the balcony, Doctor." "*Mon Dieu*, what a gentleman I have here in the loge!" At times it is obvious that the performing couples are "plants," but this only seems to enhance the eroticism. If the "actors" consent, members of the audience can join in the onstage activities. Theatre Saint-Denis deserves a whole carton of Snickers and five Mars Bars for its versatility: a male homosexual show at 12:30 P.M., a lesbian show in the afternoon, heterosexual couplings from about 5 P.M., and "audience participation"

at 10:30 and midnight. Admission is from ten dollars. After the show the performers gather at Le Central Bar, in a hotel next door, to talk shop.

Another good live show is performed at the Theatre des Deux Boules ("Pair of Testicles," 28 rue des Ecoles, 5e, on the Left Bank; 325-43-28). Here the copulating couples are suspended directly over the audience. You should also visit Theatre des Saints Innocents (4 rue de la Ferronnerie, 233-59-59). And next door, at number 7, Bernard de Witt, "The King of Slot Machines," has some 3,000 of those devices for sale; and next door to Bernie, milady (or a gentleman, for that matter) can have the hair on her head died *any* color and pubic hair colored to match. Pubic haircuts are available as well. You should be sure to explore Rock Hairs and Company, 9 rue de la Ferronnerie, 1e; 236-89-46 or 508-08-89.

This vigorously revitalized area of Les Halles (the former street market district) includes Conways, "The New York Singles Bar Restaurant in Paris" (73 rue Saint-Denis); Mother Earth's Restaurant (66 rue de Lombard), where a groupie might go for a Zap comic; and the rue Blondel, where some of the town's most colorful hookers offer themselves for from eight to twelve dollars. Check out also the many good, inexpensive art galleries; trendy restaurants such as Front Page (56-58 rue Saint-Denis; 236-98-69), where you should book for lunch or come very late, when its overloaded with fashion models; "Corrine" (119 boulevard de Sébastapol, 231-07-94), a "cousin" of Baroness Monique van Cleef; numerous porn shops; and several other live-intercourse shows, including Le Trou des Halles (Sex Hall, 4 rue Marie-Stuart, 2e; 508-17-80).

If you'd rather stage your own live show, Paris has offered the best opportunities in the world for more than half a century—probably since the advent of the motor car, which offered a new mobility to couples cruising the Bois de Boulogne. (The contemporary scene there, particularly at the Porte Dauphine after dark, is as frenetic as ever. But beware of the transvestites in Allée de Longchamp, known colloquially as *l'Allée de la Longue Queue*—"Long-Dong Lane.") Characteristically articulate, the French have a word for group sex—*partouzes*, that is, a "sexual sharing." For the past twenty years or more, three townhouse hotels have afforded all like-minded, well-behaved couples the opportunity and facilities (mirrors on all sides, beds large enough to accommodate a regiment of Napoleonic cavalry, mouthwash served on gold trays by "French Maids") to joyously collide with one another. Current prices, about thirty to forty dollars, include the first drink. It would be futile to print the exact phone numbers of the houses in the rues Boursault, Chazelles, and Le-Châtelier (all in the swinging seventeenth district), because the names or numbers would soon be changed. There is also a new club on the rue d'Artois in the posh eighth. But any self-respecting semi-pro or pro strolling the rue de Presbourg or rue de Tilsitt (the ring around the Étoile) and every six out of ten cabbies know *les maisons des partouzes* of Paris.

You'll get very good information about at least one of the houses at L'Aventura, a café at 63 *bis* rue Boursault, and some people at La Voile d'Or (7 rue Boursault) know a good deal more. As you order your first drink at the latter establishment's nondescript, semi-seedy bar, nothing extraordinary will happen. But if the barmaid likes your looks—and she will—she will lead you to *Le Back Room* and *voilà*!—an art-nouveau railway car complete to the last detail, with gas lamps, original posters commemorating the famous London-Paris train for which the house is named, and a view of Gare St. Lazare railway yards below the "train" windows. The several naughty conductresses, who are clad in evening gowns, push perfume by day and L'Aventura's loyal male clientele around the dance floor by night. Some enthusiastic fugitives from the Bourse (Paris's stock exchange) insist the ladies are not hookers. But if all the guests will chip in for just one bottle of champagne (about $20), an impromptu amateur striptease could result, or even a visit to a nearby *partouze*. (Incidentally, this was once the restaurant of Mouche, the infamous *femme fatale* who had strong ties with the Corsican Mafia.)

> Live sex shows have come out in the open—and most are presented with typical French élan, panache, and wit.

But why not attend *partouzes* with an amateur consort, even if you don't participate? There's usually no pressure, and it's fun to observe. Paris offers a multitude of ecdalamorphics ("people who are more lascivious when they are away from home," as the eminent word-freak Willard R. Espy defines the term), not to mention some extremely liberated French women. As far as jazz clubs are concerned, Paris has some of the best sounds you'll hear: Le Bilboquet Club St. Germain, Slow Club, Le Newport (with erotic wall projections), and Tavis Mailletz, all of which attract young women who might feel unsafe late at night in other areas of Paris (there is little reason for such fear). Exciting discothèques include the somewhat snobbish but worth-the-effort Castel's (15 rue Princess, 6e), New Jimmy's (124 bd. du Montparnasse, 14e), Club d'O, L'Aventure, and Le Privé (12 rue de Ponthieu, 8e. All addresses that are not given in this paragraph can be found in the weekly *Pariscop* night-life guide.) You will be more than titillated at Harry's Bedford Arms (17 rue Princess, 6e), the Ritz Hotel, and L'Hôtel (rue des Beaux-Arts) (which is an exceptionally romantic place to stay if you can afford it); and, of course, at the Left Bank cafés (Coupole, Select, Dôme, Deux Magots, and Rosebud), as well as several on the Right (Café de la Paix is obvious and, therefore, opportune).

Shakespeare and Co., a bookshop "library" (37 rue de la Bûcherie, 5e), deserves a paragraph of its own. It's the sort of place Hemingway would have visited every afternoon to pick up girls. The number and quality of females who lounge around here from noon to midnight is extraordinary. And so is the owner, George Whitman, a descendant of Walt and "heir" to Sylvia Beach's famous *librairie* of the 1920s.

A short stroll along the Seine and you are at Lapérouse (51 quai des Grands-Augustins (6e; 326-68-04), perhaps the oldest restaurant in Paris. No sooner had the French invented the restaurant than they evolved the concept of the *salon privée*. Brillat-Savarin's *The Philosopher in the Kitchen* notes that among those eighteenth-century Parisian restaurants that "owed their prosperity to special causes" was Henneveu, with "the mysterious private rooms on the fourth floor." Unfortunately, the food at Lapérouse is no longer a very special cause, and it has lost its coveted three-star Michelin rating after half a century. The *salons privées*, however, still lock from the inside, and the staff is rigorously trained in scuffling and knocking before entering the private dining rooms.

Dining in the nude is nothing new at Baths Haman (4 rue des Rosiers, 4e; 272-71-82), but even some Frenchmen are mildly amused by a recent innovation at a restaurant in Mougins, in the south: an oversized, translucent bathtub in the center of the main dining room where couples may have it off between courses.

After dinner, relax in a lovers' hotel. Delights include ceiling and wall mirrors, special sound-and-light shows, champagne, caviar, and, sometimes, full meals; and always many beverages served round the clock. Many houses rent rooms for a few hours (about eight to fifteen dollars), though all have daily rates. A Left Bank favorite is Les Hortensias (4 rue Jules-Chaplain, 6e; DAN 94-92), an exquisite *Belle Époque* villa that features a sublime garden. Most houses, however, are on the Right Bank. Near the Étoile: Hôtel de Ponthieu (5 rue de Ponthieu, 8e; ELY 70-36)

and Champs-Elysées Studios (97 rue La Boëtie, 8e; ELY 09-62), where you should try the exciting *Repas à la Russe*. In the swinging seventeenth district you will find: Residence Cardinet (52 rue Cardinet, WAG 80-91); Monceau House (8 rue Henri-Rochefort (WAG 05-86). Two of the most rewarding houses (there are dozens more) are in the posh sixteenth arrondissement: Villa Caroline (85 rue de la Pompe; 504-67-38) and Pavillon Villejust (46 rue Paul-Valéry, 727-68-08). Unlike some Vienna *Stunden* (hourly) hotels, these do not offer contraceptives with the keys. But at Caroline there is some fine mirror work and satin sheets, and Villejust's rooms cannot be opened from the outside, unless by an axe.

Avoid taxis during the day-long traffic snarls; the flag drops at one dollar. The métro is clean, speedy, and economical (buy cut-rate books of ten tickets), and you never know what you might see there. Streaking? Rarely. French girls prefer posing or posturing.

The Parisian prostitution scene offers something for nearly everyone. Madam Billy still runs the best house in town, "The Diplomat's" (fifty dollars and up), near the Étoile. Some girls also dance in the great striptease *spectacles*; others are known as *étoiles filantes*. These "shooting stars" appear from every station in life, frequently from the middle and upper classes. They are, variously, students, secretaries, housewives, poorly paid models. In greatest heat around the end of the month, when the paycheck or allowance from Papa runs out, they are also called "*fins-du-mois*." Rates from fifty dollars in the brothels, from sixty dollars as call girls, from thirty dollars on the streets (often near the rues de Tilsitt and Presbourg, 8e). Motorized prostitutes cruise the Right Bank around the Étoile and down to avenue George V. They are also to be found in rue Godot-de-Mauroy, which resembles a mini-Le Mans after dark. Some of the best brothels have closed, including the *Palais Mignon* in avenue Montespan, but there's more activity in the whore bars of Paris (all over Pigalle, many off the Champs-Élysées and near the main railway stations) than in most other *countries* of Europe.

By now you need a good all-night restaurant. Two obvious, but no less wise, choices are Au Pied de Cochon, in Les Halles at 6 rue Coquillière (CEN 11-75); and, just off the Champs-Elysées, Jour et Nuit, 2 rue de Berri. A new establishment, also just off the Champs but difficult to find because it has no neon sign, is Lady L. (4 rue Balzac, 8e; 225-2195): *Belle Époque* decor, splendid food, no prices on the lady's menu, illustrious clientele, fine jazz combo. From about thirty dollars for two, with wine.

Paris also has a Lido, a Louvre, and an Eiffel Tower. Of the latter, Oscar Wilde once remarked, "Turn your back to that—you have all Paris before you. Look at it—Paris vanishes." OH

You've earned your stripe

...for not making any alibis when you lost the club championship to your dentist's 73-year-old father.

...when you admit you really enjoyed that "G"-rated movie.

...because you put together your stereo system without once calling your brother-in-law.

...because you chose your Scotch for value. And the Scotch you chose was the one that started all the others on the road to lightness. Usher's. The original light Scotch. With an original light price tag. Usher's. We earned our stripe in 1853.

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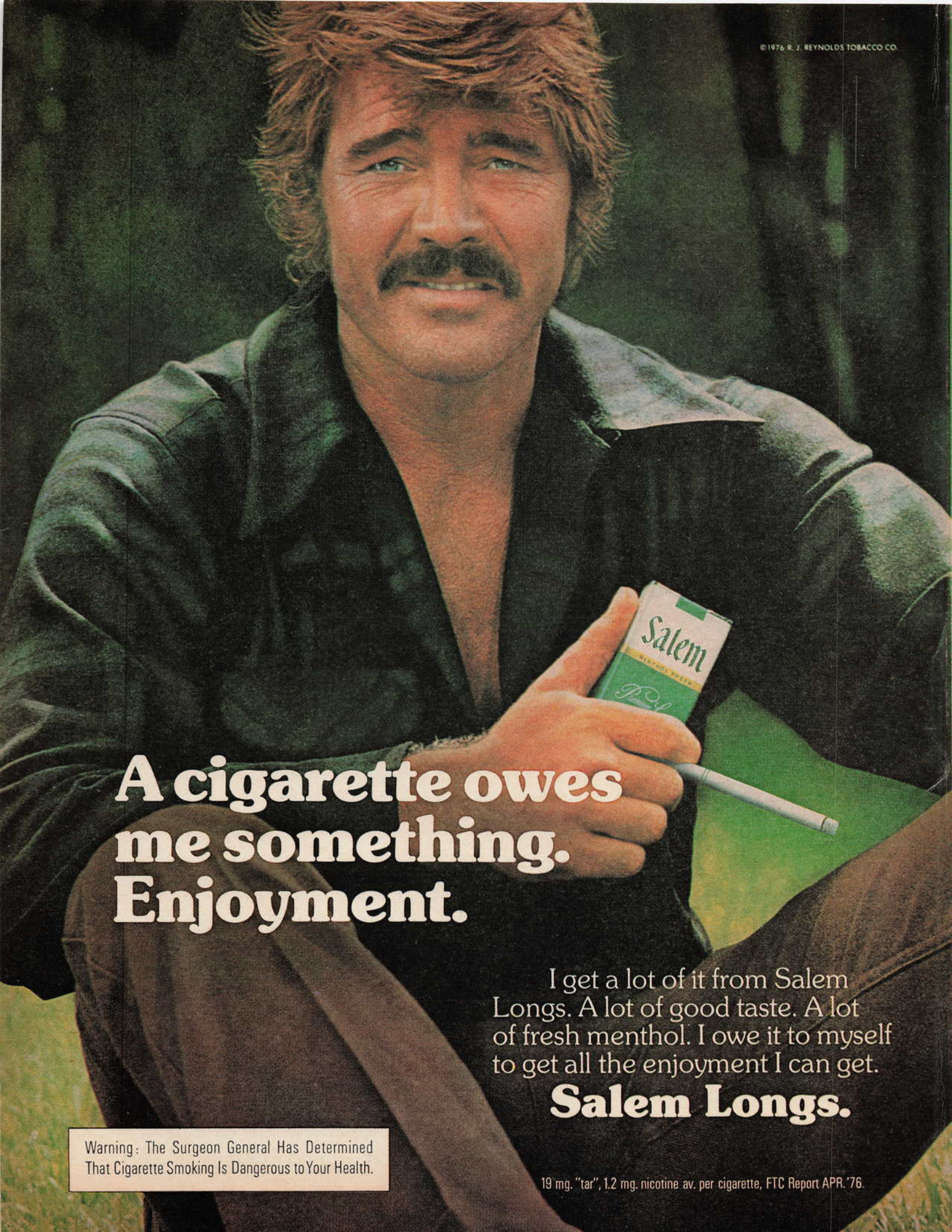
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A cigarette owes me something. Enjoyment.
I get a lot of it from Salem Longs. A lot of good taste. A lot of fresh menthol. I owe it to myself to get all the enjoyment I can get.
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
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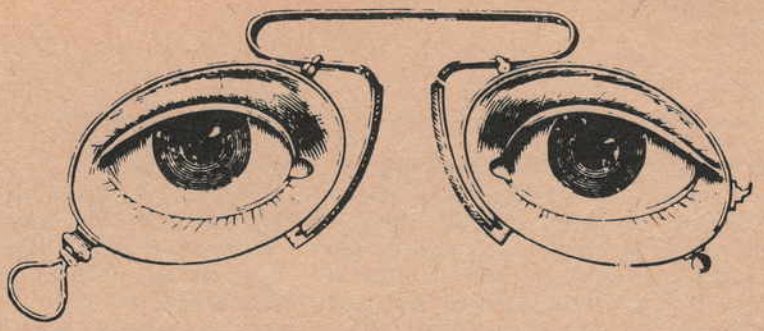


VIEW FROM THE TOP

A SEASON OF RETREADS

To judge from the fall lineup of new theater, film, and television offerings, half of them, it would seem, were put together from spare parts in Doctor Frankenstein's laboratory. The Monster himself was a model of classical unity, compared with some of the mongrels lurching off the entertainment industry's assembly lines.

We've got TV shows made from movies that were based on books. We've got movies adapted from books that were suggested by earlier books that inspired earlier movies. We've got Broadway revivals of shows based on operas that were suggested by movies adapted from books. And we've got books based on books, movies based on movies, and even musicals based on comic strips.

There's probably a good reason for the popularity of hybrids this season, although to hear some of the industry people tell it, nobody seems to have nailed it down yet.

"Everybody—and that includes the networks as well as the advertisers—thinks that adaptations do better than they actually do," says Paul Klein, who is vice-president in charge of programming at NBC-TV and one of the key industry people responsible for the general direction, shape, and term of television content. "I did a study once and found that about 400 movies had been tried as TV series since television began. Only one of them—'M.A.S.H.'—is still on." Ah, the lessons of history.

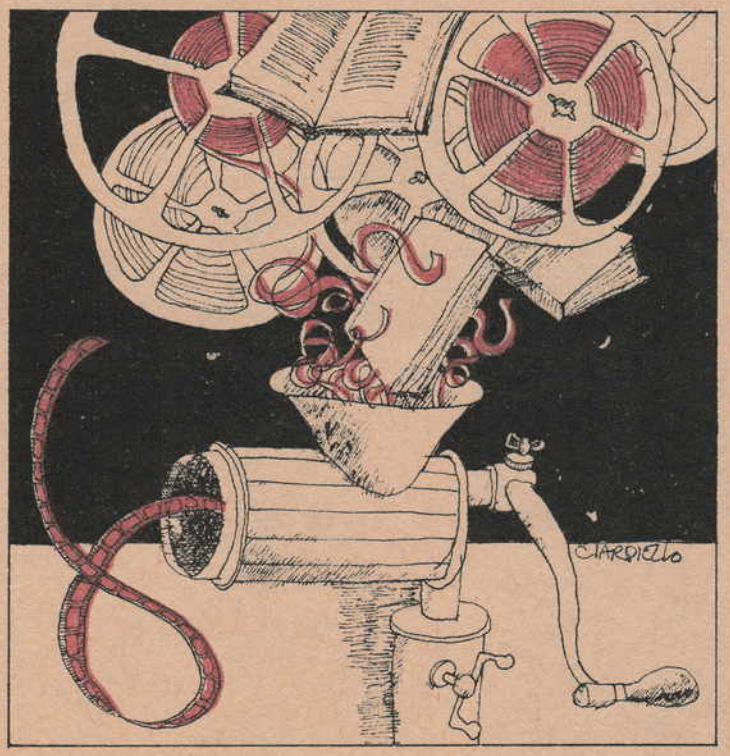
The networks nevertheless keep grinding out rehashed material, and the advertisers keep gobbling it up, undeterred by Klein's sobering facts or by his insistence that "adaptations are precisely as successful as any other form of television show; in other words, they have as random a chance as any other kind of show."

According to Klein, television economics are so tightly controlled that not even adaptations can effect any kind of sizable savings in production costs. When NBC buys, for example, a series developed by a film company from one of its own movies, the network realizes minimal profit, "only marginal economic benefit—a variance of only 5 percent either way," Klein figures.

Producer Robert Evans—at one time Paramount's executive vice-president in charge of production and the producer of the well-cycled *Love Story*—feels that retreading successful properties as "new" films is downright dangerous. "You're damned if you do, and damned if you don't," he says, with a slight sense of irony. "I have the rights to *Notorious*, and now I'm in the odd position of trying to decide whether to do it at all. Even if I should make a better movie than the original—and that was a very good movie—people are bound to say it's not as good as the original. Critics had the audacity to say that about *Gatsby*, even though the original movie would be laughed off the screen if anybody dared to show it today."

Evans believes that "successful properties build up their own celebrity over the years. In people's minds, they become better than they ever were in reality." In view of this inclination, he feels that "remaking an already established property is really committing various kinds of suicide." Pointing to movie retreads such as the sequels to *The Godfather* and *The French Connection*, Evans concludes: "Historically, it's been proved that sequels don't usually succeed economically."

In the theater, recycled properties can even cost a producer money. "Remakes are sometimes even more expensive than an original property," admits producer Philip Rose, whose two Broadway musicals, *Shenandoah* and *Purlie*, were both adaptations. "With *Shenandoah* I had to negotiate with Universal, because we were working from the Jimmy Stewart movie Universal made in 1962." Rose found Universal's terms negotiable, mainly because *Shenandoah* was not, in his terms, "a big movie." His upcoming musical, *Look Homeward, Angel*, is another adaptation. According to the rules of this insane crap game, if it's a hit, some movie company will probably make a big bid for it. Who knows?—maybe even Universal.



Although the cross-breeding of source materials seems unusually extravagant in scope this season, a certain amount of borrowing has been an inevitable part of show business ever since Sophocles stole his first plot from Aeschylus. As observed on Broadway, this honorable tradition applies to producer David Merrick's new show, *The Baker's Wife*, a musical based on the classic French film of Marcel Pagnol; and to the musical version of *Upstairs/Downstairs* that producer Robert Fryer has been announcing for the past two seasons. Two projected musicals *Snoopy* and *Annie* (as in "Little Orphan . . ."), were picked up from the exotic, naive world of the funny pages.

The film and television industries are equally addicted to this modest formula of adapting new shows

from single sources. For openers, four of United Artists' upcoming films—*Burnt Offerings*, *Equus*, *Convoy*, and *Return of a Man Called Horse*—are adaptations of, respectively, a best-selling novel, a successful Broadway drama, a hit record, and an earlier movie. CBS-TV's lineup for fall includes two new comedy series with earlier identities: "Ball Four," an offshoot of the best-seller by Jim Bouton (also in the series), and "Alice," a sitcom version of the film *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, which will star Linda Lavin.

All these one-to-one adaptations look as chaste as Attic statues, compared with the baroque origins of other shows. Take Broadway's anticipated revival of *Hellzapoppin'*, for which Jerry Lewis masterminds the high jinks, just as Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson did for the 1938 original. In addition to the three stage sequels launched by Olsen and Johnson themselves (plus Universal's 1941 movie version starring the original funnymen), the madhouse revue inspired countless imitations. It turned up most recently as a television special, and was one of the inspirational sources for "Laugh-In"—and all of its imitators.

Whether you call it re-creating, recycling, or ripping-off, the film companies are as adept as the theater at this second-handing process. Paramount's mighty *King Kong* weighs in as a heavy specimen. Producer Dino De Laurentiis's monkey movie—which cost a hefty $22 million to get on its simian feet—is a contemporary version of the 1933 classic that featured Fay Wray and her enamored ape swinging from the Empire State Building. (Keeping pace with the times, the new movie will have them clambering up the World Trade Center.) The elder edition, based on an idea from Edgar Wallace, spawned a quickie sequel (*Son of Kong*, released the same year), a swift novelization, and several imitators, including *Mighty Joe Young*.

The film industry has lately introduced a provocatively decadent twist on the recycling process, namely, the My-Movie-Strikes-Again approach. We can anticipate such *Son of Jaws* sequels as Warner Brothers' upcoming *Heretic: Exorcist II*, Universal's inevitable *Airport 1977*, Tom Laughlin's *Billy Jack Goes to Washington* opus, and United Artist's *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*, a Peter Sellers vehicle.

The TV networks, meanwhile, are merrily spinning off multiple-source "new" shows as if they had invented the game. CBS's entry, *Executive Suite*, first saw the light as a 1950s best-selling novel by Cameron Hawley. A slick but good read, about the wheeling and dealing in a large corporation, the book was transferred to the screen in 1954 in an MGM film with William Holden as corporate knight.

NBC lays it right on the table with "Best Sellers" (no relation to Peter), television's first season-long series of multi-part dramatizations of popular novels. Irwin Shaw and Taylor Caldwell are among the authors who made the first squad.

The scissors-and-glue pot method of creating "new" shows gets more byzantine each season. Whatever the reasoning, it's cemented in economics. In both the theater and film industries, more dollars are being spread over a decreasing number of properties. As the properties shrink in number, these productions grow increasingly larger, in concept, scope, and cost. To mitigate the risk of failure, producers hedge their bets by choosing properties with the lowest risk-factor: known quantities, which have already acquired some receptivity points in the public market.

Besides determining the kind of plays, movies, and television programs we're being offered as an entertainment diet, the multiple-birth trend has had a profound industry effect. Eliminating the middleman entirely, many of the major movie companies have jumped directly into the laps of the theater, publishing, and television industries. Twentieth-Century Fox bankrolled the Broadway musical, *The Wiz*, for $1 million; Universal bought out G. P. Putnam's publishing house; Paramount now owns Simon and Schuster; and Warner Brothers has its own paperback subsidiary. All the "majors" have their own television-production affiliates—the better to remake our own old movies, my dear. And amongst all the subsidiary corporations nesting under the umbrellas of the big movie-industry conglomerates, there's probably one that makes King Kong monster-dolls, too.

As this lust for regurgitated fun-food quickens within the entertainment industries, you begin to wonder what's happening to free choice. Have you really chosen to look at *King Kong*? Or is it really looking at you?—*Marilyn Stasio*

Photo courtesy of Culver Pictures

Do you really want to see King Kong recycled?

SCENES

Isolation tanks: oblivion without drugs, at a fraction of the cost!

I WANT TO BE ALONE

When Richard Wheeler comes home from work, he goes out to the garage, takes off his clothes, and climbs into an eight-foot-long, three-foot-wide, three-and-a-half-foot-tall styrofoam and plastic tank. He closes the tank door, sealing off all light, puts his hands behind his head so that it will not sink, stretches out, and floats in a foot of buoyant salt water for an hour and a half. Deprived of his senses—feeling nothing, hearing nothing, seeing nothing—he begins to hallucinate. His daydreams and fantasies become real. His dark tank becomes the entire universe, stretching out into infinity. He meditates. He reviews the day's problems, and they become clearer in his mind.

When Wheeler emerges and showers, he feels as if he had slept for five hours.

The early work with isolation tanks was focused on discovering how much—or long—a person could endure when he was deprived of all sensory input. The air force felt that such experimentation might teach astronauts how to survive in space. Graduate psychology students, dutifully complying with faculty experimenters' expectations, reported unpleasant reactions bordering on the insane; it helped that they were locked in, observed from outside, and occasionally equipped with microphones. Television and the movies picked up on sensory deprivation as an instrument of torture. At best, the experimenters theorized, depletion of outside stimuli would cause the brain to fall asleep.

Now, however, a Los Angeles group of experimenters says that isolation tanks are fun—especially if you know that you can get out when you are so inclined. Richard and Deborah Wheeler first encountered the tank in workshops with Malibu dolphin-expert John Lilly. They had been through everything in self-discovery, from est to Arica to Rolfing; but after three tank sessions in the course of one weekend, Richard felt strongly that he wanted a tank of his own. And so he joined the hundred or so other tank fans who have plunked down $685 to transform their backyards or basements into slices of infinity.

"Most of the time when I'm in the tank I have typical—to me—feelings of peacefulness and serenity, and I listen to the voices in my head slow down," said Deborah. "It's like getting really loose with my fantasies."

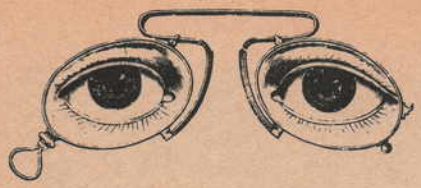
Werner Erhard owns a tank, according to manufacturer Glenn Perry. Carlos Castaneda has used one, as has Ram Das (known to many as Richard Alpert, former colleague of Tim Leary). Isolation tanks are used by athletes and invalids to get in touch with their bodies; by a Los Angeles man to cope safely with out-of-body experiences he claims to have on the freeway; by both a tournament chess-player and a mathematician for problem solving; and by a dancer to conceptualize choreographies (and then try them out to see if they work). Others use the tank just to watch "blue lights rush around like comets." As co-manufacturer Lee Leibner's favorite advice goes: "Try your mother's womb; it's great!"

Not everyone experiences these psychedelic productions. For many, in fact, the experience more closely resembles the boredom of a doctor's waiting room or heavy traffic. After all, a dark tank is a dark tank. Despite the hallucinogenic claims, the senses still work to capacity, picking up data on the grimy salt that clings to the skin. The humidity builds up in some tanks to such a degree that it can start "raining" inside. One is aware of limbs falling asleep, salt water causing sores or making the eyes sting, ears becoming stuffed up, elbows bumping the sides, breathing, blinking eyelids, the air pump—or even of the sounds of heavy trucks outside. After the first who-knows-how-many minutes, one may begin wishing that he had smuggled in a transistor radio, or at least a wristwatch: for all the buildup, the show never materializes.

Still, visual trips in the tank are for real, according to Beverly Hills psychologist Mark Kammerman, and the dark tank walls can become an effective surface for projecting fantasies. "What happens apparently is that it defuses a number of the functions that make up the ego, temporarily loosening them up—if you want to look at it that way—and allowing unconscious material to emerge. And at its most dramatic, this unconscious material consists of eidetic scenes—full-scale hallucinations and subject participation."

While some isolationers avoid trying to guide another's experience, Kammerman sometimes uses 100-watt stereo speakers, installed in the tank, to help the subject along. After a half-hour of splashing around and getting used to the tank, he plays a tape that says, "I'm going to show you a very good way to experience this environment. Remember to lie as still as possible. Let yourself relax. As you relax, let your thoughts flow to any subject; let your mind drift where it will." Thirty seconds later Barber's *Adagio for Strings* begins.

Visual displays. Revelations. Relaxation. Will backyard isolation tanks replace the TV? It's the logical extension of escapist entertainment and the How-to-Be-Your-Own-Best-Friend philosophy—a non-demanding, non-social, soothing activity, combining the best features of the womb, a hot bath, and one's own room with a tightly shut door. Discover the wonders of nature by missing them acutely for an hour! Experience human growth without moving a muscle on your body! Oblivion without drugs, at a fraction of the cost! Step right up!—*Paul Bernstein*



FILMS

TIME MACHINES

I first saw ***That's Entertainment, Part 2*** in France, at last spring's Cannes Film Festival, where it was called *Hollywood, Hollywood*, and where it looked like an outright masterpiece next to the main festival selections from, say, India, or Hungary, or the West German Republic. Sometimes we forget the potency of American cinema, especially of American cinema twenty or more years ago. A film festival provides an excellent opportunity for remembering.

It so happens that *That's Entertainment, Part 2* looks pretty good in any company, including the first *That's Entertainment*, over which it is a distinct improvement. I'm not altogether sure why. The first has generally better material; the second is much better edited, well enough to triumph over the sappy commentary that Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly have to mouth as masters of ceremonies of the two-and-a-quarter-hour affair. It really shouldn't be called *That's Entertainment*, anyway. It might better be called, "That's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer," a former giant in the movie-musical business sure enough, but not exactly a monopoly. For example, you will see quite a bit of Fred Astaire in this second *That's Entertainment*, looking wonderfully spry at seventy-six, and not half so bald as he was in his prime. But you won't see any of his greatest singing and dancing. They belong to the sublime Fred Astaire–Ginger Rogers musicals of the 1930s, made for the long-defunct RKO, and somebody else has the rights.

So with this movie, after you've accepted the Eleanor Powell tap numbers, and Oscar Levant, and the Bobby Van and Esther Williams exotica (none of which I would care to eliminate), you must give thanks, once again, to certain key monuments in the history of MGM: films like *Meet Me in St. Louis*, *Singin' in the Rain*, *The Bandwagon*, and Judy Garland anywhere and in just about anything.

Astaire and Kelly in That's Entertainment, Part 2

That's Entertainment, Part 2 takes more satirical liberties than its predecessor did. Occasionally, it pokes fun at old movies or at movie personalities, and there is one charming sequence, called "Words and Music," which deals with the way the movies portray the composing of music. You can watch Johann Strauss in *The Great Waltz* (1938) compose *Tales from the Vienna Woods* just by riding through the forest and hearing the birds in the trees, the clatter of his carriage, the call of a passing post horn, and the inspirational soprano of the blond (Miliza Korjus) in the seat beside him. It has to be one of the fruitiest moments in the history of cinema, and in the mostly self-congratulatory context of *That's Entertainment* it helps remind us how idiotic we were and generally still are. But then we are treated to some clips from old Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn movies (*Pat and Mike*, *Adam's Rib*, *Woman of the Year*) to remind us that we may be glorious, too—something that the movies (especially into the early 1950s) have done supremely well.

In that connection, you might look again at Judy Garland, in the fine Vincente Minnelli *Meet Me in St. Louis* (1944), singing "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas" to Margaret O'Brien, the two of them sharing a passing sadness while they sit framed in an upstairs window. In the style of 1940s movie glamour, Judy's face shows no line or shadow, but this nonetheless says a good deal—about time and mortality and vulnerability. And it says it openly, in a monumental close-up that almost fills the screen. We still have close-ups in our movies today; but they

David Bowie on film.

are less confident and therefore more guarded, less revealing, and, ultimately, less moving. That's how things go. Nowadays, for better or worse, movies are made to suit our present needs and limitations. But we would be wrong only to be entertained by *That's Entertainment* and not to reflect on what we no longer find so easily in the human face or in human feelings.

Oddly enough, you may find some of the same pathos and some of the same massive, doomed simplicity, in Nicolas Roeg's semi-science-fiction film, ***The Man Who Fell to Earth***. Again, I saw this first at Cannes, in a version longer, and therefore better, than the version released in America. *The Man Who Fell to Earth* is unquestionably too long. But like most too-long movies, it is only shortened—not improved—by being cut. A certain amount of sex has been taken out (a real loss; some of the film's loveliest moments take place in bed), as has considerable incidental character elaboration. The shorter version is more confusing than the longer one; indeed, no potential version of the film is so brief as to make sense all the way through. *The Man Who Fell to Earth* doesn't mean to be understood; it means to create its moods. And for this it needs all the sex and circumstance that it can get.

The strange Tommy Newton

(David Bowie), chairman of World Enterprises, Inc., is in fact a space traveler, an emissary from a distant, parched planet who has come to earth in search of water. While he assembles the conglomerate that will eventually launch him back toward whence he came, he retreats to a small New Mexico cottage with Mary Lou (Candy Clark), a simple girl who loves him—even after he has revealed the slightly serpentine physical reality beneath his earthling's disguise—though, of course, she never understands. Eventually, Tommy is betrayed by the CIA and the FBI (I think), by his chief research scientist (Rip Torn), and even by his chauffeur. So his space ship never takes off, and he spends his days a captive, apparently ageless, while people grow old around him and then forget why he is there, until he wanders off a free man—except for an addiction to dry martinis that chains him now to earth.

Nicolas Roeg has said that his movie is about drinking, which is a clever point and true, within limits. It is also about David Bowie, the person and the phenomenon. To make Bowie extraterrestrial seems an obvious enough idea; the shock comes, in fact, in discovering how much he resembles the rest of us, how good his English is, and how apparently normal his interests are. But having him play a powerful businessman with unknown motives is a less obvious, more interesting idea, one with perhaps a more profound relation to the man behind the performance.

Bowie happens to be superb, though I'm not sure that he'd be superb, or even good, in any other kind of movie; and his presence seems to allow his director a degree of stylistic plainness that he had not achieved before. Plainness remains a relative term, however, for this is still a pretty fancy movie. It is full of cinematic tricks and allusions to (at least the last part of) *2001*, as well as to the life and times of that other powerful recluse, Howard Hughes. But it doesn't stress its allusions or overproduce its effects. And none of the 500 holes in the story or the loss of energy in the film that follows Bowie's imprisonment matter as much as the delicacy and reticence he brings to his portrayal, one that collects both time and space in a fragile and surprisingly attractive persona.

Claudine Guilman is a young French director, a former assistant to Eric Rohmer, whose ***Véronique, or the Summer of My 13th Year*** has just entered American distribution. Véronique (Anne Tessèdre) spends her thirteenth summer on vacation in the country and on the seacoast with Anne (Anouk Ferjac) and Jean (Michel Peyrelon), her godparents. The movie really is as much about this couple, in their somewhat troubled early-middle age, as it is about Véronique. She is the perceiving intelligence and, in a sense, a catalyst. By the end of the film, she has refused the advances made by forty-year-old Jean (which, in fact, she has encouraged) and then gone on to regret her refusal—and even to accept her regret as part of living. She begins to become a woman, which is the film's story; but the others, who are already man and woman, make that story something better than even a bright kid's standard rites-of-passage through adolescence.

Véronique is a very bright kid, Claudine Guilman is a marvelously bright woman; and the qualities of lucidity and generosity that fill the movie seem the gifts of an especially sensitive and self-assured intelligence. *Véronique* isn't just a "talk" film; it is also concerned with the ways in which the mind feeds the emotions and the tendency of things to change almost imperceptibly. So don't go expecting action or passionate adventure. But do expect precision and warmth—and the appearance of an exciting new talent in making movies.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

WRITERS IN CRIME

As a class, crime writers lack any kind of heft. They are engulfed by the subject matter, taking criminals and the police on their own terms in just the way that political writers take politicians. Or else they descend into forced humor and whimsy, treating matters of life, death, and fortune as jolly good fun.

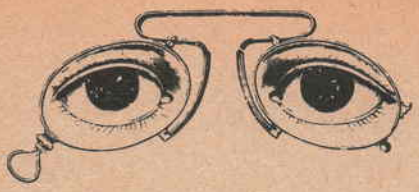
Few of us can look unblinking at the face of death, let alone murder. Writers, too, feel the pressure to invest terminal events with humor—thereby denying their importance and implications—or with a mythic significance that transforms high crime into something less personal and therefore more palatable. The fact that most crime writers fail in their chosen field may signify nothing more than the reluctance of any person of sensibility to pass moral and esthetic judgment upon the most extraordinary mortal events.

A fascinating example of this failure, and of some other discernible human impulses as well, is to be found in ***The Sixth Family***, by Peter Diapoulos and Steven Linakis (Dutton, $8.95). Diapoulos was a sidekick of the late Joey Gallo, and Linakis is an extremely gifted writer *(In the Spring the War Ended, The Killing Ground)*. The title refers to Gallo's attempt to set up his own organization as an independent outfit, a sixth major organized crime family in New York. The effort was fruitless. Gallo was shot dead in Umberto's Clam House on Mulberry Street, and Diapoulos was gravely wounded. The Gallo mob was decimated and Diapoulos fled—to escape the angry, ill-fated Gallos as well as their enemies.

At one level—the most immediate—the book is brilliant, grip-

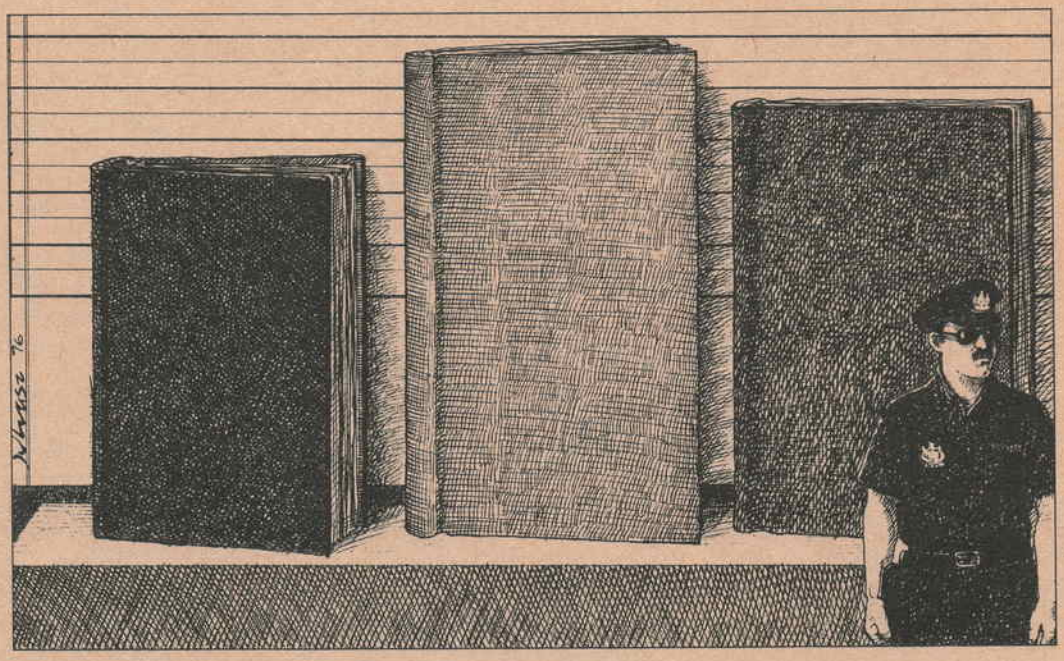
UPI

Joey Gallo: the mafia mystique lives on.



pingly readable, and informed in a way few books about the Mafia have been. Yet I am not sure how much independent rumination it can sustain. The professionally written autobiography carries its own limitations. Diapoulos emerges from these pages as a paragon: honest, fearless, and respectful of women and children (though he has annoyed his wife by taking a mistress), a hero of large dimension who happens to be in a rather grim, unrewarding line of work.

Then there is the intellectual anesthesia that the Mafia so generally engenders. Whatever the real dimensions of the Mafia, it serves a need in our day that was once met by devils, witches, foreigners, and other shadowy menaces. Dwight C. Smith, Jr., discussed these matters last year in a book he called *The Mafia Mystique*. He wrote: "We have pictures in our heads that will be activated by the proper evocation of 'organized crime' or 'Mafia,' but they are drawn through preconceptions of what the picture ought to look like." And the problem is complicated by the willingness of writers to reinforce those pictures, either because they want to sell their stuff or because they filter what little they are able to discover independently through the same set of preconceptions. The words in *The Sixth Family* are not likely to damage the existing pictures in most heads. But the facts are, as often as not, at variance with the words. The Gallo gang, for example, is consistently frustrated in its efforts to revenge itself on the Columbo family. As Linakis tells the story, the frustration stems in large part from a chivalric refusal to kill anyone when there are women and children around. Yet one must suspect fear and incompetence. The Gallos seem to have confronted superior force and firepower and to have spent their aggressive impulses in threats and posturing. Many events Linakis relates have also been recorded by Jimmy Breslin in *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*—Linakis even discusses the lion that the Gallo gang (fictionalized in Breslin's book) took on as mascot and enforcer. The Diapoulos-Linakis account is, I imagine, more persuasive than Breslin's only if one has absorbed the Mafia mystique. Gallo emerged from prison only to be taken up by some of New York's Beautiful People. Diapoulos relates (in Linakis's brisk prose) how he was sent out to recover a society woman's stolen dog. The tale is perhaps the best in a book, a victory (one suspects) of Linakis's talent for irony over Diapoulos's machismo. But the scene is surely more apposite for the Breslin book.



The truth of the events in the book is, as a matter of fact, quite other from what Diapoulos and Linakis tell us it is. We see a disintegrated organized-crime group whose leader has become a burlesque of himself: Joey Gallo playing *capo* for café society. He is killed almost casually when he gets drunk, finds the restraints of security too chafing, and dines where his enemies can easily find him. Diapoulos is finally disillusioned, not by this parody of a Mafia don, but by the inadequacy and mistrust of Gallo's brother, Blast, who takes over the gang.

Gang wars are apparently different from other wars, in that the losers compose the histories that get published. And Linakis does not tell us very much that we didn't already know.

But the book is, as I've said, a good read. If you are looking for escape and the confirmation of your preconceptions, by all means enjoy this work. But if you're the more curious type, read also Dwight Smith's much less entertaining exposition.

An even more enjoyable book, for my money, is ***The Day Is Born of Darkness***, by Mikhail Dyomin (Knopf, $10.95), an autobiographical account of delinquency, crime, and imprisonment in the Soviet Union. Dyomin, by his own account, became famous as a minstrel poet of his country's underworld. He does have detachment and an ability to view himself and his history without defensiveness, and he is a fine writer—even in translation. We have preconceptions of Soviet society and prisons, too, of course, and Dyomin does no violence to them. But he fleshes them out, picturing himself as a modest but capable fellow, a sad poet, and (when necessity requires) an efficient killer. Crime in the Soviet Union seems, from this account and others, rather minor, almost gentle. Reading about it brings persistent reminders that the Russians live in a world very different from ours. The most important difference is, perhaps, the absence of firearms and, therefore, of pyrotechnic violence. The prisons are different, too, but not because they are less violent. The Russians hand out longer sentences and regard prisoners as economic assets, feeding and housing them wretchedly while using them to develop the frozen North. Dyomin suffered both pellagra and scurvy in prisons that were essentially slave labor camps. Yet he did reform himself and emerged in Paris as a successful writer.

One can discern few significant differences in rehabilitation rate among American prisons, with the most "advanced" systems of certain northern and western states turning out repeaters at about the same rate as the viciously archaic Arkansas and Mississippi systems. The Russians, however, may be on to

something. American streets would be safer, and miscreants might be encouraged in larger numbers to mend their ways, if criminals faced transportation to Alaska, semistarvation in cold, damp huts after they arrived, and long hours of labor on projects like the Alaska pipeline.

Gordon Hawkins, an Australian criminologist and an original mind, doesn't consider this possibility in ***The Prison: Policy and Practice*** (University of Chicago, $10.95), but he does turn over other fertile ground. His book is important precisely because it weds vision with practicality. Much of the present debate over prisons is irrelevant, he suggests, because it pits prison defenders against abolitionists. In fact, prisons are here to stay, and the meaningful issue is how they can be improved. A dense book, but one of the best dealing with this subject.

Rather more immediate advice is offered in ***The Policeman's Bible, or The Art of Taking a Bribe***, by the pseudonymous Nicholas Ross (Regnery, $7.95) and ***Caught in the Act: The True Adventures of a Divorce Detective***, by William W. Pearce with William Hoffer (Stein and Day, $7.95).

Ross purports to be a cop who has made a bundle on the take, but he sounds more like an articulate writer who has done a valedictorian's share of homework. Nevertheless, his book is brisk reading and tells more than some of us may want to know about buying peace with the fuzz. Pearce is a private eye who has a professional interest in encouraging the layman's fear of adultery. His precautionary advice could prove valuable, though, and he tells some good tales of boudoir detection.

Humor and whimsy are better suited to tales of financial legerdemain than to those of capital crimes. Still, I found ***Hustlers and Con Men*** by Jay Robert Nash (Evans, $14.95) a bit on the artful side. I can't take with complete seriousness "An Anecdotal History of the Confidence Man and His Games" in which the name Rockefeller does not even appear in the index, and which entirely ignores the $2 billion Equity Funding computer swindle of the early 1970s. However, there must be enough sharpies in this handsome book to satisfy the vicarious yearnings of most of us. I'm putting it by in case I ever need a refresher course on cornering the salad-oil market or watering stock on the hoof.

Then there is ***The Day the Laughter Stopped***, by David Yallop (St. Martin's Press, $10.95), a book that left me dumbfounded. Yallop's subject is the involvement of Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle, one of the great film comedians of his day, in the death of an ailing little predator named Virginia Rappe in 1921. I'd lived all my life believing that Arbuckle did in Virginia by stuffing a bottle into her vagina. In fact, this infamous deed was never spelled out by anyone in any official proceeding. Virginia was a sick woman—and pregnant—before she came to a boozy party in Arbuckle's suite at the St. Francis hotel in San Francisco. He spent no more than ten minutes alone with her, and he almost certainly did not have intercourse, since he did not contract gonorrhea, with which the object of his attention was afflicted. Arbuckle was put through three trials by a vicious and ambitious D.A. before he achieved exoneration. Yet his career was shattered. He weighed 266 pounds and was, I suspect, a victim of prejudice because of his obesity, a particularly modern species of bigotry.

I lack space for any more than mention of ***FBI: An Uncensored Look Behind the Walls***, by Sanford J. Ungar (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $14.95), which provides an exhaustive (660 pages, with appendices and glossary) look at the monster J. Edgar Hoover made. Unless you've kept up with the news, this one will really blow the pictures in your head.—*Patrick Owens*

SOUNDS

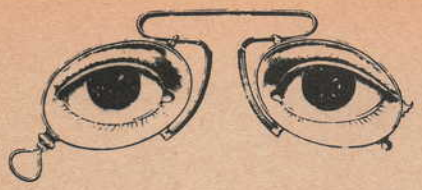
THE YES MEN

They are called Yes. They are an English rock quintet, and they are the darlings of the "art-rock" set. Each of them is a classically trained musician and something of a virtuoso. When member Yes men go to the turntable, they spin Johann Sebastian Bach and Igor Stravinsky, as well as Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel. Yes men are also addicted to state-of-the-art electronic equipment (of which they have tons), a mystic, child-of-the-universe ideology, and the notion that their rock music possesses a high degree of legitimacy.

Functioning as a unit, the Yes men have a cohesive ensemble "point" to make. Each of the members, however, has also recently issued a solo LP, and on these individual discs the so-called legitimacy occasionally displays regrettable, lonely signs of strain.

Guitarist **Steve Howe**, for example, is the master of a technique that can only be described as "jazz-classidelic." Howe's lean, crisp instrumentation owes more to Julian Bream than to Chuck Berry. Playing the customary slew of guitars, as well as mandolin, dobro, and lithe harp-guitar (along with a Pandora's Box of special-effects gadgets), Howe and his one thousand-and-one strings demonstrate a tone and range that fairly show up other "superstar," heavy-metal rock-guitarists as plucking clods. Howe's solo LP, *Beginnings* (Atlantic), highlights this instrumental magic. Alas, it also puts forth the guitarist as vocalist, and Howe's whining, nasal, near-limp larynx does little to vivify his abstract, image-laden lyrics. Nevertheless, Howe's acoustic dobro- and banjo-playing on "Ram" would raise hell in Nashville; other numbers feature a series of throbbing guitar lines; and the title track, a classical-colored instrumental redolent of the Romantic period, proves that Howe

Chris Squire of Yes.



can bring the same panache to his composing that he does to his picking.

Yes bassist **Chris Squire**, too, is a dazzling instrumentalist. While Howe mines jazz and classical music, this string man has given his Rickenbacker bass a new function. Squire creates a thin, trebly sound, rich in overtones—he wouldn't be caught dead thumping out a rhythm in concert with the drums. His is a singing bass, one that can weave melodies around guitars and keyboards. And that's exactly what the instrument does on Squire's solo LP, *Fish Out of Water* (Atlantic). Front and center, the bassist's looping, legato lines mesh nimbly with the pleasant pop-vocal approach of the arrangements.

Squire is the most pop-oriented member of Yes, and he has a true gift for composing melodic hooks, the kind Elton John would cream over if he had come up with them himself. Mating futuristic flings to these catchy hooks, Squire proves that he is capable of creating romantic, melody-drenched music, the kind that hits are made of.

There are few melodic hooks on **Patrick Moraz**'s "*i*" (Atlantic). Here, the Yes keyboardist has created his own kind of symphony, to be treated as a whole, not as a collection of individual tracks. Sort of a futuristic morality play, "*i*" creates a world in which the prime source of entertainment is watching people jump off hotel roofs after living out their fantasies. Love does, nevertheless, win out in this sterile wonderland. While Moraz may ultimately be a romantic, his music isn't of that cast. An arsenal of electronic keyboard equipment combines with native sounds, such as a Brazilian percussion section (recorded on location), to present a classic textbook of dissonance.

Meanwhile, Yes drummer **Alan White** has described his solo recording entry as a chance to "gather together some good friends and really excellent musicians and go into the studio to work out some ideas." *Ramshackled* (Atlantic), the result of this get-together, is a set that runs the dynamic gamut. Funky rhythm and blues ("Oooh Baby") leads off; and were it not for the graceful synthesizer editions, it might well be an outing with K.C. and the Sunshine Band. White's Yes brothers join in for "Song of Innocence," a musical adaptation of the William Blake verses, and the result is a richly embroidered delight. Some free-form jazz and mild, bass-drum-propelled funk fills out the album. When on his own, White elects to entertain and not to show off. As a result, *Ramshackled* is the most engaging of the solo LPs by the Yes people.

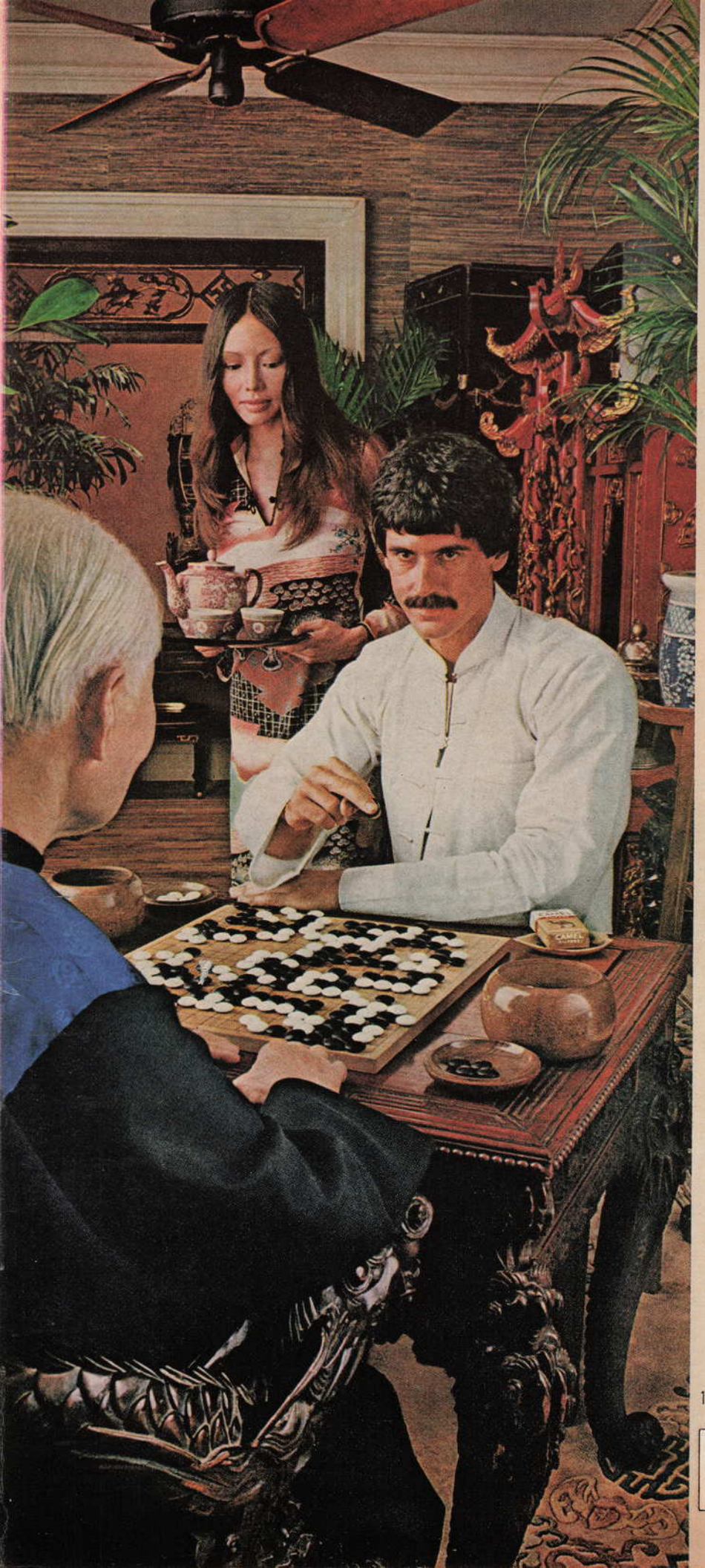
Much of the Yes magic is the result of the brilliantly honed interaction between Yes lead singer **Jon Anderson**, with his abstract but nonetheless fulfilling lyrics, and Squire and Howe, with their image-laden melodic inventions. Anderson is generally given writer's credit for the quintet's more entrancing work, and one would assume that his solo album, *Olias of Sunhillow* (Atlantic), would admirably epitomize the group product. No such luck. Lacking the necessary instrumental prowess to back him, Anderson resorts to vocal variety, and it is not enough to carry the day. The bulk of the *Olias* session is made up of vocal collages, laid over the orchestral drones of organ and synthesized strings. But this grandiose sound does little to conceal the insanely elementary melodies he has composed. Admittedly, Anderson's high—almost falsetto—singing voice is hauntingly distinctive. But without suitable musical accompaniments, his poetry is pretentious and goes nowhere.

Rick Wakeman: embarrassments.

Jon Anderson: the orchestral drones of organ and synthesized strings.

Now that the quintet members have gotten the solo syndrome out of their systems, one can only hope that the group will continue to make music worthy of the intelligence and legitimacy it has claimed for itself. These talented Englishmen need only listen to the newly released album of former Yes keyboardplayer **Rick Wakeman**, *No Earthly Connection* (A&M), to see that the solo LP can be its own trap. Wakeman's opus—utilizing not only the usual rock instrumentation but also a good $70,000 worth of electronic keyboards plus mandolin, trumpet, French horn, trombone, and bass trombone—is little more than a lushly, plushly orchestrated (if impeccably produced) "Introduction to the Art of the Piano."

A large ego can, many times, produce a larger embarrassment.—*Henry Edwards*



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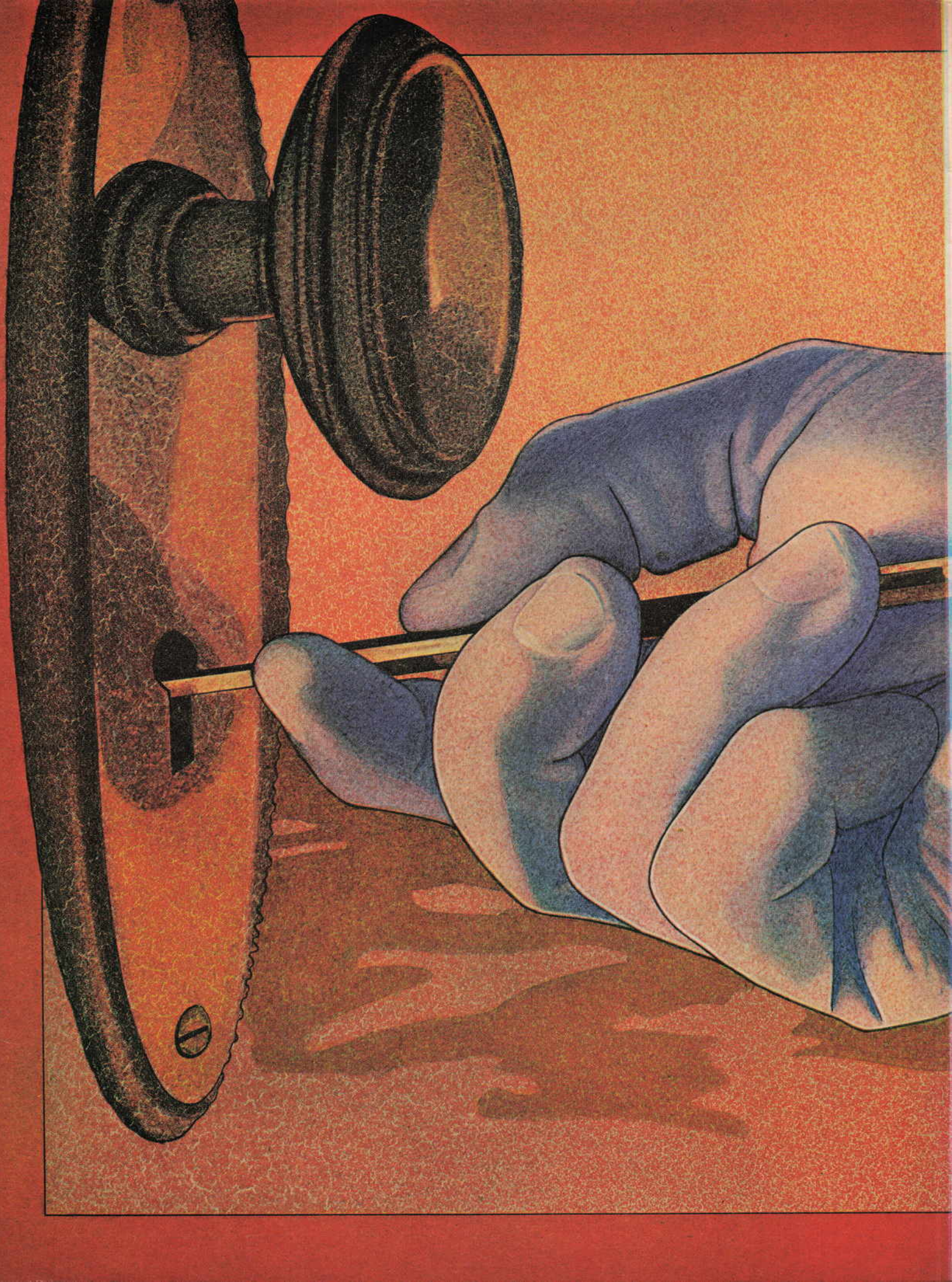


WATERGATE ON THE WABASH

The inside story of a secret five-year campaign of burglary, bugging, wiretapping, and rat fucking linked to the highest levels of the FBI, the Justice Department, and the Veterans Administration.

BY GEORGE O'TOOLE

On an August night in 1970, three men dressed as telephone company repairmen entered an office building in downtown Indianapolis and rode the elevator to the eighth-floor suite of U.S. Sen. Vance Hartke. One of the three, a former air force intelligence agent, picked the lock on the office door, and the trio entered. While one man rifled the files in search of lists of campaign contributors, another hunted for Hartke's personal income tax returns, and the third attached a tiny microphone and FM transmitter to the underside of a desk used by one of Hartke's aides.

The break-in at Senator Hartke's offices marked the beginning of a secret five-year campaign of burglary, bugging, wire-tapping, and political dirty tricks in the Midwest, an undertaking only recently uncovered by a grand jury probe in Indianapolis. But the operation was not a purely regional affair; before the grand jurors completed their work, they heard sworn testimony linking the spy program to the highest levels of the FBI, the Justice Department, and the Veteran's Administration during the Nixon and Ford administrations. According to indictments handed down in the case, the dirty work was done by a small private detective firm called International Investigators, Inc.

International Investigators was formed in the early 1960s by two former FBI agents, George W. Ryan and George Miller, who hired a staff of former agents from the Office of Special Investigations, the counterintelligence department of the U.S. Air Force.

After a few years Ryan and Miller sold the company (Ryan became security manager for Aramco, a consortium of American oil companies in the Middle East), and it subsequently changed hands several times. By 1970, when it was taken over by C. Timothy Wilcox, it was nearly defunct. Wilcox is a pleasant, clean-cut, and articulate young man who once worked as a buyer for an Indianapolis department store. His only experience with security work was a long stint as a burglar alarm salesman. But he was also a Republican precinct committeeman who viewed politics as the key to success, especially in the private detective business.

From the first, Wilcox courted the cops. He realized that it is almost impossible to do effective private investigative work without the cooperation of the local police, and that it is frequently useful if

Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko

they can be relied upon to look the other way. Wilcox didn't waste his time ingratiating himself with the cop on the beat; he went straight to the top, which, at the time, was a police chief who answered to the distinguished moniker of Winston Churchill.

Churchill was police chief in the administration of Indianapolis Mayor Richard Lugar, whom ex-President Nixon once described as his "favorite mayor." Wilcox may have approached Churchill through a local Republican party contact, such as GOP National Committeeman L. Keith Bulen, whom Wilcox listed as a character reference in his application for a private detective agency license. However he made the contact, Wilcox chose an opportune moment to knock on Churchill's door.

Chief Churchill suspected one of his police lieutenants of taking bribes from a local madam and dealing in drugs. He had assigned two of his officers to watch the suspect. For three months the detectives had videotaped the cop and the madam through a telephoto lens, but they failed to obtain evidence to validate the chief's suspicions. Churchill decided he would get better results if he used an investigator who did not work for the police department, and he chose Wilcox for the job.

Shortly after Churchill assigned International Investigators to the case, a neighbor living in the same apartment house as the policeman under suspicion noticed a man dressed as a phone company repairman working on a telephone terminal box in the building. The neighbor, who happened to be an employee of Indiana Bell, noticed a few things about the "repairman" that didn't seem genuine, and he asked to see some identification. When the man could not produce any phone company credentials, the neighbor called the police.

A state trooper arrived and questioned the "repairman," who identified himself to the officer as C. Timothy Wilcox. He flashed his private detective's license and told the trooper he was working for the Indianapolis police chief. The trooper confirmed this and released Wilcox.

The next step in the surveillance was to break into the police lieutenant's apartment, search it, and plant a concealed bug. According to several former employees of International Investigators, Wilcox headed the three-man entry team, which included a former U.S. Air Force lock-picking specialist who had taught courses in surreptitious entry to students from such organizations as the FBI.

International Investigators' surveillance of the police lieutenant continued for three months; but the results were apparently not sufficient to validate Chief Churchill's suspicions, for no action was taken against the officer at that time. International was paid $450 for the job—seemingly an extravagant fee when results have been nil, but actually a bargain-basement price for the risks Wilcox and his people took. The break-in, bugging, and wiretapping were done without warrants (in Indiana no one but a federal agent can legally conduct electronic surveillance, under any circumstances) and left the International team open to prosecution on several federal and state charges.

Wilcox continued to cultivate senior police officials whenever he could. He checked their offices and telephones for bugs and wiretaps. Since International's offices were located near a pawnshop run by a suspected fence, the firm's staff recorded the numbers of all police cars visiting the shop, and Wilcox turned them over to a senior police officer. Wilcox even took out a private detective's license for a police captain to enable the man to moonlight for International. Free of charge, Wilcox helped Chief Churchill prepare an application for a federal grant to set up a criminal intelligence unit; the plan involved hiring a former Secret Service agent, Kenneth Hale, as a consultant. Hale, a friend of Wilcox, eventually succeeded Churchill as chief of police. One measure of Wilcox's success in wooing the cops can be seen in the private detective's annual applications for renewal of the agency's license; whenever such an application was filed, senior Indiana police officials would be listed as references to vouch for the character of Wilcox and David Kramer, the firm's vice-president.

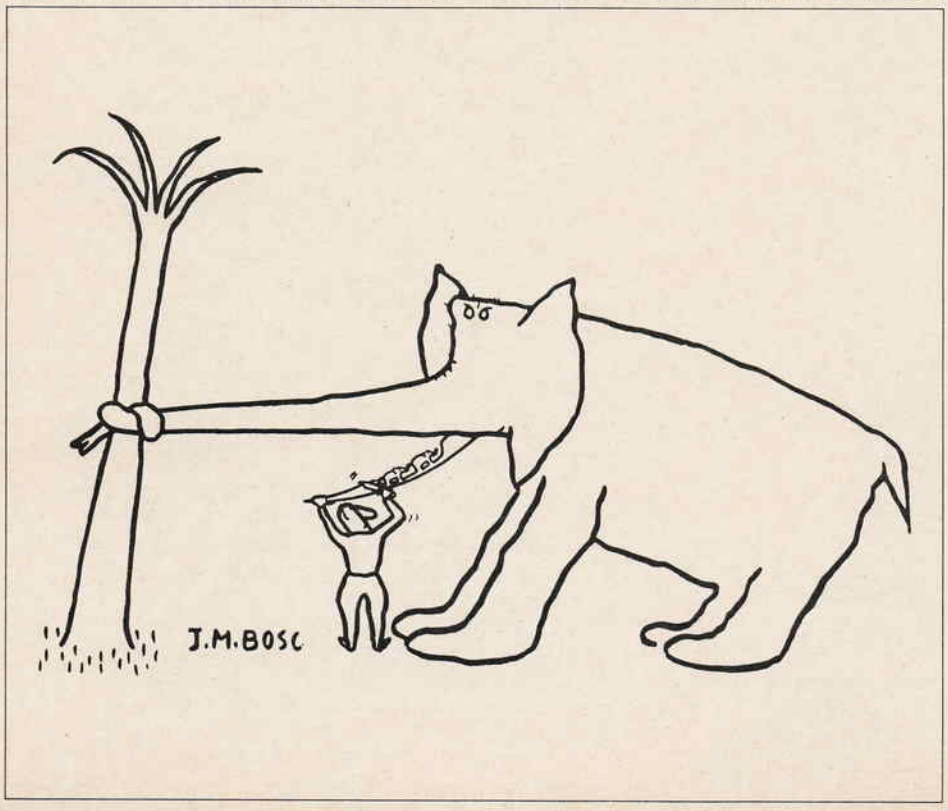
With the cops in his corner, Wilcox set out in pursuit of what he saw as the key to success: political influence. The first opportunity that presented itself was the Indiana senatorial election of 1970. Richard Roudebush, a Republican congressman who served on the House Un-American Activities Committee, was challenging the Democratic incumbent, Sen. Vance Hartke. Roudebush's campaign coordinator was Edgar L. ("Nick") Longworth, a local party worker and an old friend of Wilcox.

Longworth retained Wilcox to serve as security officer for the Roudebush campaign. Wilcox checked the campaign headquarters for bugs and wiretaps, but former employees of International Investigators claim the sleuthing services he provided went well beyond such defensive measures. They charge him with masterminding a dirty-tricks operation that almost succeeded in capturing Hartke's Senate seat for Roudebush.

Two former agents of International Investigators have admitted taking part in the August 1970 Hartke break-in as well as in a second entry into the senator's offices a month later (to replace the fading batteries in the bug they had installed during their first visit). They say the third member of the team was Wilcox, and that he planned and directed the operation. And they have revealed that the Hartke break-ins were only part of a series of burglaries they carried out with Wilcox during the 1970 campaign.

Edward D. Lewis, an Indianapolis attorney and a close friend of Hartke, was the target of another of the political break-ins. Lewis's offices were entered and his files searched. Cancelled checks covering a three-year period were taken, and a microphone-transmitter was concealed under Lewis's office chair. The intruders parked a car in a nearby street and concealed in its trunk a special FM receiver coupled to a voice-activated tape recorder. Every conversation held in Lewis's office was recorded by the hidden device. An International agent periodically replaced the tapes with fresh reels.

In yet another break-in, the former International detectives confide, they and Wil-



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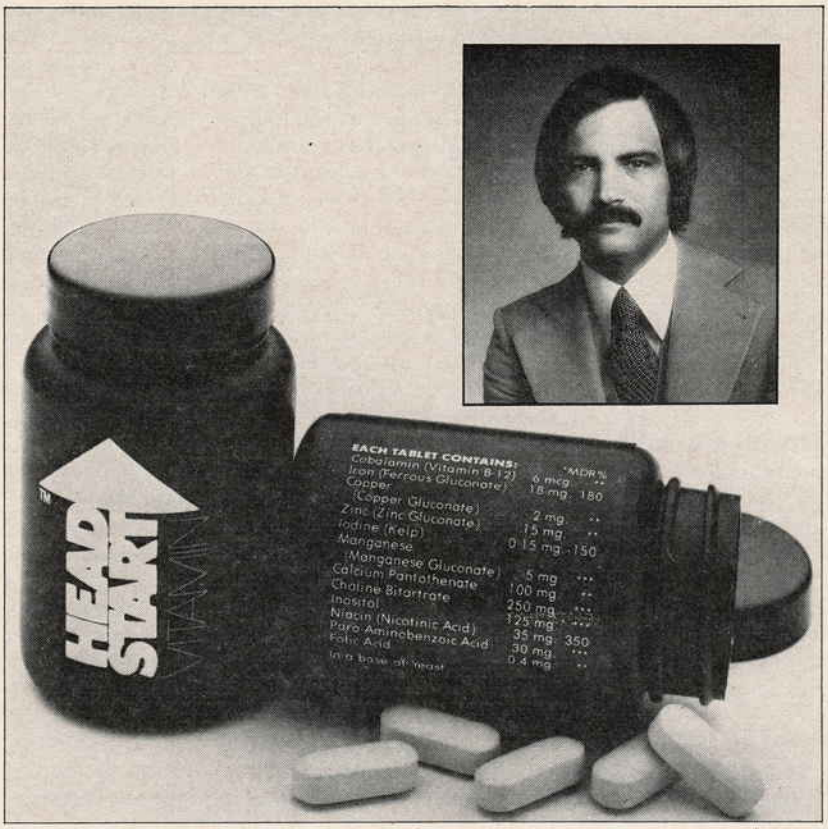
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Copper (Copper Gluconate) 2 mg ...
Zinc (Zinc Gluconate) 15 mg ...
Iodine (Kelp) 0.15 mg 150
Manganese (Manganese Gluconate) 5 mg ...
Calcium Pantothenate 100 mg ...
Choline Bitartrate 250 mg ...
Inositol 125 mg ...
Niacin (Nicotinic Acid) 35 mg 350
Para-Aminobenzoic Acid 30 mg ...
Folic Acid 0.4 mg ...
In a base of yeast

WHAT I DISCOVERED

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occurs 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition (even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin), may not be sufficient for scalp and hair.

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973, scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about $30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than ½ of our users are females! Today, as you can see from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS DISCOVERED

"I wasn't losing my hair, I just wanted it to grow faster." D.B., Nashville, Tenn.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." C.B., Santa Rosa, Calif. "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and... I have tried many..." E.H., New Orleans.

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement..." W.H., Castlewood, Va.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail..." S.H., Metairie, La.

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference..." E.H., Charlotte, N.C. "The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more." H.A., Bronx, N.Y. "Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable..." V.M., Carrollton, Ga. "I went to doctors... tried everything... nothing happened until I started using Head Start..." R.A., Santa Ana, Calif.

"Thank you for something that really works." J.T., Brooklyn, N.Y. "Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair." D.D., Chehalis, Wash. "These pills really work"... Mrs. C.E., Gadsden, Ala. "Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!" H.L.S., Hollywood, Fla.

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cox once entered a building near Hartke's offices and broke into a room used for meetings of his campaign workers. They concealed another bug in a potted plant and positioned it to pick up conversations anywhere in the conference room. In this case the receiver and recorder were installed in the nearby Republican State Headquarters, inside the office of a senior Roudebush campaign official.

Not all the dirty tricks involved illegal entry. In one case several mailbags awaiting pick-up in the lobby of Democratic Headquarters were stolen. The bags contained a mass mail-out of invitations to a $100-a-plate Democratic fund-raising dinner. According to a former International detective, in order to ensure a poor turnout, the invitations were delivered to Roudebush campaign workers, who posted them shortly before the dinner.

Nineteen seventy was the year of the Kent State massacre and the two-month invasion of Cambodia. The November elections were viewed by the Nixon administration as an opportunity for an endorsement of its policies, a kind of ideological referendum. Nixon personally campaigned for Republican candidates in twenty-one states in a bid to increase the support that he had in the Democratic-controlled Congress.

Indiana's customary roughhouse politics escalated into a bitter name-calling match in the Senate race. Roudebush's supporters accused Hartke of being "a supporter of the Vietcong" because of the senator's opposition to the war, while the Hartke campaign focused on Roudebush's ties to organizations affiliated with the John Birch Society. The race for Hartke's Senate seat was close; it was finally settled by a recount, which gave Hartke a thin lead of 4,500 votes.

Informed of the recent disclosures of the 1970 break-ins and buggings, Hartke recalled that he had suspected leaks in his campaign organization. The Roudebush people seemed to have advance notice of every campaign maneuver he made. Hartke now believes that the dirty-tricks operation nearly cost him the election.

According to several former International employees who took part in the operation, the break-ins and buggings were intended to cost Hartke a great deal more than his Senate seat. One of the objectives of the operation was to obtain evidence proving that Hartke had been involved in a number of illegal deals. A Roudebush campaign worker recalled Wilcox's boasting on election night 1970, "I have enough to put Hartke in jail for the rest of his life."

The efforts of International Investigators, Inc., to obtain evidence of criminal wrongdoing by Senator Hartke actually antedate Wilcox's 1970 purchase of the firm. When Wilcox acquired the company, he found, among the detective agency's many dossiers, a thick file on Hartke compiled during the 1960s. The client who had paid for the investigation was a major midwestern utility company that suspected Hartke of selling political favors to some of its business competitors.

The theory the company sought to prove was that Hartke had received payments from Hoosier Energy, Inc., an Indiana electric utility, in exchange for using his influence in Congress to advance the business interests of the company. The payments were supposed to have been channeled through UNITO, Inc., a public-relations firm that had close ties to Ed Lewis, a friend of Hartke and target of one of the 1970 break-ins.

The grand jury probing dirty tricks in the Hartke-Roudebush contest apparently heard testimony that Indiana utility interests had played a role in the 1970 anti-Hartke operation. It subpoenaed the top officials of Public Service Indiana—Indiana's largest electric utility—and demanded records of payments by the company to the lock man who had taken part in the break-ins. The grand jury also subpoenaed Gerald R. Redding, senior partner of the law firm that represented Public Service Indiana, and later indicted him for conspiracy in the break-ins.

Did the repeated efforts of International Investigators and its clients—carried out for almost a decade—ever manage to prove the theory that Hartke was involved in wrongdoing? Apparently not. One veteran of the 1970 operation recalls, "We weren't able to make a good enough case, so we let it drop." In fact, there is nothing to indicate that they were able to make any case at all.

The Hartke operation was only the first of a long series of political dirty-tricks campaigns conducted by International Investigators. A former Republican campaign worker recalls Wilcox's boasting to her that he had broken into more than 100 offices in Indianapolis. A detective who worked for the firm for five years described his participation in more than a dozen "political investigations." Often, he said, such investigations were aimed at compiling derogatory information to be used for political blackmail.

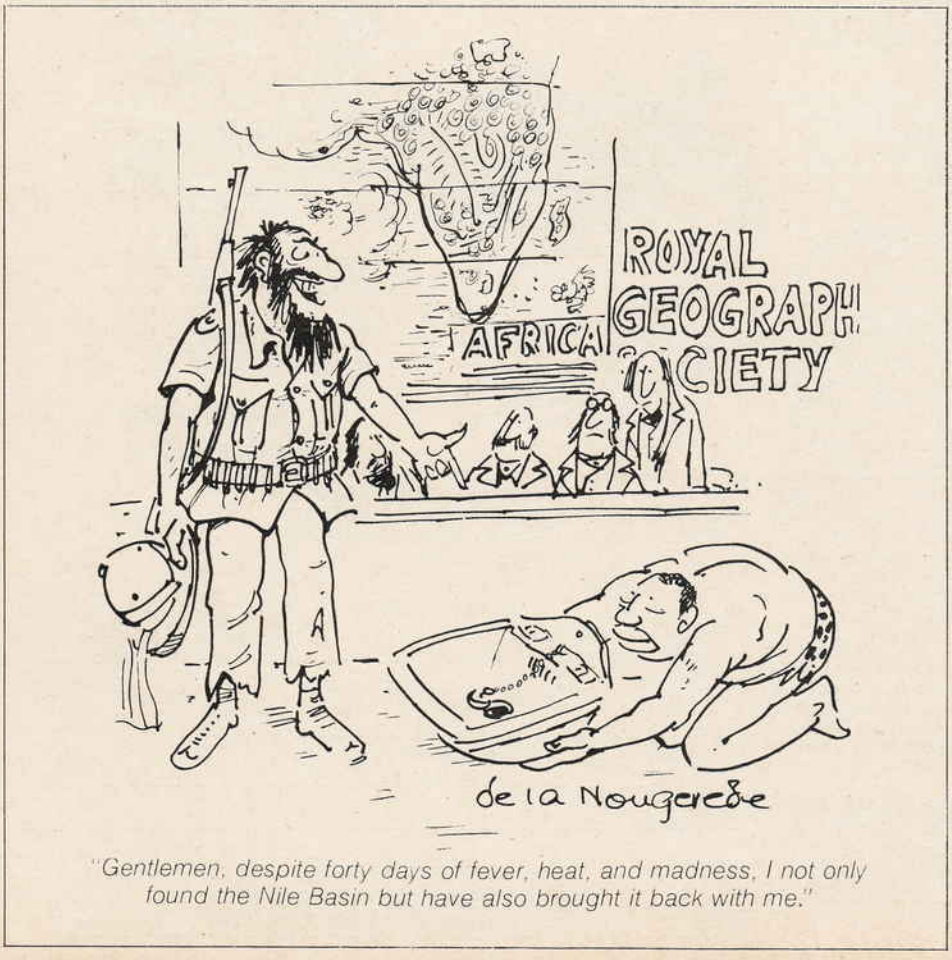
"You wouldn't believe how political philosophies change," he said, "when you show someone a photograph of himself in bed with the wrong person."

And what would happen if he couldn't get such a photo?

"Indianapolis is a small town," he replied. "You'd be surprised what a little innuendo can do."

Several months after the loss to Hartke, Longworth, the Roudebush campaign official who had recruited Wilcox, resigned his local government job and declared his intention "to devote full time to Republican politics." It's not clear what kind of political work he had in mind, but three weeks before his resignation he applied for a private detective's license in order that he could work with International Investigators.

The next important political contest in Indianapolis was scheduled for the follow-



"Gentlemen, despite forty days of fever, heat, and madness, I not only found the Nile Basin but have also brought it back with me."

Images of Woman

Robert Farber

With over 70 sensuous full-color nude photographs, IMAGES OF WOMAN is a testament, a stunning statement of talent by a gifted, impressionistic Young Master.

Farber's art is grounded in imagination and the camera. There are no darkroom "tricks", only the artist's eye, a camera, colored filters, multiple exposures and a myriad of lenses. It is the first ingredient, the eye, that sets this stunning book apart from the pack.

The gap between film and painting has been bridged by Farber's photography and a concise test by Gail Lighthipe. How Farber photographs nudes — and how you can too — is the subject of IMAGES OF WOMAN.

How to create; to capture a mood and transform the image through color and light; the handling of composition, indoor and outdoor settings; the use of film; technical problems and solutions.

An outstanding professional, Mr. Farber's work has appeared in several international photography magazines, as well as assignments in advertising and fashion. Most recently, he has shown in VIVA, G.Q., and Penthouse. His camera art has been likened to that of Bruegel and Degas but, taken strictly from life, it can only be called "unique".

Here's your chance to learn from this brilliant young stylist and, at the same time, own a portfolio of photographs which in itself is a work of fine art. Study IMAGES OF WOMAN and your eye will never be the same again.

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ing November, when John Neff, a local attorney and former Democratic state legislator, was to challenge incumbent Mayor Lugar. Lugar appointed Bulen, then county GOP chairman, his campaign manager. Bulen's aide, it turned out, was Nick Longworth.

Meanwhile, International Investigators had acquired a new client—the Marion County License Branch. The Indiana license branch system is a private corporation that handles the administration of motor vehicle and driver's licenses under contract to the state. Each branch is controlled by the county chairman of the political party in power. The Marion County branch was controlled by Bulen, Longworth's boss in the Lugar campaign organization. International was put on a monthly retainer of $500 by the Marion County branch for "security work."

Whether or not International Investigators ever did any security work for the branch is unclear, but it was at about this time that the firm began to work on behalf of Mayor Lugar's reelection campaign. Once again Nick Longworth brought in his friend Wilcox to check the mayor's office and campaign headquarters for bugs and wiretaps, and once again the detective agency's services went considerably beyond defensive measures.

An International detective was assigned to infiltrate the Neff campaign. In the guise of a volunteer worker, he went to Neff headquarters, expropriated copies of the candidate's speeches and speaking schedules, photographed the real campaign workers, and scouted the locations of the telephone lines. Two other men climbed to the roof of Neff headquarters to see if taps could be placed on the campaign telephone lines where they emerged from the building. Whether they succeeded in tapping the lines is not known, but a tap was discoverd on Neff's home telephone, and his campaign workers believed their own telephone conversations were being overheard. Mayor Lugar was reelected in a landslide victory.

Nineteen seventy-two—the year of the Watergate break-in and the presidential election—was a busy time for International Investigators. Longworth and Wilcox took a trip to San Diego and brought along an electronic eavesdropping specialist—a former TV repairman who custom built the bugs and taps used by International. The purpose of the trip was to reconnoiter what was then the proposed site for the Republican National Convention. Later Longworth served as Mayor Lugar's advance man at Miami Beach, the actual site of the Republican convention.

On the Indiana scene, former Gov. Mathew E. Welsh was running—unsuccessfully, it turned out—for his old office against Republican Otis R. Bowen. An International agent was sent to infiltrate the Welsh campaign. The anti-Welsh operation seems to have been comparatively tame, involving only the use of a concealed recorder to tape some of the Welsh campaign meetings.

At the same time, Indiana Congressman Andrew Jacobs, Jr., was challenged by Republican William H. Hudnut. An elaborate anti-Jacobs operation was considered, including a plan to send a female campaign worker to Washington to seduce Jacobs in a hotel room before hidden cameras. However, the plan was abandoned when it became apparent that Jacobs was going to lose to Hudnut without any encouragement. (Jacobs regained his seat in 1974; Hudnut is now mayor of Indianapolis. Informed of the recent disclosure of the planned seduction, Jacobs remarked whimsically that it seemed preferable to being bugged.)

Nineteen seventy-three was an off-year and a doldrums for political dirty-tricking in Indiana. The one high point during the year was the break-in at State Democratic Headquarters in August. Unlike the Hartke operation, which employed the expert services of a military-trained lock man, the Democratic Headquarters break-in was accomplished through the crude measure of jimmying a door. A bug was planted and then retrieved two days later. The objective of the operation may have been to monitor certain internal intriguing transpiring within the Democratic party at the time.

It would be unfair to conclude that only Republicans indulged in the midwestern political high jinks. International Investigators worked for the Democrats in Indiana, although in every known instance the target of the operation was another Democrat. In neighboring Ohio, however, International was briefly employed by the Democrats to work against the Republicans. The operation came to an abrupt end when Wilcox drove to Ohio to visit one of his Democratic clients. The client recognized a special coding on Wilcox's Indiana license plate which indicated that the detective had political connections in that Republican-controlled state.

Democratic politicians may have been behind the mysterious burglary at Jackie's Lounge, an Indianapolis cocktail lounge listed in the Yellow Pages with the slogan, "Where the Action Is." Late one night in 1971, the action was in a second-floor office above the lounge, where intruders opened a 1,300-pound safe and made off with its contents. According to Louise Jackson, owner of Jackie's Lounge, the safe contained silver certificates and nothing else. However, she did not report the burglary to the police, and several weeks later a Washington, D.C., private investigator turned up in Indianapolis and hired Wilcox to help in the investigation of the incident. Wilcox borrowed a fingerprint specialist from the Indianapolis police to dust the safe and office, but the resultant findings have never been disclosed. Wilcox told the *Indianapolis Star* that the private investigator had been hired by G. Gordon Liddy to work on the case, thereby reinforcing police speculation that the

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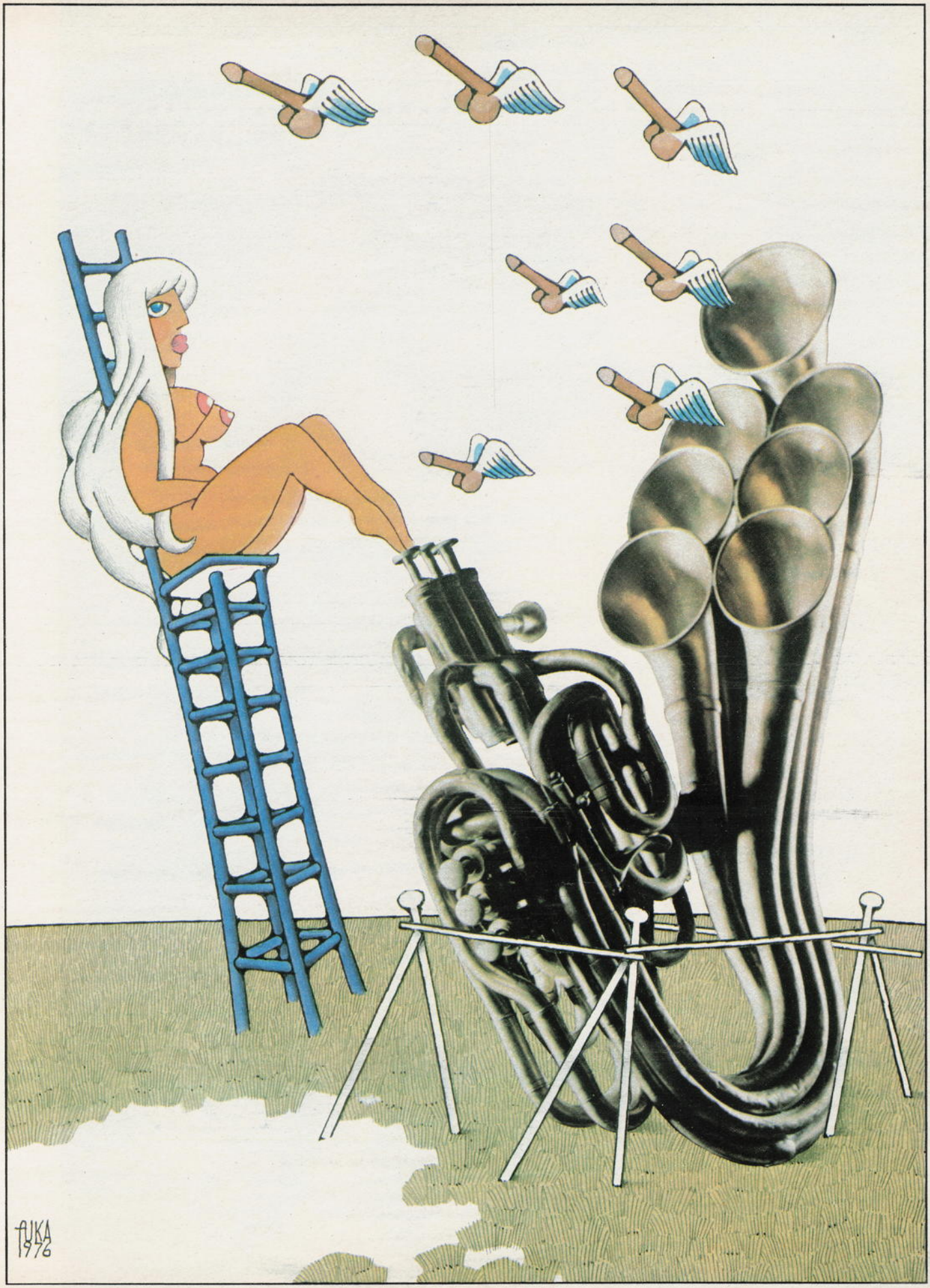
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1976

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Sienna Welles is a twenty-three-year-old British bird who "flew across the ocean into the arms of a tempestuous Canadian man." Winking coyly, she recalls, "We'd been getting it on passionately for about a week in London. Lord help me, we found each other in the British Museum. He was just the kind of guy who will start the old motor running—craggy face and eyes sparkling with personality. I was feeling very randy and figured the affair would be short, hot, and happy. Instead one night after we'd gone at it for hours, he cocked his head and said, 'You've just got to come to Montreal.' "

SIENNA

"I always fall passionately in love—with one man after another. Call it Sienna's perversion."

The Canadian affair finally ended, but 36-24-36 Sienna decided to stay on. She explains, "It is a wild, free, and exciting place. I adore it here. I've got a fabulous publishing job. I go out partying and always feel like a truly free woman. I never felt so liberated in England. Still I'm the kind of girl who always falls passionately in love—with one man after another. It's a kind of promiscuous monogamy. You could call it 'Sienna's perversion.' "

"I've heard it said that the more imagination you have, the more varied your sex life can be," says Sienna. "I believe that, and I have a voracious appetite for fantasy. I really love putting on costumes. You know, nurse's uniforms, bordello gowns—that kind of thing. It's a trip that stimulates both my man and myself. I really get hot when I play different roles in the bedroom. Usually, I'll take a single role for the night—the assertive bitch or the willing slave—and play it out for endless hours. These sex games are so satisfying it's hard for me to think that once a woman couldn't express her desires so freely."

"You might think that this is awful," Sienna confides, "but one of my favorite games is called 'The Tease!' I play it only with a man I know *very* well: He gets home from work, and there I am, all dolled up in something very sheer and revealing, without any undies on at all. I start moving around and touching him, until he gets so aroused that he wants to forget about the broiled lamb chops and go straight to bed. Then I keep him up—and I do mean *up*—until midnight, making him 'comfortable,' occasionally masturbating to keep myself going. In the end, he forces me—almost *raping* me. Ummmmm. Delicious!"

Hair by Nicolas of Kenneth Salon, N.Y.C.; makeup by Jane Davenport; accessories by Andre Murasan, N.Y.C.; lingerie by Michael Salem Boutique, N.Y.C.

"I guess it's all a matter of how you create, sustain, and relieve tension. A man and a woman who are really uninhibited with each other can be at each other's throats just as easily as they will

romp around a bed. The trick is to color your affection with desire, to let every channel of feeling flow into the relationship." Sienna, you can let your living color shine into our bedroom anytime.

THE MISOGAMIST

FICTION
BY ANDRE DUBUS

It wasn't that he loved women less, but that he loved the Corps more.

In the summer of 1944 Roy Hodges was back from the Pacific. He was a staff sergeant, a drill instructor at the Recruit Depot at San Diego. He was twenty-six years old, and he was training eighteen-year-old boys. He was also engaged to marry Sheila Russell, who was twenty-six and had been waiting for eight years in Marshall, Tex., to marry him. At eighteen, and still virginal, she had given him a good-bye kiss that was sad, loving, and hopeful. She told him she would not go out with other boys while he was gone. After Boot Camp he went home on leave, and on the first night he took her virginity. She believed he was giving his, but he had bought out of it with a middle-aged whore when he was fifteen. He took her much more easily than he had expected. Every night for three weeks, and sometimes during the afternoons, he made love with her, and she aroused in him an excitement he had never felt before with a woman; nor did he

Illustration by Josse Goffin

> All I want to do is train the troops and kick their ass and go out and drink with my goddamn friends. I don't want a goddamn house full of gear.

ever feel it again. In the evening she drank beer with him and learned to smoke his cigarettes, and he liked that, too. Then they drove in his father's Ford out into the country, the woods. It was early spring, and there were no mosquitoes. Gentle with her on the blanket, he sometimes remembered with a heart's grin the attacking mosquitoes when he had lain with Betty Jean Simpson in high school; with her, he had often thought of Sheila at home, and thinking of that pure side of his life had increased his passion for Betty Jean. Now, the memory of Betty Jean and the mosquitoes on his rump pricked his passion for Sheila. And, finally, he felt in control of her: she was both his sweet, auburn-haired, brown-eyed girl and his lustful woman. When he left her again, her good-bye kiss was erotic, fearful, and demanding.

The night before leaving, he had told her that they would get married when his tour was up. She could tell her family and friends; he would write to his parents. Which he did: from sea duty, on a battleship. But most of the letter was about the sea. He had never before in his life been out of sight of land; a sailor had told him the horizon was always twelve miles away, and he wrote that to his parents and told them to think how he could see forty-eight miles of the Pacific by standing in one spot and turning in a circle. He wrote that he had won the heavyweight boxing championship in intramurals aboard ship; that in the final match he had won by jabbing and hooking into the charging face of a slugging, body-punching sailor from Pittsburgh; that his commanding officer, a captain, had been a corporal in the Banana Wars, was tough and hard, and would throw anyone in the brig on bread and water for looking at him wrong. He wrote of inspections, of gunnery, of Honolulu: the strange city and people and food, but not of the dark-skinned girls he went to bed with.

His letters to Sheila were the same. He thought he should write love letters, write of their love on the blanket, but even as a sentence took shape in his mind it seemed false. The abstract words had little to do with what had occurred on the blanket, even less to do with how he felt about it. Finally, he wrote that he loved and missed her. That declaration was true, but he did not know the extent of its truth.

He found it even more difficult to write of their future life together. Again, the words in his mind were abstract, for he could not imagine himself performing the concrete rituals of marriage. He did not know what work he would do as a civilian; he did not even want to know. Sitting on his foot locker and feeling the roll of the sea, he could not imagine himself as a civilian in Marshall, Tex. And he could not see himself at night or during the weekends with Sheila. His days were filled, in the normal pattern of the service. On some days he did very little, but because he did it in uniform it seemed worthwhile; on other days, when the crew practiced gunnery and he imagined actual combat, the work was, and seemed, intense. Either way, during the hours of his work he did not need Sheila, or anyone female. It was at night that he missed her, in the compartment smelling of male sweat and shoe polish and leather; that was when he wrote to her. When he was in port, on liberty, he did not miss her at all; he thought of her, usually after drinking and whoring, with paternal tenderness; and he sent her gifts, knowing they were junk, knowing he was incapable of buying gifts for a woman anyway, incapable of understanding a woman's attachment to things which couldn't be used.

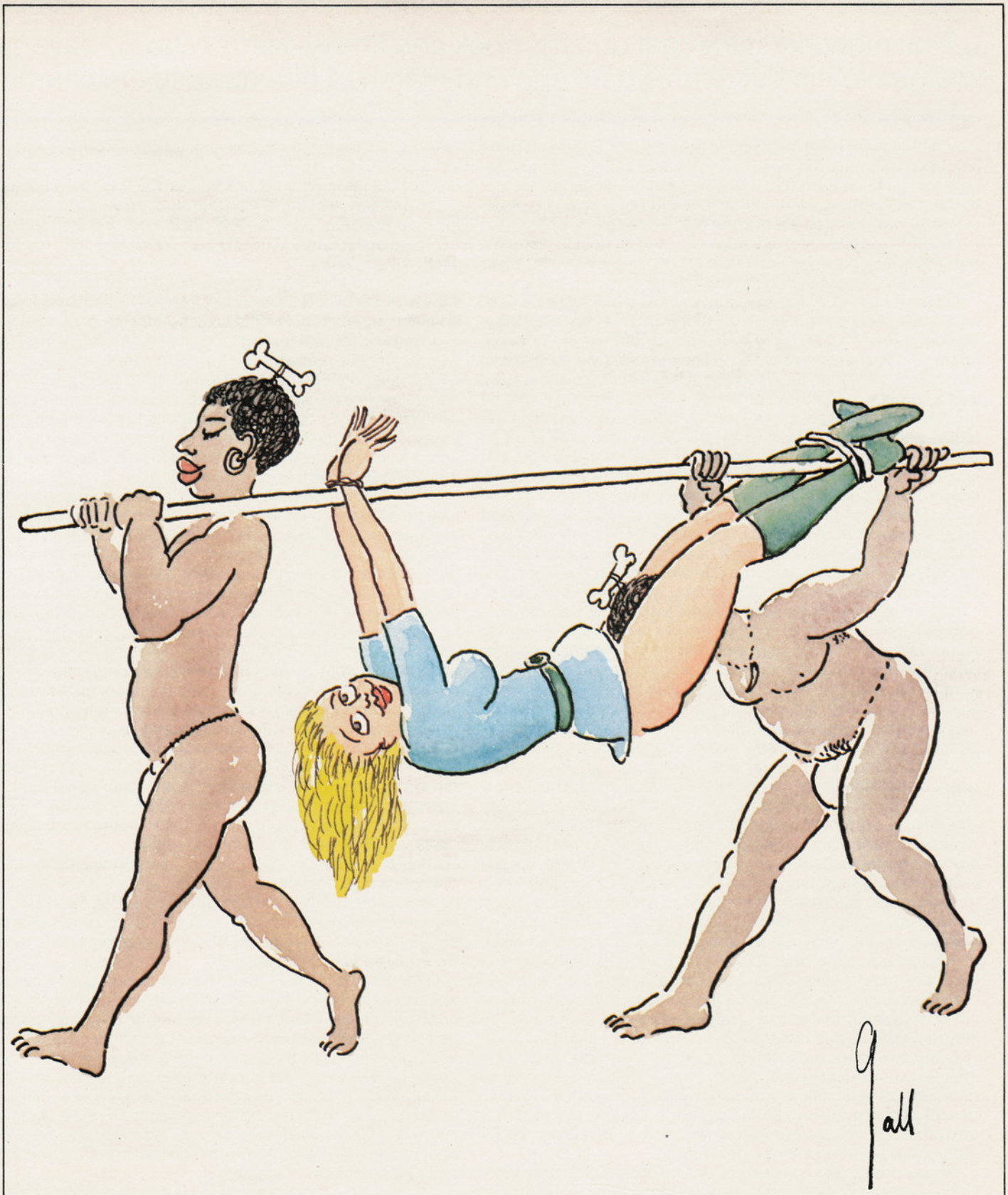
She wrote him love letters. They were not scented, but they might as well have been; on their pages he felt the summer-evening quiet of her front porch, heard the creaking of the chain that held the swing where she sat, where perhaps she had even written the letter; and he smelled her washed flesh and hair, and the lilac bush beside the porch. Reading these letters, touching them, sometimes, after reading them, just looking at the pages as if they were pictures, he deeply loved her. He could have wept. He wanted to hold her. Yet he also felt, and with fear, the great division between them.

He was afraid because there was nothing wrong with Sheila. There was nothing he could hold against her, nothing he could point to and say: that's it; that's why I feel this way. She was pure in a way that excited his love. A good Methodist, she believed that making love with him was a sin. Yet she had sinned with him anyway, and he felt blessed. Betty Jean Simpson was the town punch: anyone who moved suitably as a boy in the world had a shot at her. The only element of challenge was finding a location where he thought she had never been, a fresh spot on the earth's surface, free of the memory of past and present boys—while at the same time the knowledge of those boys gave him advance acquittal in case she got pregnant. Sheila's sin was as secret as her parts were. Each spot of earth and sheltering tree and concealing bush was new, as her breasts and loins were, eighteen years old and for the first time stroked and directed to action. He would never forget that. (Nor would he ever make love with a virgin again, nor with anyone who loved him, and when it was over with Sheila, when he had broken her heart, he wondered—this on the drill field one day at San Diego, while calling cadence to a marching platoon—if she had ever had an orgasm with him; somewhat saddened, he realized she had not, and he knew someone else would take her there, someone strong and gentle who could be for her what he could not, and that was almost enough to make him write to her again, to seek forgiveness and to return to her, and to nail down once and for all, with marriage, what he had started with that first night he had so easily unclothed her and shaped her into his sweet and sinful lover.) She was a cheerful girl. He had dated her for three years before joining the marines, and he knew he had not been fooled. She was undemanding, acquiescent (a quality that Betty Jean, strangely, did not share, as though she were compensating for her round heels with trifling demands that were nevertheless rigid); there was nothing wrong with her.

It followed then, in his mind, that something was wrong with him: his preference for a life with men, broken periodically by forgettable transactions with whores. He began to believe that he was reaching a pivotal point in his life: either Sheila, who at times seemed to live in a fairy tale rather than in the world he knew, or whores, threats of VD, promises of nothing. Then he saw it wasn't that at all. In Marshall he would not miss the whores; he would long for the men. Now he knew what the pride in performing his duties and the immediate camaraderie of the corps, as well as the deeper knowledge—the sense that he belonged to a recognized group of men, past and present, dead and living—had been bringing him to: he had, as the troops said, found a home. He was a career man.

He wrote to her, asking how she felt about leaving Marshall and living with him on or near marine bases until he retired. She answered his letter on the day she received it. Again, her stationery in his fingers brought to him her smells, her lowered face as she talked to him, strolling with him. In a voice whose sweet compliance he could almost hear, she told him that *of course* she would miss Marshall, that she had never thought she would live any place else, but that she loved him and would marry him and go with him wherever he had to go—and that she looked forward to such new places.

His next leave was in summer, and they made love with sweat and mosquitoes. And he told her he had to work hard to get promoted so they could afford to be married. He did not name a rank. Now he could sense a brooding quality in her lovemaking, as though it encompassed resigning herself to annual trysts granted by the Marine Corps, which would someday grant, as well, the promotion and money that would allow them to live as



> That night her father got quietly drunk and finally said: "I should have put a shotgun to his butt eight years ago and marched him down to the church."

they should; and he felt her trying to possess him. For the first time she asked what he did on liberty; she asked if he did this with other girls. He lied. He had lied about Betty Jean Simpson, too, but in a different way: he had simply told Sheila nothing about where he was going on a particular night. Now telling her a direct lie made him feel diminished as a man, and he held that against her. When they parted at the train station, her good-bye kiss was both vulnerable and sternly possessive.

And so it went on. Every year with a mingling of reluctance, fear, and passionate anticipation—all blurring his deeper and true feeling of love for her, his knowledge that for his own good he ought to marry her—he returned to Marshall. By the time she was twenty-two, he was in the first year of his second enlistment, he was a corporal, and he had promised her that sergeant would be the rank. He even spoke quite easily about his prospects to her father, who had a small farm and believed in hard work and bad luck and little else, and who liked Roy's having a man's work that was based on skill and yet had nothing to do with rain or dry seasons or prices. In her father's eyes Roy saw neither suspicion nor misgiving, and he felt that his decision to wait until he made sergeant was that of a worldy, responsible man. Roy also suspected that Mr. Russell knew what he and Sheila did after they left the house for what they called a ride and a talk and, further, that Mr. Russell didn't care about it as long as he wasn't forced to.

Not so with Mrs. Russell: thin and nearly as wiry as her husband, beauty long gone from her strong face that had kept its humor and cheer in the eyes and their crinkled corners and the quick grin above the body that had waked so early and worked so hard for so long. She did not look at Roy with suspicion either; it was worse than that: at times, when her eyes met his, there was a flicker of pain: *why did you do it to us?* At least, that was the question and the pain he saw before she looked away or, more often, started talking and her eyes were bright again, as if the question had come against her will, like a sad, irrelevant memory while she was talking with a friend. *Why did you do it to us?* Not: *why have you taken my daughter's virginity and left her single?* Not even: *why have you brought a secret sin between my daughter and me?* But more than that, a vaster accusation, as if Mrs. Russell represented in those moments—and, thankfully, they were few—all the women who lived on one side of the line he had drawn between them and the others: the forgotten sensations and names, the remembered faces and prices. And when she looked at him that way, he felt that God and time, life and death, were on her side, that he was a puny and defenseless man who had committed a sin of Old Testament proportions, the kind of sin you never escaped from, no matter where you went or how long you stayed there. And so at times, drinking and talking with Mr. Russell, sounding to himself like a reasonable, ambitious, and absolutely trustworthy man, he suddenly felt the judgmental presence of the mother and daughter in the room, as if they had in concert focused on him a knowing glare, and all his talk of money and promotion and career seemed no more than a boy's chatter about what he'd be when he grew up.

He was promoted to sergeant on the second of December 1941. On the seventh he had still not written to tell her. He awoke that morning in a cheap, two-room apartment in Los Angeles, woke tasting last night's beer and smelling traces of perfume and lovemaking. He had gone to the city with three friends and had left them at a bar and walked home with a girl. She was not in bed with him. Then he remembered her name was Lisa. He wanted to make love to clear his hungover head. He heard the radio in the kitchen, not music but a man's voice, and he imagined her making coffee and bringing him a cup, bringing him herself, too, and he thought of that and then breakfast and the afternoon left to hitchhike back to the base. He took his wallet from the bedside table and was looking in it to see if there was another condom (there was) when she came to the door in an old, blue robe, with her black hair unbrushed, last night's lipstick faint on her lips. She stood quietly in the doorway, looking at him, knowing she was about to tell him the most important news he had ever heard, and then she said: "I think you better come to the kitchen. I think you better come hear what's on the radio."

He didn't want to go; he was put off by her dramatics and wanted her in bed. But looking at her face, he suddenly knew with both fear and eagerness that somehow the news of the nation or even the world was affecting him; and since his only involvement with the world was as a marine he knew by the time he reached the kitchen that, while he had been in bed with a strange girl, America had gotten into the war. He listened to the radio for perhaps thirty minutes; then he borrowed her leg-dulled razor and shaved and put on his uniform. For a moment he wanted to take Lisa to bed again, but as the desire struck him he tossed it aside as a foolish indulgence. He said good-bye and left.

On the highway the first man who picked him up was a Lutheran minister who was returning home from services and going only a few miles south of the city; but he drove Roy all the way to Camp Pendleton, called him sergeant, wondered aloud if extensive damages were done to the fleet and if the Japs were going to keep on coming, to California; he spoke of coastal defense, of going into the navy as a chaplain (he was thirty-six), and at the main gate he firmly shook Roy's hand and said: "Good luck, and God bless you, Sergeant." Roy nearly smiled. He thought of the man in uniform, the cross on his lapel. Roy had heard little of what the minister had said: on the drive south he had been thinking about his gear waiting for him, clean and ready, and trying to imagine what was happening in the barracks, and he knew he was late for something, but he did not know for what. And he wondered: what was the platoon doing? the company? He thought of them digging foxholes in the hills overlooking the beach, saw them marching to trucks that would drive them to ships. What happened when a war started? How did you finally get to where the war was? He could not imagine it. It was all too big.

Later that week he wrote his last lie to Sheila; he told her his promotion had come through the day after the war started. He never saw her again. Exactly eight months after Pearl Harbor, he followed Lieutenant DiMeo through the surf and across the beach at Guadalcanal. The Japanese were not there; that came two weeks later, farther inland.

In the summer of 1944, when he was as certain as he could be that he would spend the rest of the war as a drill instructor, he applied for leave to get married, took some obscene harassment from the first sergeant (and enjoyed it), and phoned Sheila, telling her to go ahead with the plans for the wedding. He felt no sense of duty. He wanted to hold her and tell her about the war. He had written about it, but not much; except for a few words his letters could have been written by any man doing work away from home. He had left out the details he now wanted to share with her because he had not wanted her to know them until he was with her and could tell her in person.

The truth had not occurred to him: because of newsreels and newspapers and magazines, there was nothing he could tell her that would be as terrifying as what she had already imagined. She never wrote of this in her letters. Also, Marshall had its dead and its maimed (she never wrote of this either), one of whom—a victim of shell shock—daily walked the streets, though his mind was permanently somewhere else; people treated him kindly, spoke to him as though he were sane; he liked to imitate the sound of a train whistle, did it often, and was very good at it. So Roy had protected her from nothing.

From nothing at all, so that when he did not get off the train the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

ELECT THE NEW MISS MURIEL
One of these girls can fulfill your wildest dreams if you help fulfill hers.
Jan Daley
Susan Anton
Margaret Davies

Vote for one of these girls to be the new Miss Muriel and you could win some pretty incredible prizes. Like a new Corvette plus a trip to Europe.

For the past few months you've seen them dancing and singing on Muriel television commercials. Now you can choose your favorite.

To vote, just follow the instructions on the coupon. Or pick up a ballot wherever you buy Muriel® cigars.

If the girl you vote for wins, you'll become eligible to be a winner in the big Miss Muriel Election Sweepstakes.

FIRST PRIZE is a new Corvette plus a week in Europe.

There are also five second prizes—brand new Camaros. And ten third prizes—one week sports vacations for two, to any resort in the Continental U.S.A.

So choose your favorite and vote today. You could end up being the big winner in the new Miss Muriel Election Sweepstakes.

To pick the girl you'd like to become Miss Muriel send this coupon, or a facsimile, along with either one Muriel cigar band or a plain 3x5-inch piece of paper containing the words "Muriel Election Sweepstakes," to the Post Office Box listed under your candidate's name, below. If your choice wins, you become eligible for all the valuable prizes. PH

Jan Daley.	Susan Anton.	Margaret Davies.
P.O. Box 148	P.O. Box 202	P.O. Box 363
New York, N.Y. 10046	New York, N.Y. 10046	New York, N.Y. 10046

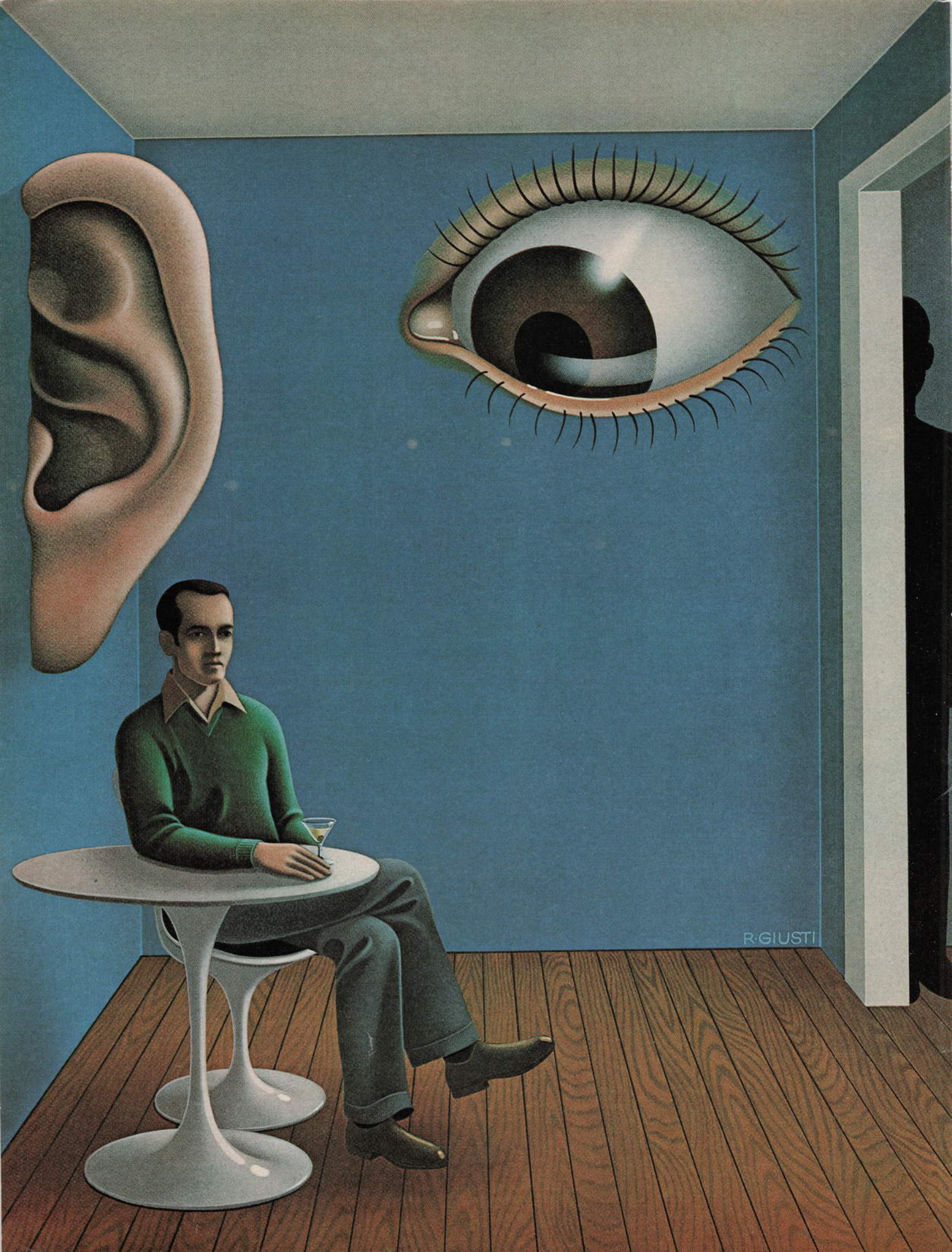
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Vote for Miss Muriel. You may win a new Corvette and a trip to Europe.

"Muriel" Election Sweepstakes. Official Rules. No purchase required. 1. You've seen them on television. Now pick the girl you'd like to be Miss Muriel. Complete the ballot entry form (or facsimile) and mail it together with either one Muriel cigar band or 3x5 plain piece of paper containing the words, "Muriel Election Sweepstakes," to the Miss Muriel of your choice at her address listed below. If your choice wins, you become eligible for all the valuable prizes. "MURIEL ELECTION SWEEPSTAKES"—Jan Daley—P.O. Box 148, N.Y., N.Y. 10046 or Susan Anton—P.O. Box 202, N.Y., N.Y. 10046 or Margaret Davies—P.O. Box 363, N.Y., N.Y. 10046. **2.** Sweepstakes winners will be selected from among all ballot-entry forms and facsimiles received for the winning girl in the "Muriel" election. Random drawings to determine the winners will be held by an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified by mail. Limit one prize per family. **3.** Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately. All entries must be postmarked by October 1, 1976 and received by October 8, 1976. **4.** This sweepstakes is open to residents of the U.S.A. except employees of Consolidated Cigar Corporation, its affiliated companies, its advertising, sweepstakes agencies and their families. This offer is subject to all Federal, State and local laws and is VOID in the States of Missouri, Ohio, Wisconsin, Maryland and wherever prohibited and/or restricted by law. No substitution of prizes permitted. Taxes are the responsibility of the prize winner. **5.** For a list of winners, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Muriel Winners' List, P.O. Box 411, New York, N.Y. 10046. (Note: Do not send request with your ballot-entry form.)


R·GIUSTI

THE SNOOP BUSINESS

Forget about the CIA and the FBI! Insurance-company spies can ruin your life with backdoor gossip.

After extensive hearings on the privacy issue before my subcommittee on consumer credit, I am convinced that the number-one threat to consumer privacy [in the non government section] is the needlessly intrusive investigation by insurance companies into the background and habits of insurance applicants.

—Sen. William Proxmire

People love to talk about their neighbors. . . . We capitalize on this human failing. . . . We couldn't operate without talkative neighbors.

—An insurance company investigator

If you have ever applied for insurance, a good chunk of your private life may be moldering in some file cabinet or on computer tape. Insurance companies are nosy. They want to know all about you before they bet on your longevity, your driving habits, or your health.

The insurance companies are convinced that half the world is out to cheat them, and they have set up an elaborate spy system, replete with private investigators and dossiers on all applicants, to "keep fraudulent applications and claims at a minimum."

If you haven't been turned down for insurance, or been forced to pay a higher rate, your dossier is probably clean. But if you have had any problems with an insurance company—watch out. Your file just might have a nasty bit of information in it that may be no more than pure gossip.

Take the case, for example, of a midwestern teenager who visited the family doctor the same afternoon that three other youths were brought in for treatment related to drug abuse. Some of the teenager's neighbors were in the waiting room, but he didn't pay much attention to them. He should have.

Several years later, after the teenager had grown up, joined the air force, gotten married, and was expecting his first child, those neighbors in the doctor's waiting room returned to haunt him. He applied for life insurance for his young family and was turned down.

The insurance company told him that Retail Credit Company (also known as Equifax), which does insurance-investigation work, had written a negative report based on something that had happened in his hometown. When he went in to see what Retail Credit had picked up, he learned that two of his neighbors, who had seen him in the doctor's office with the youths being treated for drug abuse, had put two and two together and gotten five. They were sure, they said, that he was "on drugs."

You never know about your neighbors. They may smile when you come out to get the paper. But a mean streak may be hiding behind the smiles, waiting until some insurance investigator snoops into your private life.

The wife of a New York stockbroker was active in her own public-relations business. Because of her business income, she wanted life insurance. She couldn't get it because the insurance company said an investigation showed that she was an alcoholic. Since she's one of those people who rarely drink, but occasionally sip sherry, she was outraged.

Apparently, some nice neighbor tagged her a "problem drinker," and she couldn't get rid of the tag as far as the insurance company was concerned. Favorable testimony from her doctor, friends, and business associates fell on deaf ears. And, to this day, she can't find out who said she was a drunk.

Drugs and drinking are just two of the gossipy items the insurance snoops look for. Sex and psychiatry are two other fields investigators are supposed to plow as they make their rounds among the applicant's neighbors and colleagues at work.

A young woman who was teaching at a university fifteen miles or so from home desperately needed her automobile for commuting. Although she had driven a Volkswagen for years, eventually she decided to buy a Toyota. When she owned the Volkswagen, she had her insurance arranged for her by Volkswagen. When she bought the Toyota, she thought that she had better get insurance from another company.

So, she applied to State Farm Mutual—and was turned down. The insurance company, through an investigation, found out that the young woman was living with a man "without benefit of wedlock." She admitted this and said she had never tried to hide it. "I happen to have a very good driving record," she said and asked: "How can the way I choose to live have any bearing on how I drive?" Her male companion, she explained, had his own car and would not be driving hers. StateFarm did not yield.

With the help of the American Civil Liberties

By Peter Weaver

Union, the indignant young professor took both State Farm and the investigating company, Retail Credit, to court. Eventually, both the insurance company and its investigator agreed to delete the damaging information from her record. The applicant now has insurance—with another company.

It's bad enough being turned down for insurance or having to pay a higher rate because of some "information" picked up through an investigation. But this kind of negative information also has a way of coming back to plague the unlucky person in ways never dreamed possible.

It can begin when you file an application for life insurance. Let's say you want to buy a $50,000 life-insurance policy. You have a wife and several children and feel that you should have more insurance to help them over the bumps in the event you die unexpectedly.

You are asked to take a physical exam, in the course of which a doctor ticks off a list of questions such as: "To the best of your knowledge, is your health impaired or are you in any way deformed or crippled? Any fainting, palpitation, pain around the heart, high blood pressure, heart murmur, spitting of blood, habitual cough, pleurisy, or tuberculosis?"

Your mind becomes numbed by the endless questions, and you may be late for work. You're half-undressed and in a hurry. When the doctor or agent hands you some "routine papers to sign," you give them a glance and sign. After all, it's for a good cause—your family's insurance.

But those papers say, "I hereby authorize any licensed physician, medical practitioner, hospital, clinic, or other medical or medically related facility, insurance company, the Medical Information Bureau [more about this later], or *other organization, institution, or person* that has any records or *knowledge of me* or my health, to give to [XYZ insurance company] any such information. A photographic copy of this authorization shall be as valid as the original." "Physician, medical practitioner, hospital, clinic. . . ." Medical jargon. It seems okay; so you sign and rush off. But what about those key words I put in italics? They mean that any "organization, institution, or person" can dig up any kind of information about you. And that includes not only your health records, but also "*any* such information."

"What this authorization comes to," says Benjamin Lipson, a Boston insurance broker, "is a search warrant issued without due process of law." The insurance companies demur. They say that the paper you signed constitutes "informed consent." You read it. You signed it. But were you really "informed" as to what could happen? And what about coercion? If you didn't sign, you didn't get the insurance.

Someplace in the papers you supposedly looked over before signing was this notice: "An investigative consumer report may be made, whereby information is obtained through personal interviews with third parties such as family members, business associates, financial sources, friends, neighbors, or others with whom you are acquainted. . . . This report may include information as to your character, general reputation, personal characteristics, and mode of living. . . ."

Oh-oh! If you had read that carefully, it might have raised a few hackles. The notice also said something to the effect that information gathered for your record might be sent off as a "brief report . . . to the Medical Information Bureau . . . which operates an information exchange on behalf of its [insurance company] members."

When you study the fine print, you begin to realize that you are giving the insurance company permission to talk to your neighbors and that it will send whatever it finds out to this Medical Information Bureau to be passed on to other insurance companies.

But few insurance applicants read these potentially dangerous authorization documents carefully; and those who do read them often don't understand their full implications. The applicants keep thinking it's all about medical information—which seems reasonable.

So, you've signed the thing. Soon the whole insurance hassle will be out of your mind. If you're lucky and healthy, as are the majority of applicants, you'll hear no more about it. You will get your insurance and that's it.

But if you're not lucky, and some investigator trips over a neighbor who is harboring a grudge against you, things begin to happen. Let's say the neighbor, or the guy down the hall at work, is envious of your recent promotion and the money you make. Let's also say that this envious person knows that you drink now and then and that you've tried pot—or, God forbid, that you've seen a psychiatrist.

The investigator who picks up such a tidbit duly notes it on the report filed with the insurance company. The investigator, of course, puts a copy of the report in his own company's file as well, for future use as a "lead" for other reports the company may be asked to do on you. Most of the investigative companies used by insurers also make reports for employers who want to screen job applicants.

Then the insurance company sends off the damaging gossip, along with any negative medical findings, to the Medical Information Bureau (MIB) in a brief, coded message. The MIB is an organization set up by the insurance companies to work as a clearinghouse for negative information on insurance applicants. It serves more than 700 insurance companies and has files on some 11 million people. Everything is computerized.

When an insurance company digs up some negative information on you—medical or non-medical (drinking habits, drugs, psychiatric care, dangerous hobbies, and the like)—the MIB gets it. If you apply elsewhere for insurance, your record, with a coded alert for negative information, is revealed to the company—a sort of continuous blackballing device.

According to the industry's rules, no insurance company is supposed to turn you

PRIVACY PROTECTION: FIVE STEPS TO TAKE

(1) To find out if you have a "negative" file, write: Medical Information Bureau, P.O. Box 105, Essex Station, Boston, Mass. 02112. If you do have a file, the Medical Information Bureau will send a "request for disclosure form" to release information through your insurance company to your doctor for explanation. Non-medical information is disclosed through the investigative company that supplied it (you get the name and address).

(2) When applying for any kind of insurance, give only the basics. Don't venture extra information. Be especially cagey with questions concerning sex habits, drinking habits, and visits to psychiatrists. Say you drink moderately. Don't admit to living with anyone "out of wedlock." If you are seeing a psychiatrist or have seen one, don't mention it unless you're asked a direct question. Then say your doctor will send a report to the insurance company's medical director. Nothing more.

(3) When you apply for insurance, tell your doctor immediately. Determine what's pertinent for the doctor to divulge. By no means allow your complete record to be released. Make sure your doctor alerts any hospital where you may have stayed not to release any records except a statement authorized by him.

(4) Before signing the infamous blanket authorization on the insurance application form (or the hospital forms), try to pen in your own limitations. Delete such open-checkbook phrases as release of information to "any other organization, institution, or person." Limit sources to your own doctor, hospital, bank, employer, and one or two old friends. Be certain to put a time limit on the authorization.

(5) Ask your insurance company to let you see any outside investigative report before it is sent to the MIB so that you can challenge any errors. If at any stage you discover that an investigative company has placed erroneous, damaging information in your file, challenge it in writing and demand a recheck be performed.

down because of information it gets from MIB computers. You are supposed to be reinvestigated—that is the theory.

But the next insurance company you try may well hire the same investigative company that turned up the original erroneous information. The investigative company looks in its files and, sure enough, there's your dossier with all the dirt. The investigator is supposed to use this only as a "lead." In checking with the same source (your envious neighbor or colleague), however, he often gets a repeat of the original story, and the misinformation circuit stays closed.

Even if you give up trying to get more life insurance or agree to pay a higher rate to cover your higher risk, the damaging gossip can continue to affect you. If you apply for a job and your prospective employer runs a check on you, it is likely that the employer will use the same investigative company that did the original report for the insurance company. Your name will appear in the file, and the fact that your neighbors think you drink too much, smoke pot, visit psychiatrists, or "live with someone of the opposite sex without benefit of wedlock," will come right back at you like some bureaucratic boomerang.

If the investigator is pushed for time, which can happen, the report is simply rewritten and sent off to your prospective employer. Or, if the investigator takes more time, the sources that gave you the initial bum rap are called for "reconfirmation."

When you see the employer, your hot job prospect dissolves. By law, the employer is supposed to tell you that he may order an investigation of your background. Some employers remember to tell you; some don't. If you are turned down because of information in an investigative report, the employer, by law, is supposed to indicate the company that made the report. Again, some will, and some won't. How can you ever prove that you were turned down because of the report? The employer can give all sorts of other reasons for hiring someone else.

Some major corporations have found so many errors in investigative reports on job applicants that they are doing away with the practice. In one case an insurance company ordered a check on an applicant for an agent's job. Insurance companies prefer hiring married men as agents because they feel married men can better relate to a prospective customer's needs. But in this particular case the investigative company said the applicant was "single" and tended to "party with the boys." By chance an executive who knew the applicant's background asked why he was turned down. The personnel officer said "he [the applicant] won't fit in. . . . He's a swinging bachelor." The executive laughed and said there must be some mistake. The man in question, he explained, was married, had two children, and hadn't "partied with the boys" since his early work days after college.

When the investigative company was confronted with this monumental blunder, the officials apologized profusely. It seems they had gotten the names mixed up. Or, more probably, they had dug up a report made when the "bachelor" applied for insurance after graduation.

The man got the job, and the investigative company got a reprimand. Eventually, the insurance company ceased using the investigative company in the screening of job applicants.

At one time IBM used Retail Credit, the biggest of the investigative companies, to screen its job applicants. But, IBM became disenchanted with the snooping process. An IBM executive said: "The information Retail Credit was digging up just wasn't relevant to the jobs prospective employees were supposed to fill."

The executive recalls a particular case. A twenty-two-year-old woman applied for a sales-training job in the office equipment division. Retail Credit investigated her background and came up with a negative nugget from one of her neighbors. When the applicant was sixteen, she had an illegitimate child. Because of this information, as underlined in the report, the personnel office was about to turn her down. But the executive, who saw the report in time, came to her defense, saying: "The young woman has paid her dues to society and wants to move ahead with her life. . . . How can we continue to punish her for a mistake she made six years ago?" She got the job and is now one of IBM's most successful junior executives.

The investigative company, Retail Credit, no longer does job-screening for IBM Nor does any other company; IBM has had enough of the snoop business.

But even more insidious than the screening of job applicants is the screening of *current* employees. Before making a major promotion, some companies have outside investigators quietly screen the candidates for the vacant position. In this case, the law doesn't require the employer to tell you that you are being investigated. You aren't "applying" for a job.

Let's say you are a bright, young hopeful on the way up. You know you are in line for the new job opening up the ladder. Life is beautiful. Then, suddenly, things begin to go wrong. You're not included in meetings. The other candidates for the new slot are asked to lunch with the boss, and you're not. Finally, one of the other candidates gets the job, and you begin to sink slowly down the pecking order.

Without your knowledge the company had you screened by an outside investigative company. Remember when you had trouble getting insurance? Well, the investigative report on your insurance application said you had used drugs and had been seeing a psychiatrist. Some time ago you occasionally did smoke pot, but you stopped after you began your new career. And you saw a psychiatrist because of the death of a parent and some passing marital problems. It was temporary counseling, and you haven't seen the psychiatrist since then.

But that gossip retained in the investigative company's files was probed again for the report. Had you known that an investi-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

"Yes, Mister Grimley, we've baked the girl into the cake just as you requested—but I'm afraid she's in no condition to pop out of the top."

Photographs by Pierre Houles

Adolfo

"A man doesn't have to become a dandy to dress with imagination and flair; my clothes are classic with a dash of romance and fantasy."

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

THREE BIG-NAME DESIGNERS TURN TO MEN'S WEAR IN AMERICA

SUCCESS SUITS THEM BEST

With his first men's-wear collection soft-spoken, Cuban-born Adolfo Sardina now offers the man a fashion choice, not a formula. Adapting aspects of women's fashions, this internationally well-known women's designer has color-coordinated the diverse components of his collection for Leon of Paris so that men will be able to mix and match to their own tastes jackets, coats, trousers, shirts, vests, and sweaters. This new-to-men's-wear concept of dressing, "mélange," or mixture, is an economical way, *Penthouse* feels, for a man to build a sizable wardrobe or clothing library, if you will, for the lifestyle to which he is accustomed.

This page: wearing his work smock, Adolfo looks to the casual sportswear mélange: the first is a wool overshirt ($85) and matching pants ($45) contrasting with white "kangaroo pouch" sweater ($65); the black corduroy jump suit ($65) layers up with wool overshirt ($110). His combat boots by Weiss and Mahoney, New York. All her fashions from Adolfo's romantic collection for women. Inset left: the casual dress mélange is a multiple way of dressing. Here Penthouse *shows ensembles using different patterns but all consisting of the same ground color to create a wardrobe exceeding the sum of its parts. The first is a mélange in wool by Stillwater Mills, a long coat (about $300) and mélange suit highlighted by its plaid jacket (ensemble, about $300). The second fashion ensemble is more casual; it shows how a separate wool overshirt ($110) can be worn with a jacket (over the shoulders), vest, and pants (ensemble about $300). Inset right: his belted rubber raincoat ($150) matches with pants ($45) and looks well tucked in combat boots by Weiss and Mahoney, New York. The cotton-velvet scarf ($25) completes the look.*

Jean-Paul Germain

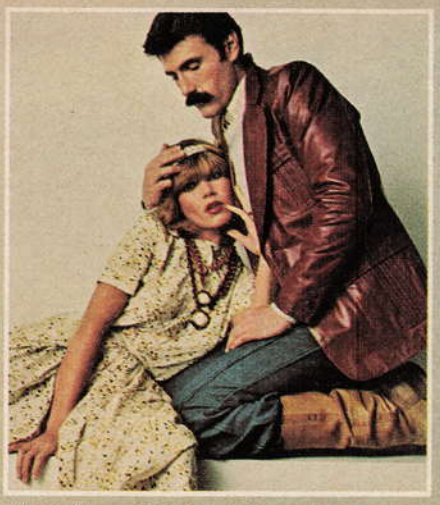
"I design clothing for the way of life I like. I must be what I am, and I can be as elegant in a pair of jeans as in a suit, depending on what else I wear and how I wear it."

The love child of a Corsican gangster and his French mistress, Paris-born Jean-Paul Germain came to the United States more than six years ago, bankrolled with only $400 and motivated by an objective—to become a successful men's-clothing designer so that "men would look better." Today, Germain, who sees himself as the *enfant terrible* of the men's-wear business, has a tasteful collection of velvet suits, leather sportswear, jump suits, shirts, and sweaters for the man who once again wants to be well dressed. "I have an English-inspired collection of clothes made of Italian fabrics, produced in France, and sold only in America," he says of the line. "Italians have the greatest color sense, Frenchmen do good tailoring work, but the British have the best fashion sense." And as *Penthouse* sees it, Americans have the greatest diversity of lifestyles to accommodate this happy mixture of European fashion sense.

Photographs by J. Barry O'Rourke

This page: the natural, casual dress-ups; at left is a camel's-wool jacket ($105) worn over corduroy vest and pants (ensemble, $95) and cotton-blend shirt ($45). The brown wool bird's-eye overshirt ($85) teams up with checked wool trousers ($75) and wool turtleneck ($65). The casual shoes are by El Padrino by Smerling. All her sensuous designs by Edwin Santos; shoes by La Marca; and hair styles by Sergio of Nardi Salon. All are located in New York. Inset top: in buttery, burgundy glove leather this waist-length jacket ($350) coordinates well with the gray wool-flannel trousers ($75). Inset bottom: setting off a group of today's important velvet jackets is (standing) the enfant terrible himself, Jean-Paul Germain, wearing his signature jacket ($185) with wool gabardine trousers ($75), silk tie ($25), and shirt ($45). Germain's styles come in many colors. The shoes are Pierre Cardin by Smerling. Furniture settings, courtesy of Atelier International, New York.

For information on where to buy the merchandise shown, see page 165.



Photographs by James Moore

Opposite: a Continental favorite sure to be an American favorite this fall is this three-piece gray Donegal tweed suit ($160). (All Cerruti prices are approximate.) The striped cotton shirt is by Van Heusen. All men's pocket squares by Gino Pompeii; silk ties by Nik-Nik for Gino Pompeii. Her dress by Montenapolean. All gold jewelry by Finnish designer Bjorn Weckström for Lapponia. Inset left: the finely tailored leather jacket ($150) is shown dressed down with Cerruti's "Brass-on-the-Ass" jeans ($25). The knit bouclé sweater is by Paco Ribera for Cortefiel; the shirt by Van Heusen. Her harem fantasy by Valentino. Inset right: the distinctive Nino Cerruti (pictured) styles are shown best here with the three-piece wool gabardine/polyester suit ($165) and the double-breasted blazer suit of all-wool serge ($155). Accenting the blazer suit is a two-tone shirt by Gant.

Nino Cerruti

"I would say that generally men who have good taste dress first for themselves and then, of course, to please a woman."

Cerruti, the Milan- and Paris-based designer noted for dressing many European celebrities, from French President Giscard d'Estaing to Jean-Paul Belmondo to Sophia Loren, will now be dressing many Americans, too. Men in the United States will certainly be attracted to the strength of his collection—suitings and tailored sportswear styled for the American body via the Rue Royale collection by M. Wile and Company. Nino Cerruti's distinctly European-Italian influence is apparent in his vested, single-breasted suits and blazer suits in soft fabrics and dark colors. For contrast, color splashes through in such accessories as scarves, ties, and pocket handkerchiefs. "My clothes fit a style of life experienced by people who have an interest in culture, a respect for tradition, and the drive to go ahead; they realize to do so, they must know what they leave behind them," says Cerruti. *Penthouse* also feels that this line of clothing is for people who love life and want a soft and gentle look without appearing exaggeratedly aggressive.

IN PURSUIT OF PERFECTION

THE PORSCHE 924

BY FRED MACKERODT

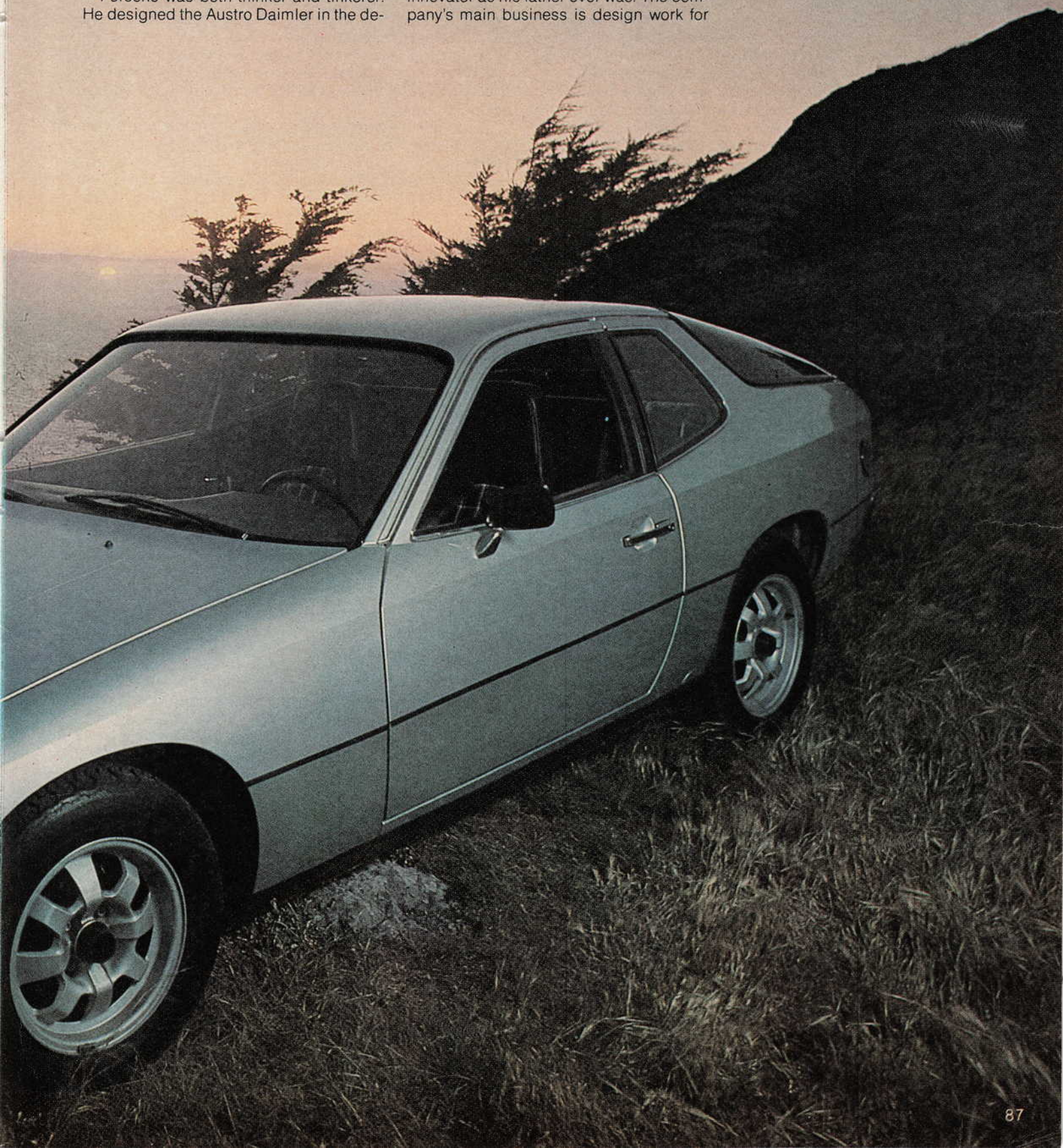
The Porsche 924 is supposed to be a radical departure for Porsche; and when it was introduced, it did shock many Porsche purists. Since 1948, when the first car to have a Porsche nameplate, the 356, rolled off the assembly line, the company has stuck to air-cooled, rear-engined cars. The 924 Porsche is a water-cooled, front-engined car with a rear transaxle. Naturally, at first glance this seems a radical break from tradition in design and engineering.

But it is really not that radical when you

consider the history of the Porsche firm and the Porsche family. Ferdinand Porsche (the elder scion) designed all types of cars beginning with one which had a gasoline engine that powered a dynamo; this, in turn, powered electric motors in the wheels. (Now that's *radical*!) This was at the turn of the century, and Porsche's design is still being used in some rather gigantic earthmovers.

Porsche was both thinker and tinkerer. He designed the Austro Daimler in the decade after 1910, the Mercedes SSK in the twenties, and the famous Auto Union Grand Prix car in the thirties. He also designed the car that later evolved into the Volkswagen Beetle.

Today, the Porsche family still owns the company, and the firm—still headed by thinkers and tinkerers—is directed by Ferry Porsche, the son of the founder. The younger Porsche is probably as much an innovator as his father ever was. The company's main business is design work for



> Unlike the hybrid 914, this spanking new Porsche is the genuine article.

other auto companies, the engineering of military vehicles, aeronautical work, and metallurgical studies. There are even wrist watches bearing the name of Porsche.

So the main business of Porsche AG is designing things that work; and when it comes to the automobile, it fulfills this function to perfection. This owes in large measure to the fact that the company is composed of perfectionists, and it is in the manufacturing end of the automobile business that it excels.

And the 924 does *work*. It will replace the mid-engined 914 in Porsche dealers' showrooms, but it will not be a successor to the 914. The reason is that the 914, introduced in 1970 and discontinued late last year, was never really a Porsche in the first place: it was designed by Porsche for Volkswagen and manufactured by Volkswagen. Which is not to say that Volkswagen manufactures inferior products. That company puts out some of the best cars on the road today, with the most advanced designs, excellent quality control, and certainly one of the finest dealer networks. But the 914 just wasn't a Porsche. Although it went under the name "Porsche" in this country, it was sold in other parts of the world for what it really was, a "VW-Porsche."

It's not that the 914 was a bad car, by any means. It was actually a very good car, with advanced mid-engine design and superb handling. But it never really was a Porsche. In 1969 a separate marketing company was formed which was called VW-Porsche VG. The 914 was produced during the honeymoon of this marriage. And the revolutionary 924 design was begun at the same time—not even an auto-maker likes an only child.

The 924 was to be a much more practical car than the 914 model. It was to have more passenger space and more trunk space than the 914 had. It had to have a water-cooled engine for a number of reasons. The main one was that with an air-cooled engine, it is much harder to modulate exhaust emissions—and exhaust emissions are very important to a company like Porsche, which sells 50 percent of its cars in the United States.

The second reason for the water cooling is that some countries are considering noise regulations for engines, and a water-cooled engine is much quieter because of the muffling effect of the water jacketing and that coolant itself.

The third reason is that as you get up into the 2000 cc displacement bracket, it becomes prohibitively expensive to build a high-performance, air-cooled engine.

Another item in the design plan for the 924 was that in order to keep the cost down, it would have to use as many readily available components as possible. Porsche had learned a lesson with the 914. Because of the strengthening of the Deutsche mark, the weakening of the dollar, and inflation in general, the 914—which had originally started out as a $3,499 automobile in 1969—was selling for $7,250 when production stopped in 1975.

And the experience of the Datsun 240-260-280Z in this country was not lost on Porsche. With a conventional layout of front-engine, rear-drive, the Datsun Z cars are selling at well over 50,000 per year in the United States, while the best year for the mid-engine 914 was 18,000. So it was determined that the 924 would be a front-engine, rear-drive design.

Also, the mid-engine 914 did not, for some reason, appeal to women. It sold mostly to young American men. Porsche wanted to have a car that would appeal to both young men and women, one that would have more "contemporary styling" than the 914 had. Porsche hopes that women will be attracted to the wedge-shaped design and that they will constitute 15 to 20 percent of the 924 buyers.

As frequently happens these days, the marriage between VW and Porsche went sour, and the marketing company was dissolved in 1974. But Porsche eventually arrived at an agreement with VW. It bought the design back and agreed to have the car built by VW's Audi-NSU plant in Neckarsulm, West Germany—under the strict control of the Porsche engineering and quality-control departments. The identification plate on each 924 will read "Manufactured by Porsche AG," and that's the important part of this whole story. The Porsche 924 is a genuine Porsche.

The amazing part of the 924 is that although the running gear is for the most part a combination of Audi and VW components, together they work like a Porsche. When it is pointed out to the Porsche factory people how many "foreign" parts there are in the 924, they merely point to the first Porsche, the 356, which was made partly out of available VW components in 1948.

The engine in the 924 is a new design from the Audi family. It is a four-cylinder, 1,988 cc, single-overhead-cam unit that develops 95 horsepower at 5,500 rpm. It has been especially modified for the 924 and includes Bosch CIS fuel injection; but this basic engine will also be used farther on down the road in the new Audi 120 series, in a VW transporter, and in some American Motors and Chrysler cars. In the 924 it is slanted 40 degrees to clear the low hood and to provide better access to components.

The driveline is a unique setup. Transaxles have been used on such cars as the Pontiac Tempest of the early sixties, some Ferraris, and the current Alfa-Romeo Alfetta. But the Porsche setup is different. The transmission is mounted slightly aft of the rear axle line. The clutch is mounted on the engine, with the drive going back through a one-inch shaft mounted in a tube and running in four heavy-duty bearings. The tube bolts to the engine and the transaxle, making for one solid unit. The shift linkage also mounts on this tube, along with the muffler system. The transaxle housing is big enough to take a torque converter, which will be necessary when the automatic transmission option is introduced, as Porsche projects, early next year.

The reason for the transaxle arrangement is the nearly perfect 48/52 weight distribution that it produces. Aimed more at the average driver than the 911 is, the 924 is designed to have forgiving, steady handling—and it does. The handling of the car is legendary, but it isn't at all forgiving. You can get into quite a bit of trouble very easily with the rear-engined 911 if

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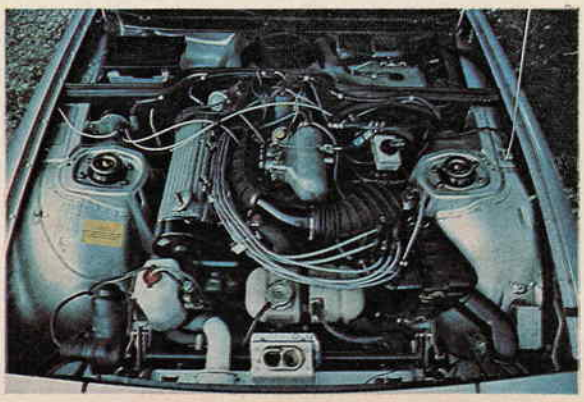

Photographs by Earl Miller

Come to where the flavor is. Marlboro Country.

**Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

WATERGATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

safe contained political blackmail material. Police Chief Hale, Churchill's successor, brought in a former Secret Service agent to investigate the incident, a decision which suggests that he may have felt the matter to be too explosive politically to be left to his department. Today, since disclosure of the contents of the safe and of the identities of those behind the break-in seems guaranteed to be politically embarrassing to both Democrats and Republicans, the case is probably doomed to oblivion.

Political investigations represented only a part of International Investigators' business, and, in terms of the company's income, it was only a small part. Conventional or non-political private sleuthing paid better, especially when the firm used the same "direct approach" it employed in political matters. In 1972, for example, International was hired by the chancellor of Indiana Northern University, which was then under investigation by the Indiana Private School Accrediting Commission on suspicion of being a so-called diploma mill. A former International detective says he and another employee of the firm broke into the commission's offices (without their client's knowledge) in the Indiana State House and removed, copied, and returned the commission's files on Indiana Northern. The university paid several thousand dollars to International to conduct the investigation.

In addition to its sleuthing services, International Investigators also offered its clients a complete line of electronic surveillance equipment for do-it-yourself investigative work. The bugs and other devices were constructed by Melvin Freeman, a former television repairman who has been described as an "electronic genius." Freeman, a close friend of both Wilcox and Nick Longworth, is at least a very talented tinkerer who can fashion, in a matter of hours, a listening device from readily available electronic components. Why Wilcox chose these homemade bugs over the more professional products of Bell and Howell, Audio Intelligence Devices, or Martin L. Kaiser, Inc., seems obvious. The 1968 Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act outlaws even the possession of such equipment by anyone other than those official agencies permitted by court order to eavesdrop. In Indiana, where even the police are forbidden under any circumstances to bug or wiretap, it would be impossible for Wilcox to order the equipment from established suppliers.

Freeman's tinkering ran him afoul of the law on several occasions. In 1972 he was convicted of conspiracy to steal equipment from the telephone company in order to build "blue boxes," those contraband devices that are used to cheat the phone company on long-distance calls. Two years later he was convicted of using a "blue box" and received a three-year sentence. Freeman, whose bugs were planted in the offices of Senator Hartke and his aides during the 1970 campaign, invoked the Fifth Amendment when he was called before the grand jury investigating International's dirty-tricks operations.

The downfall of C. Timothy Wilcox, like that of Richard Nixon, was precipitated by some embarrassing tapes. Last year, investigators discovered a collection of reels locked in a storage room at Indianapolis Police Headquarters. On listening to the tapes, the investigators discovered that they were the product of the illegal wiretapping and bugging of the suspected police lieutenant carried out by Wilcox on behalf of Chief Churchill in 1971. Some of the reels bore labels indicating they were the property of International Investigators, Inc.

"You wouldn't believe how political philosophies change," a detective said, "when you show someone a photo of himself in bed with the wrong person."

The matter was turned over to a strike force from the Marion County prosecutor's office, which began questioning some former employees of International. At the same time, the Pulitzer Prize–winning investigative team from the *Indianapolis Star* got wind of the probe and began digging in parallel with the strike force. At first the reporters and investigator focused on the affair of the cop and the madam. But as the former detectives began to talk freely, in exchange for immunity from prosecution, the story of International's dirty-tricks program began to unfold.

As the investigation progressed, Wilcox launched a counterattack. While interviewing a former International employee at his apartment, two strike force investigators discovered a tape recorder concealed in a wastebasket. Outside the house, they found Wilcox slouched down behind the wheel of a parked automobile, carrying a pair of high-powered binoculars and a variety of bugging equipment. The strike force also discovered that Wilcox had begun to compile dossiers on several of its members as well as on a reporter from the *Indianapolis Star*'s investigative unit. Wilcox may have found some comfort in going through the motions of turning the tables on the investigators, but he was whistling in the dark. The grand jury indicted him on several counts of burglary, conspiracy, and illegal eavesdropping.

Also indicted was Wilcox's friend and political crony, Nick Longworth. Long gone from Indianapolis, he had been working in Washington, D.C. In 1973 his service to the campaign of Indiana Governor Bowen was rewarded when the governor appointed Longworth co-director of the state's Washington, D.C., liaison office. Later, when President Nixon appointed former Representative Roudebush as director of the Veteran's Administration, Roudebush hired his former campaign coordinator to serve as his administrative assistant. Informed by the *Indianapolis Star* that Longworth had been indicted for taking part in the break-ins and dirty tricks carried out during his 1970 campaign against Senator Hartke, Roudebush said, "It is appalling to me to hear these things, because I don't really believe they are true. I think the whole thing is somebody's imagination. It sounds like Watergate to me."

Before long it began to sound very much like Watergate. The strike force investigators discovered that the fruits of the anti-Hartke operation—checkbooks and memoranda stolen during the break-ins and tape recordings of the bugged conversations—had been turned over to senior officials of the Department of Justice immediately after the burglaries. There were strong indications that the Justice Department had covered up the affair.

In October 1970 two International agents went to Washington and personally delivered the anti-Hartke materials to Gary Baise, a senior administrative official in the Department of Justice. Baise now recalls that the materials "appeared to be part of a political vendetta" and decided not to act on them. Apparently, he did not feel the materials were clear evidence that Hartke had been party to a felony; otherwise, he would have had no choice but to turn them over to others in the Justice Department as grounds for prosecution.

Nevertheless, the stolen documents and bugged conversations were clear evidence that the International detectives who had obtained them had committed a string of felonies, including breaking of federal laws against electronic eavesdropping. Today Baise feels that he didn't examine the materials closely enough at the time to realize how they had been obtained, and he claims he doesn't even remember who gave them to him. When Baise consulted his appointment calendar for 1970, he discovered a mysterious gap: a missing page which covered the two-

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DAWN

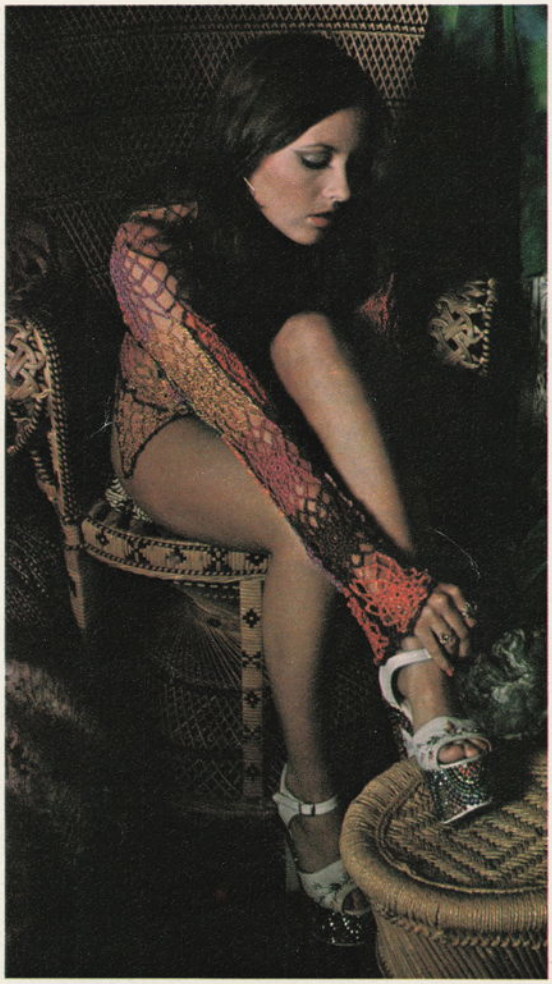
"I love dressing up in antique lace. The only thing better is finding a good reason to take it off."

I crave any sensation that makes me tingle.... It can be a voice, the touch of gentle fingers, the sensation of warm oil spreading on my breasts.

AN EARTHY MAID WHO SHINES AT DUSK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"I consider myself a complete American," says September's Pet, Dawn Shaw. "My father was a culture freak for the U.S. Information Service, and we lived all over the world." Given her twenty-two years of U.S.I.S. educational orientation and a physical presence of somewhat more palpable proportions (38-24-36), Dawn appears to embody all the basic qualities that have caused American women to be among the most desirable and liberated in the world. Born on the cusp between Libra and Scorpio, in Chicago, September's peripatetic pet soon found herself moving from city to city and from country to country. But home is where the heart is, and Dawn's heart is irresistibly rooted in her native soil. "I love the mountains of California," she says, "because I'm an earth woman. I'm into earth colors and musky perfumes. I love the heavenly feeling of dressing up in antique lace. The only thing better is finding a good reason to take it off."



Paradoxically, Dawn begins to shine only after the sun has gone down. As she clarifies it, "I'm really a night person and adore making love in the evening. I prepare myself by taking a hot bath with candles and incense. And as I lie there soaking in velvet shadows, my body becoming softer and smoother, I like to fantasize—about how I want my man to caress me and take me . . . and *vice versa,* of course."

"On the other hand, I'm not promiscuous. If I have a lover, he's a special man. I prefer maintaining one relationship at a time, really getting into the guy's head and discovering his body. That way we can be as sexually open and uninhibited with each other as possible. Such a relationship is much more rewarding to me than having to juggle several different bodies and personalities at once. And it's more satisfying, too—in *every* way."

But having one good man at a time doesn't mean that Dawn's personality lacks an adventuresome side. Dawn boldly admits: "I like making love in unusual places. Once I tried it in a hammock, and what took place was both hot and hilarious. In fact, we both were laughing so much we tumbled right out onto the lawn. But we weren't laughing so hard that we didn't finish what we'd started. New places always put a little spice into sex."

And shapely, blue-eyed Miss Shaw adds a liberal dash of spice to her sexual fantasies as well. "I've often wondered what it would be like to be bisexual. I really like looking at beautiful breasts and a nicely developed ass on a lovely woman. And the idea of that kind of love excites me, I have to admit. But still, fulfilling your fantasies isn't the most important thing in life. I'm looking for something deeper—something that comes from me alone, something that can make me become a totally sensuous woman. The ability to perceive intensely is one of life's great gifts—perhaps the most treasured. I crave any sensation that makes me tingle and feel happy in my whole self. It can be a voice, the touch of gentle fingers, the sensation of warm oil spreading on my breasts. But whatever it is, if it makes me purr, it's all right with me."

One look at this dazzling Dawn, and no man could deny that she would be the ideal companion for that really purr-fect evening.

Wardrobe by Masako Takahasi and Sharon Crystal, Los Angeles/
Jewelry by The Unusual Jewelry, Los Angeles/Hairstyles by Peter Vargo, Los Angeles.

MISS DAWN SHAW/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

A problem faced by almost every Vietnam veteran has been the need to make some personal sense out of his wartime experience and to communicate that understanding to loved ones and friends. Because the war was such a highly particularized, encapsulated event for each man, such sorting-out has been a difficult, and for many a painful, experience. Some veterans have found it impossible to reconcile for themselves the war as seen on TV with the war that they saw at first hand. As a result, many Vietnam veterans have become withdrawn about their experiences, have appeared to be "alienated," and, by their silence, have signaled their intention to forget. These reactions, in turn, have pushed the war out of the stream of public consciousness and have made solutions to the veterans' other problems, such as jobs, education, and psychological rehabilitation, much more difficult. Thus the growing cynicism.

It's a truism of this election—and Bicentennial—year that none of the prominent presidential candidates wants to discuss the Vietnam War, much less the problems of the men who fought it. In spite of our politicians' aphasia on this point during the electoral season, the issues won't go away. Today, some explanation of the war's personal meaning—or meanings—is finally emerging, thanks to the efforts of numerous Vietnam veterans who have taken pen in hand to address themselves to this complex, most difficult task.

> A battalion of gifted young writers is emerging from the Vietnam War years. Their efforts signal an honest attempt to find truth and meaning in the anguish of that period.

Penthouse believes that the appearance of Vietnam veterans on the contemporary literary scene is of more than passing consequence. These young men, like Michener, Mailer, Jones, and others who emerged as major literary voices in the wake of World War II, are grappling with the personal meaning of their war in order to make it understandable. They have much to say, to veteran and non-veteran alike.

One such author is Bryan Alec Floyd. His *The Long War Dead* (Avon, $1.50), subtitled "An Epiphany, 1st Platoon USMC," says more about the Vietnam War and the feelings of those who fought it than any of the many political tomes registering after-the-fact opposition to the war.

Floyd, who served as a corporal with the marines in Vietnam from 1966 to 1968, has chosen the medium of verse to articulate his thoughts. More than a book of "war" poems, *The Long War Dead* is a compelling work of relevance to all Americans, of significance to all human beings. It re-creates the Vietnam experience through Floyd's perspectives on the individual members of a U.S. Marine infantry platoon. Forty-seven men, forty-seven poems, each a crystal of courage or tragedy, a moment in combat, a microcosm of the American experience. Floyd deals with the agony of the war in a way that expresses the suffering, wounding, dying on both sides. We feel, too, the wounds of a restive but remote America.

The visions conjured up by each poem were not part of the American public's TV version of the war, evoking rather the torturous, day-to-day reality of Vietnam. For example, there is an ode to Private Ian Godwin, USMC, which begins: "He stepped on a land mine,/falling up instead of down./Afterward he lay still, listening/to his feet get up without him/and slowly walk away. . . ." Or is it America walking away?

And another, dedicated to Cpl. Curt Meadows, USMC: "In the warp of military time,/his father got his son's last letter/after he had received official word of his son's death./His son's letter read:/'And there will be old memories/made alive and young/of the dying and the dead/the living have no right to forget. . . .'" And yet they do.

Sobering as Floyd's poems are, they merit the attention of Americans one and all. *The Long War Dead* exposes us to the acute sensibilities of a veteran sorting out his own thoughts. It is a firsthand perception of a drama that too many of us, despite its raw recency, have understood only at second hand. It reminds us that the Vietnam veterans' problems are those of our own souls—and of American history for centuries to come.

Vietnam veteran Lloyd Little, who comes from Frog Level, N.C.—a former Green Beret who was in the army from 1962 to 1965 and served in Vietnam from September 1964 through November 1965—provides another view of the war in his novel, *Parthian Shot* (Viking, $8.95). The book deals with the problems of a small American military unit in the Mekong Delta which has lost contact with its commanders, and relates how the GIs learn to get along with the Vietnamese people. According to Little, the novel is an attempt "to show people with real problems, silly problems—to show the common, human element among people, even in those bizarre circumstances." Although Vietnam is not a humorous subject, Little has been able to convey the sense of absurdity that was as much a part of the war as the grim reality of combat. It is significant, we think, that Little received the first Ernest Hemingway Foundation award of

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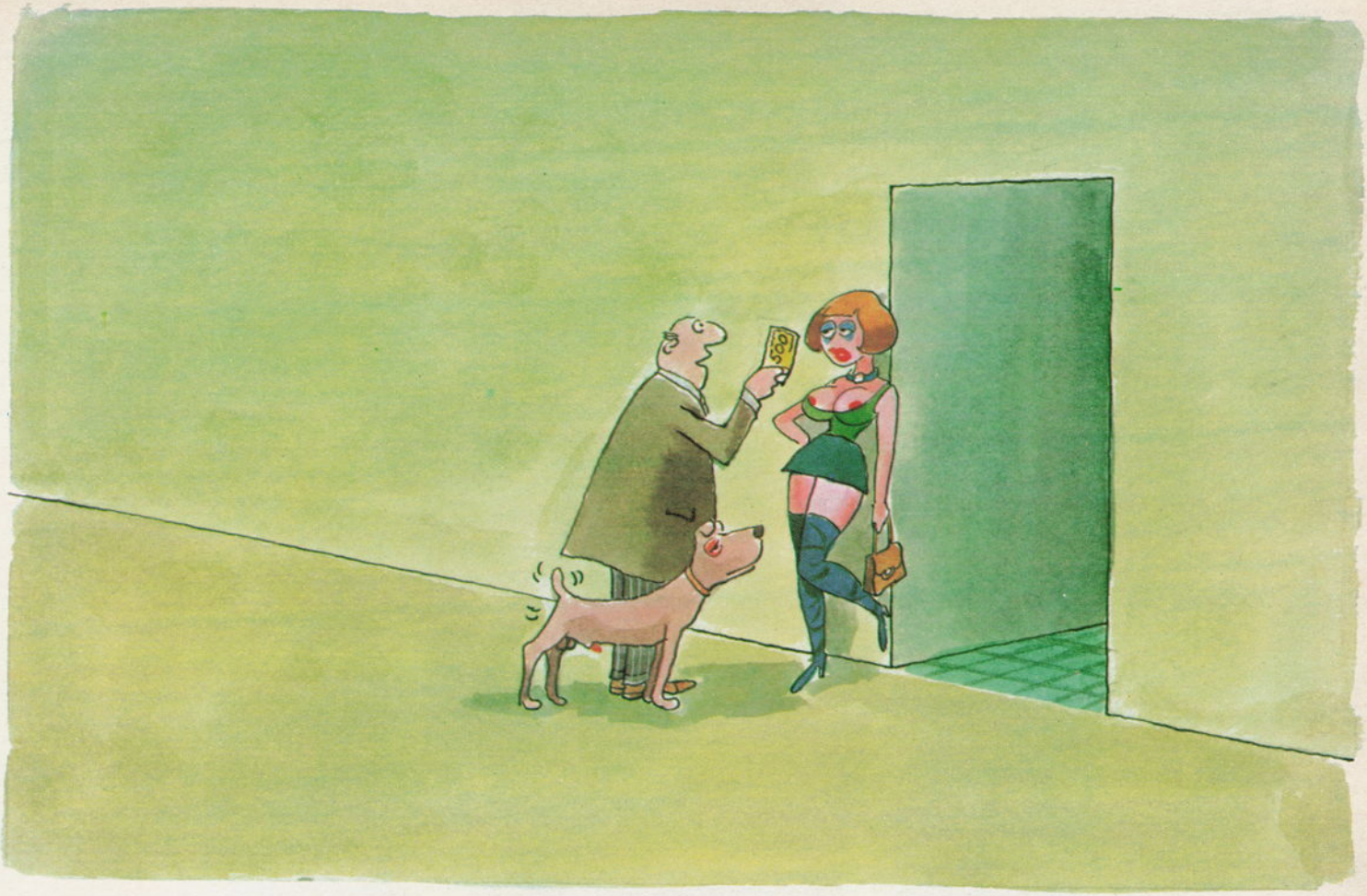
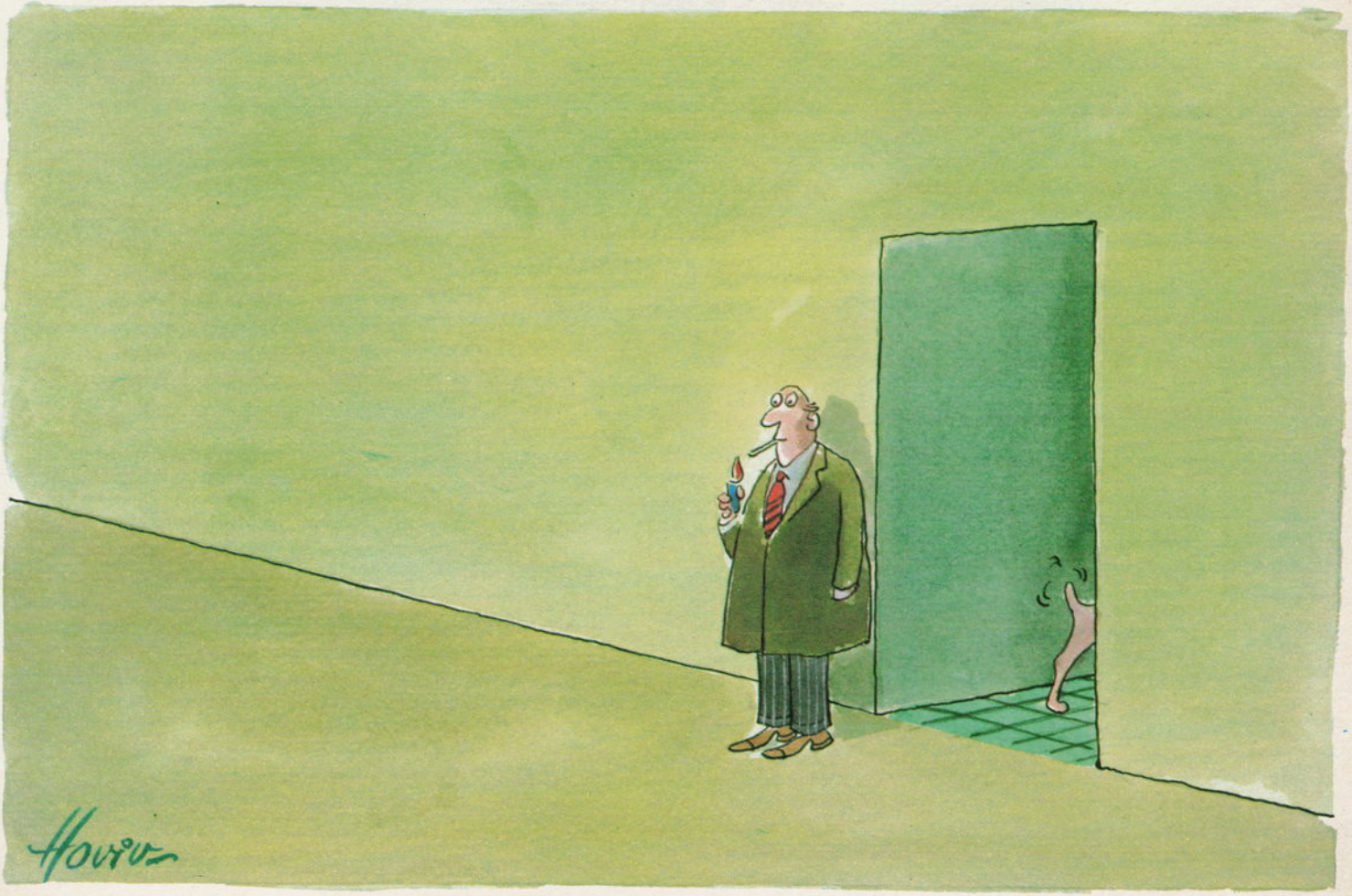




DRAWSON

Innocence Abroad

Is the New Virginity coming?

What happens when you've experienced everything? Is there anything left after you've performed trisexual acts of sadomasochism with your youngest sister and her pet Labrador retriever? Probably not. But wait! There are rumored signs of one truly original sexual style that may well be the most surprising new fashion to hit the market—*ever!*

Are you ready for the New Virginity?

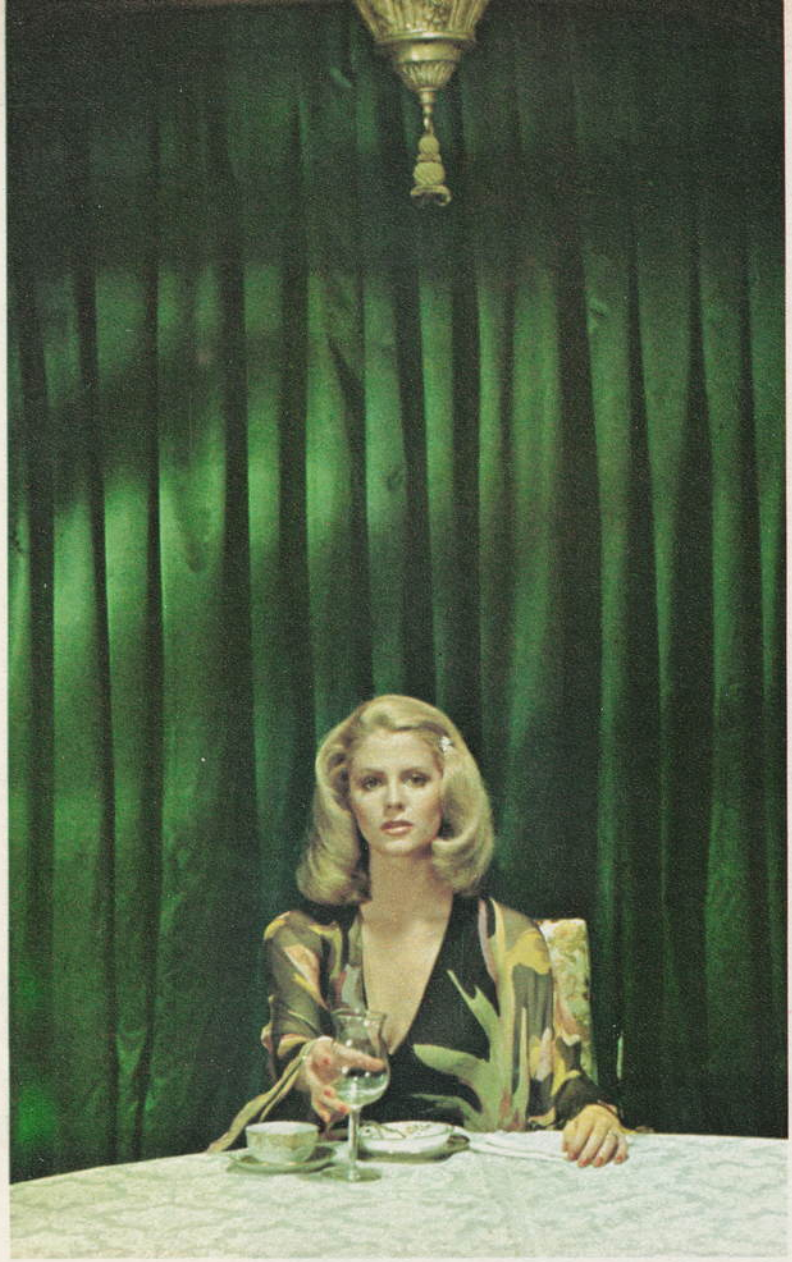
Yes! Virginity is back, bigger and better than ever before. Now, don't be put off by what you may have read or heard. And don't be discouraged by unhappy experiences you may have had with this stage of inexperience when you were young and naive. Like all things sexual, virginity is a matter of taste and acquired appreciation. Sure, your first reaction may be, "Well, it's too late for me anyway. I'm set in my ways." Not so. The Big Vee is no longer that much-maligned, misunderstood perversion of little children and psychosexually maladjusted adults. It's no longer the exclusive province of religious zealots and freaks. Words like *abstinence, innocence, virginity, maidenhood, celibacy, chastity,* and *purity* need no longer evoke images of your fifteenth birthday, acne, Doris Day covered with measles in *That Touch of Mink,* double standards, the cock-teasing all-American girl-next-door, or nuns with their Baltimore catechisms. Now anyone can enjoy virginity, indulging an urge for purity to the hilt without shame or self-rebuke, thanks to new techniques, technology, and conceptual breakthroughs. Yes, virginity is coming, and the state of innocence is here to stay!

The funny thing is that the whole craze has caught most of the country with its pants down. Already in avant-garde taste-making circles—and in some surprising other places—virginity is the sudden rage. For example, while Betty Ford was titillating the country with suggestions that her daughter would be getting it on a regular basis soon enough, few paid attention to Susan Ford's own rebellious rejoinder. With a knowing twinkle in her eye, Susan Ford reported that she had "nothing to report." If she looked

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

By Peter Tauber

In this film, fantasy outstrips reality at every turn. On this page (top left) the French Maid prepares a bath for the aging transvestite (top right), a demon has it off with Catherine (bottom left), the demon tries it again with Catherine, and (bottom right) the French Maid offers an open invitation to all. Meanwhile, Catherine (facing page left) is quite bored at her dinner party. But later an unusual feast (all three insets right) is taking place where the main course seems to be the guests themselves.



THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Just root about, lady, in Catherine's lap!
Till the orgy's over, we've time for a nap.
Yes, when the grope's over, we'll go off and ball—
Drag queen, leather queen, Catherine, and all.

—with apologies to Lewis Carroll

Is the $2 billion-a-year pornography industry suffering from lurid overexposure? One *could* look at it that way. Are Americans becoming less and less willing to cough up their five bucks a head to see anonymous organs and orifices in all of their surgical clarity wrestle on the silvery screen? That's a hard question to pin down. Is America's once-splendid amour with such superstars as Harry Reems and Linda Lovelace turning into a sordid back-street affair? That might be telling. Nevertheless, Jonas Middleton, a young producer who earned his bat-wings by working in a porno film factory during the early seventies, is betting a quarter of a million dollars

that sleaze is out and style is in when it comes to the old in-and-out. "Less ass and more class," seems to be the much-vaunted *modus operandi* behind Middleton's new hard-core opus *Through the Looking Glass*—whose stilled reflections are strewn among these selfsame pages. And no matter how you look at them, you must agree that this film is one giant step for a fledgling porn czar and one more twinkle-toe step for sexual obsession in the cinema.

In the same way that *Deep Throat* seared the sensual soul of the sixties, Middleton's trendy-deco *Through the Looking Glass* reflects the inarticulate frenzy of the mid-seventies. On the surface—and there are plenty of devilishly interesting surfaces in *Looking Glass*—the film is about the erotic fantasies of a bored, young hyperthyroid heiress (Catherine) who's going to seed in Middle America and now gets her kicks in a mirror. It is a bit vicarious perhaps but a gambit

A work of art with kinky sex served up in steaming doses.

with many openings to exploit. "What *Through the Looking Glass* really is," claims Middleton, "is an insane film about an insane woman. I did it because I liked the story. Most of it takes place in her mind—stripping bare her fantasies, sins, obsessions, as well as her body, which isn't bad, I might add. As you get deeper and deeper into Catherine's fantasies, they become more and more grotesque. Soon you begin to wonder whether she'll ever be able to live a normal life in Middle America or simply drown in a sea of crazed libidos. That's where the suspense comes in." Suspense? Could it be that Middleton is striving to become a hard-core Hitchcock? Not precisely. As he puts it with genuine candor, "We're hoping to make a lot of money on this film. After all, it cost $250,000, which is a hell of a lot more than a film like this should cost." Just the same, there is a generous admixture of Fellini, Antonioni, Peckinpah, and Cohen laced throughout the footage. And

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

In the sequence on the facing page, top, Catherine's reflection takes on flesh and begins to meditate upon the erotic possibilities implicit in her form. Of course, there are always women waiting to exploit erotic possibilities, and that is precisely what the two pictured at left are doing. Obviously, they're more than good friends, although the same could not be said about the two partially clad damsels to the right. Oh well, at least their shoes are the proper attire.

THE MISOGAMIST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

morning before the wedding she was heartbroken and humiliated (already thinking of the phone calls she would have to make) but not absolutely surprised. She did not phone the Recruit Depot. That night her father got quietly drunk and finally said: "I should have put a shotgun to his butt eight years ago and marched him down to the church." Sheila moved to the sofa, sat beside him, and held his hand to shut him up; she told him that she was all right, that it was better to learn this about Roy now than find it out later when they were married and maybe even had children. Though she was afraid her father would start to mutter about seduction and damaged goods, she also felt loved because he knew, and she wished that things were different between them and that she could take him out on the porch, away from her mother, and ask him how, all those years, from the very beginning, he had known. She promised herself that someday when she was older (and at this moment she knew she would leave Marshall soon and would, yes, marry) she would take him aside, out in her backyard in Houston or Dallas (yes, it would have to be a city now, after this), and she would ask him how he had known. But she never did.

Yet out of that promise to herself came the vision of her future. A month later she moved to Houston and got a job as a dentist's receptionist. The dentist was single and was soon dating her. He was forty-two years old; she found that interesting but little more. At one of his parties, she met a geologist who had just returned to his job with an oil company after flying Corsairs from an aircraft carrier; his left arm was gone. When they first made love and the stump moved about her right breast and shoulder, she remembered Roy's arm: both arms on the earth in the woods. And sometimes she felt that the spirit of the arm extended from the stump and held her. When she told him, he said he could feel it, too. Lying with him at night, she listened to his war stories; a year later they drove to Marshall and got married.

On the night before Roy was supposed to pick up his leave papers and catch the train, he could not have predicted any of this. A half-dozen sergeants took him out in San Diego. When they got drunk, one of them joked about getting Roy laid. Roy blinked at him and was suddenly, drunkenly, depressed. He had forgotten why they were drinking. He had not forgotten the facts: that he was going on leave tomorrow, that he was going to Marshall, going to marry Sheila. But he had forgotten her presence. She seemed as far away as she had when he was younger, before the war.

"Cheer up," the friend who had suggested a whorehouse said. The others looked at Roy and immediately stopped talking.

"The troops," Roy said. "You've got to train the fucking troops."

Someone nodded, motioned to the waitress, ordered Roy a shot. Roy didn't want it but said nothing; then he did want it, waited with anticipation for it, felt his drunkenness taking him somewhere, somewhere he had been, somewhere he was going.

"You got to kick ass. At the Canal we weren't ready. Fucking Japs were ready."

"Peleliu," someone murmured, and Roy's shot came.

"We learned from them. We weren't ready at all."

He held the shot glass, looked at it; then he gulped it dry, seeing—as clearly as he had the moment it happened—the death of Lieutenant DiMeo walking into the jungle on Guadalcanal when they were still learning about the Japanese and camouflage. When DiMeo was ten feet from an anti-tank gun, looking directly at the brush that concealed it, the Japs fired and took his head off. Roy saw himself on his belly firing into the brush, through the image of the blood spurting out of DiMeo while his body twitched and seemed to try to speak; from that moment on he had been certain he would not leave Guadalcanal. When they did leave the island four months later, he led the platoon up the landing net, onto the ship. At the top he looked down: the troops were spread beneath him; most were not halfway up the net; several stopped to rest after each climbing step. He climbed onto the deck and looked down at their helmets and the gear on their backs and their toiling arms and legs. He had not known until then how tired they were; then he realized they hadn't known either. "We were ready in here," he said, pointing to his heart. "Not here." He pointed to his head. "We had to learn. When I write to—" He paused, waited, a moment's blank in his mind, the moment seeming to him longer, fearfully longer, until her name floated up to him out of some region of need for women, needs satisfied and needs not satisfied— "Sheila," he said. "When I write to her, all I can write about is the troops. It's all I know." He looked around at the six faces. "It's all I fucking want to know. She answers the letters. She says I'm glad your men are learning. But it's all I write to her about: the fucking troops. You know what I mean?"

He looked at the friend who wanted to go to a whorehouse.

"No," the friend said.

"I mean I love the fucking troops. You got to train them. You got to put it in here—," again he touched his breast—"and it gets there through the ass end. That's all I write to her about. The fucking corps. All I want to do is train troops and kick their ass and go out and drink with my goddamn friends. I don't want a goddamn house full of gear. I don't want to go home to that shit. If a man—," he picked up his empty shot glass, looked in it; someone ordered him another "—if a man could have his goddamn quarters on the base, with his bunk and his gear squared away, and go home to his woman—" He stopped again: the word *woman* drove Sheila's name from his mind, replaced the image of her in a San Diego kitchen with no image at all but merely with a nebulous and designated emotion; he glimpsed the concrete details of his life as male and military, uniforms and gear and troops, and his needs for a woman had no surrounding details at all; they all ended in something abstract. He could not see himself in a house with one of them, could not see himself taking all but his noon meals with one of them, and could not imagine what he would do with one of them on the ordinary Saturdays and the old useless Sundays: he saw the two of them smoking cigarettes and listening to the radio, and the woman he saw was not Sheila, but a face vague as the far background of a newspaper photograph.

"Fuck it," he said.

His curse was decisive. And he kept himself from feeling Sheila's pain by making her generic, placing her with all the good women who had no real part in his life, so that it wasn't Sheila he was rejecting but cohabitation, and in this brief and cathartic vision he was able to feel guiltless and purposeful as a monk choosing prayers and a cell. Yet he wasn't happy either. He felt despair at his limitations, and he raised his glass in an unspoken toast to the grave forecast of loneliness and repeated his curse.

And it followed him through the years, the years that began next morning when he reported in uniform to the burly first sergeant who had Roy's leave papers waiting, along with a speech about women and marriage. Roy told him that he was not going on leave, that he was not getting married, and that he wanted a platoon of recruits as soon as the next shitload of them came in. The first sergeant glared at him; he did not like to show surprise, but he knew it was in his face, so he exaggerated it, made it look as if it wasn't surprise at all.

"What manner of coo-coo juice were you drinking last night, Hodges?"

"Most of San Diego."

"And who called off this altar-fuck?"

"I did."

The first sergeant leaned back.

"Sergeant Hodges, there are two holes a man doesn't want to get into. One of them he can't stay out of unless he's buried at sea, cremated, or set upon by a tribe of bone-licking cannibals. The other is the hole between the legs of a woman who's wearing the fuck-ring. Unless it has been placed on her finger by some other dumb son of a bitch who figured in order to fuck selfsame lady he had to get a job and buy a house to do it in. I've had many adventures in the fuck-houses of others. You are a fortunate man: when you were seagoing, I'm sure you heard many tales of woe from sailors who were unable to forgive the trespassers who entered their fuck-houses while the ship was out to sea. So I'm sure you have learned that the best duty in the Marine Corps is with the infantry, and the second best is to serve at a barracks on a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

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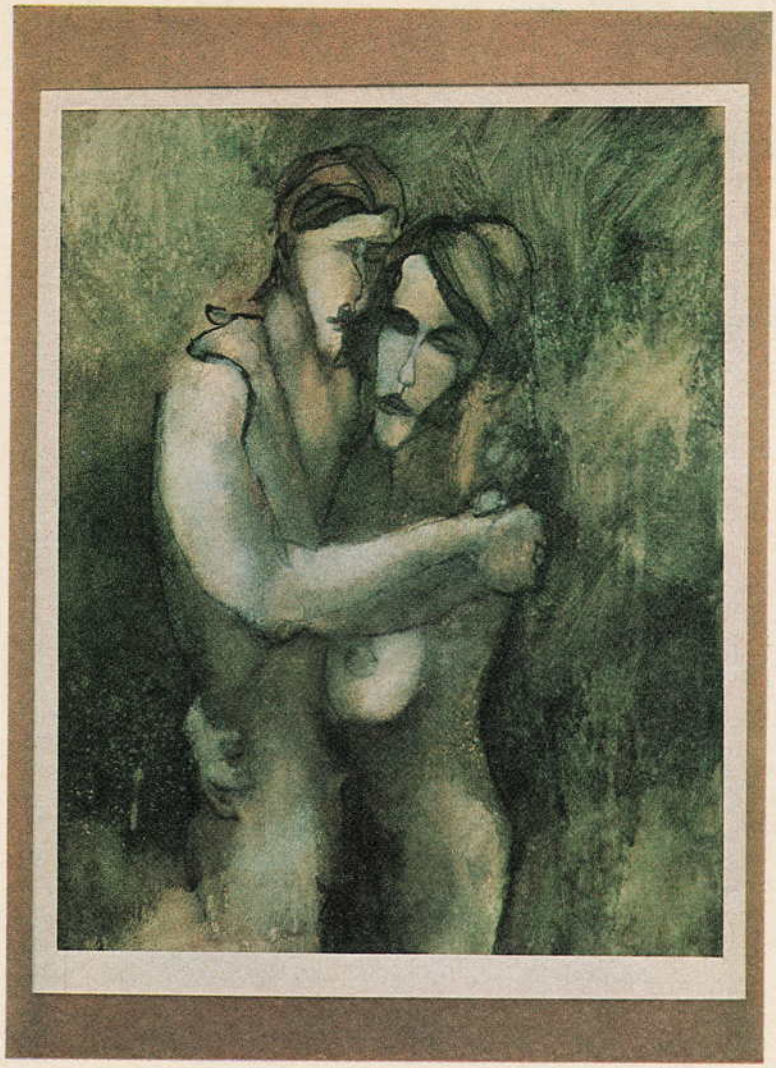

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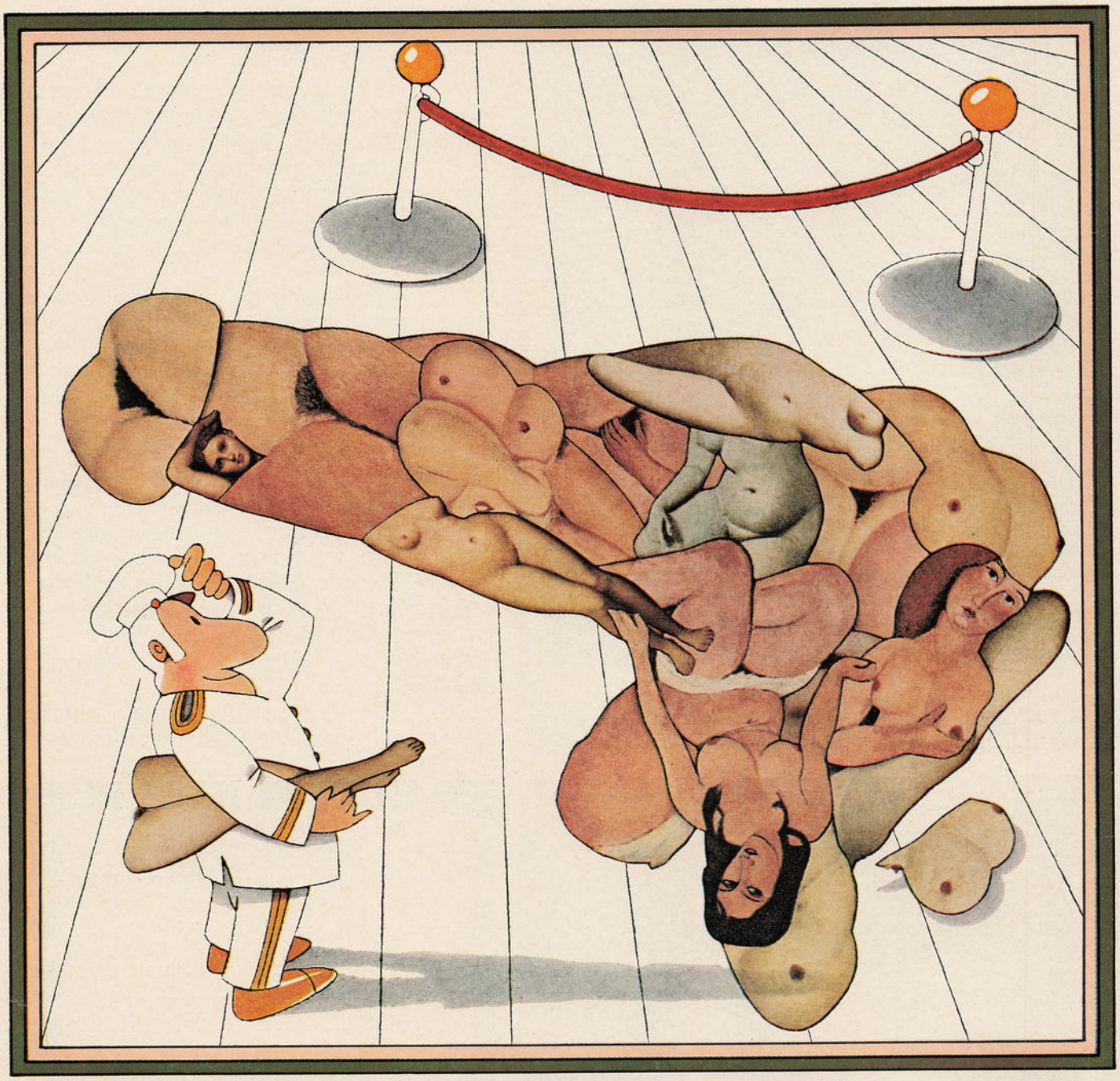
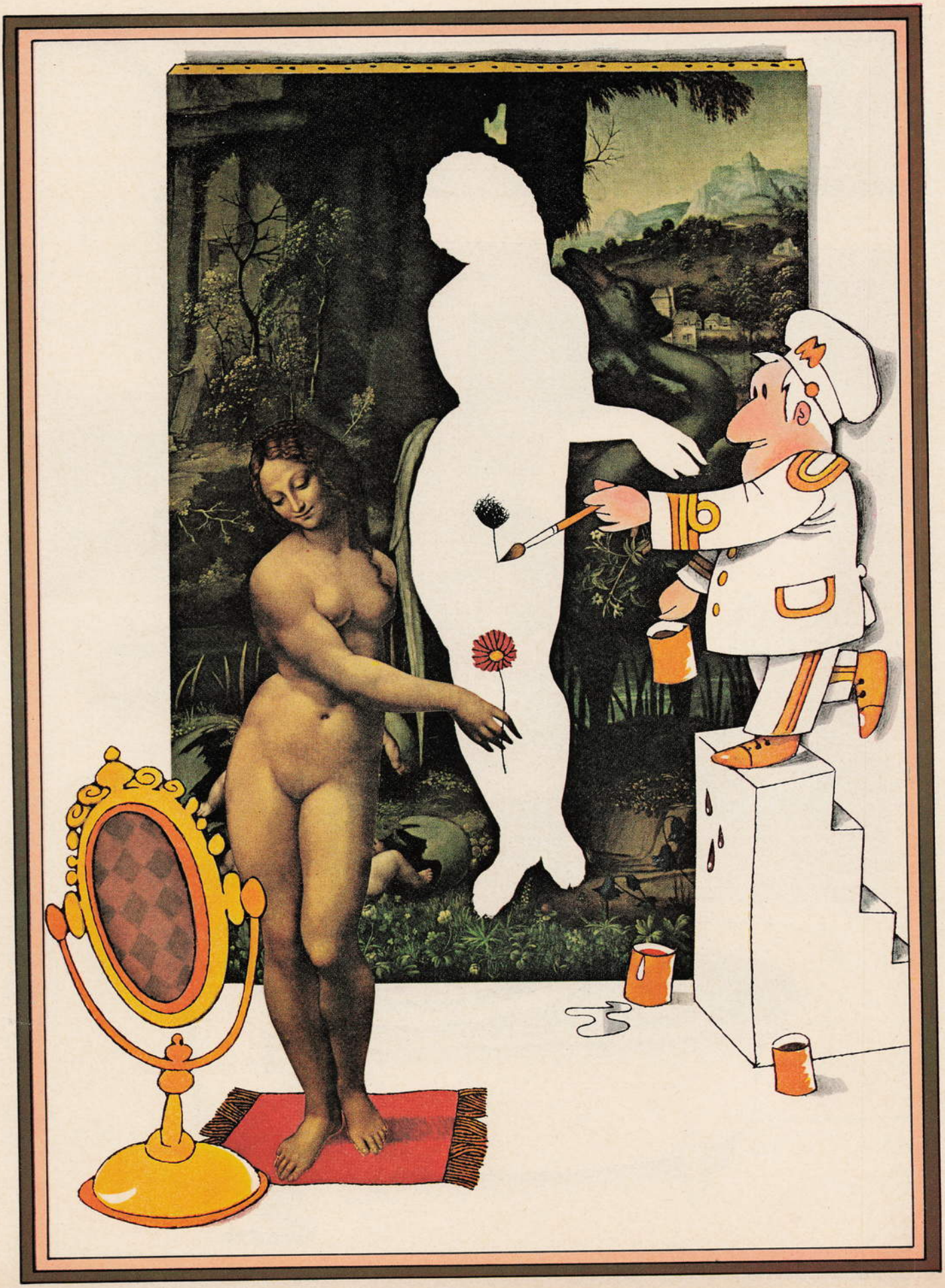


BY VLADIMER FUKA

Czech artist Vladimer Fuka is cutting up again at *Penthouse*
with his wry new visions of
the Old Masters. Roll over, Ingres, tell Modigliani the news!

TITIAN



Will Nashville ever be the same?
Chinga Chavin hopes not.

"It's no lie that fuckin' rhymes with truckin'. What most country-and-western singers are doin' is just like dry humpin'. Why draw the line with some half-assed lyrics just to get air play?"

Nick ("Chinga") Chavin, leader of the West Coast quintet Country Porn, was backstage at the Troubador in Hollywood, badmouthing the hypocritical timidity of his fellow songwriters in country music. "The recorded music business is the last bastion of puritanical repression in the American arts," he stated in a loud, almost pontifical Texas drawl. "It's the last shred of striated sphincter muscle holding shut, refusing to let go!"

Nevertheless, despite this self-proclaimed pornster's intense pronouncements, Chinga Chavin was nervous—extremely nervous. Even he couldn't remember an anxiety attack that threatened to overwhelm him with such force. After all, this was his group's first big break. It had taken a year of hard work and tough knocks to get Country Porn—a band that weds hard-core porno lyrics to country music—on that Troubador stage, the nightclub fabled as the launchpad to superstardom. "Shit, even Elton John was nobody until he played the Troubador"—as if Chavin had to remind himself.

Not only was the place sold out, but also sprinkled among the audience were the all-important record producers, major talent scouts, and assorted music-industry executives, all of whom had been lured to see Chavin's Country Porn by a flurry of notorious

Letterforms by Ray Barber

BY PAUL LIBERATORE

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press clippings from the upstate Bay Area. Still in the wings, Chavin felt a droplet of cold sweat dislodge from his armpit as he recognized his mother, a tiny woman who had come from Sherman Oaks, perched on the edge of her seat in the front row. Three hot soul acts had gone on first, and the crowd was warmed up for the evening's final and major attraction. A voice blared over the public address: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the king of western smut, the man who put the cunt back into country, Chinga Chavin and Country Porn."

Chavin tried not to look directly at his mother as he took the microphone into a clammy hand and said, "Howdy, fellow perverts." The industry heavies, slightly puzzled, squinted into the harsh spotlight. Country music had always been a little strange to Hollywoodians anyway, what with Dolly Parton's wigs and Porter Wagoner's brightly sequined suits. Such abstract visual weirdness, however, suddenly seemed quite normal indeed compared with the spectacle of Chavin's figure now standing on stage before this bewildered audience. Clearly, it took the record honchos more than one glance to comprehend this man outfitted with a candy-apple-red, toilet-seat guitar, a soiled white five-gallon hat, wraparound "child molester" shades, a sateen shirt with pearl buttons, and a leather jacket with an embroidered design of a cock in intercourse.

The band constructed a wall of sound behind Chinga as he launched into a rendition of "Feelin' Pornographic over You," an insinuatingly obscene country-and-western swinger complete with a genuine nasal twang. Jaws went slack after "Head Boogie," an ode to fellatio; and in the wake of "Talkin' Matamoras First Piece of Ass Blues," "Cum Stains on My Pillow (Where Your Sweet Head Used To Be)," and "Asshole From El Paso," ensued the stunned amazement of eyes blinking in disbelief.

Chinga wistfully reminded the audience that "Asshole" was written during a time of his life "when men were men an' sheep were nervous." A few audience members broke up slightly, almost against their will, and a press man turned to his boss to ask, "This creep a singer or a comic?"

Amidst a smattering of titters, Chavin introduced "Cum Unto Jesus," describing the song as "a psycho-sexual-sacred number inspired by the hemorrhoidal healing power of Anal Roberts.

"Gentlemen," he requested, "please remove your hats. Ladies, your tampons":

Remember, the Good Book says
love and let love,
Cast no stones at sin.
Take that young lady back to
your bed,
And when you finally get it in,
You've gotta cum for Peter, cum
for Paul,
Cum for Mary, too.
If you cum twice, then Jesus
Christ will bless you, too.

As Chinga Chavin is the first to admit, religion has a way of drawing the bottom line. And so that night his singing of this mock spiritual proved effective in bringing the house down—in mid-refrain, to be exact. As a full third of the audience streamed toward the exits, their lips curled in disgust, a panicking stage manager ordered Chavin to quickly proceed to the apron of the stage.

"We're running late," he said, beads of perspiration apparent on his forehead. "We've had complaints. If you try singing again, I'll cut the power." He pulled the plug. What remained of the crowd suddenly grew ugly and became vocal in their disapproval. It was difficult to tell whether the boos and hoots were directed at Chinga's Country Porn or at the stage manager's idea of tactful censorship. Regardless, the plug stayed pulled.

A smoldering Chavin, his pre-show butterflies now long behind him, impudently displayed his phallically embroidered

> Certainly, there is a messianic design to Chavin's porno madness. He's like a sharp needle in society's posterior.

back, retreated to his dressing room, and hurled a beer bottle through the window. He barred the door to everyone, including his own mother. A few hours later, lost in his thoughts, he slipped away into the dark evening, a banished prophet fleeing under a starless sky.

For Chinga Chavin the debacle at the Troubador was certain confirmation that the moral guardians of contemporary American culture were building a case to crucify him. They wanted to repress his rebellious music at any cost. Even Chinga's father, an erudite attorney and a man of some importance, pointed out to him that pornographic country-and-western music violated the established moral standards of Los Angeles society and perhaps even of the world at large. "Give it up," the concerned father anxiously advised his adamant son out of genuine concern for his future. "Country Porn will never sell!"

It seemed that the old man was right when Chavin and his personal manager, Tom White, tried to peddle the idea of pornographic country and western to the major Los Angeles record labels. As Chinga has repeatedly explained his concept: "The essence of Country Porn is parody, fun, and satire. The overall message is that some things are too important to be taken seriously—things like sex, country music, and a pound of salami. We're breaking down all the taboos. It's all very healthy, actually, especially for those who leave after the first song."

Unfortunately, too many record executives haven't stayed to hear the second stanza to one of Chavin's "dirty ditties," as he prefers to call them. Herb Cohen, head of DisCreet Records, a subsidiary of Warner Brothers and the label of Frank Zappa, was enthusiastic—at first. But Warner president, Mo Ostin, was already feeling some heat over releasing the *Deep Throat* soundtrack. He couldn't afford the much larger risk that Country Porn represented. Progressive-minded Little David records was a logical choice for Chavin, but that company already had its hands full with George Carlin.

From there matters got worse. As soon as Chavin entered the lobby of the circular Capitol Records building near Hollywood and Vine, a receptionist ordered: "Do not proceed to the third floor. Leave the premises immediately!" Obviously, word travels fast, he thought. Undaunted, Chavin turned to his doleful manager and told him to schedule their return visit to Capitol for September. "The life expectancy of these A. & R. (artists and repertory) men runs about three months," laughed Chinga. "By then, Capitol will probably have an entirely new staff."

It was Motown records that toyed with the idea of signing Country Porn to promote its new country-and-western division. A company executive even announced Motown's intentions in *Rolling Stone*: "We're starting to get a lot of off-the-wall stuff while we diversify. Either they're legit, or someone is putting us on very skillfully."

In a sense the Motown man was dead right. Country Porn can best be described as a very legitimate, skillfully crafted put-on of wholesome Americana, especially country music. This element of parody is evident in "Dry Humpin' in the Back of a '55 Ford":

Dry humpin' in the back of a Ford,
Workin on my sweet reward,
Ain't no time to think or linger,
Gotta get me some of that good
stink finger,
Dry humpin' in the back of a
'55 Ford—

After listening to this, it's difficult to swallow Tanya Tucker's virgin-whore persona without gagging.

To the surprise of absolutely no one, Motown never made good on the original offer. Instead, the company signed the Pat Boone Family, not Country Porn, as its first country-and-western act. A year of one-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

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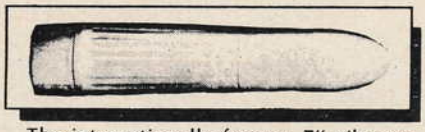

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I AM AN est DROPOUT

Valerie Harper, accepting her Emmy Award on television, announced, "I want to thank the man who changed my life . . . Werner Erhard."

A John Denver record cover bears the dedication: "To all the folks at est."

Werner *who*? Est *what*? Est, a name reminiscent of an Italian muscatel, is the acronym for Erhard Seminars Training; Werner Erhard is the legally adopted name of Jack Rosenberg, an ex-encyclopedia salesman who is founder and head pundit of this newest in a long line of pop-psych human-potential therapeutic trips. Some 80,000 persons have flocked to the training in the past four and one-half years, at up to $250 a pop. Apparently, changing his name to Erhard was a wise move. Who would flock to Rosenberg Seminars Training? And how would you pronounce rst? "Rust?" "Erst?" "Rest?" Or perchance "Roast"?

I first met Werner on a cruise ship to Mexico. Aboard were sixty young people who, out of love for their guru, had been working at his San Francisco headquarters for free, fourteen hours a day.

Werner's guru-pies were conspicuous for their forced gaiety, their perpetual, quick-frozen smiles, and the way they seemed to be saying, "Look at me! I'm so 'together.' I'm high on life." They were an unusual group.

Equally bizarre was their fawning devotion to their leader, whom they referred to as "Werner"—like Liberace, Jesus, or Elvis—and whose name they pronounced in a tone of reverence usually reserved only for God and Elton John. The group's activities were dependent on Werner himself, and its members kept to themselves, as if communication with most outsiders were undesirable or impossible.

Who was this man for whom these people with the paste-on smiles had such deep reverence? What was the discipline he had created that influenced their lives so strongly—and semantically?

Several weeks after the cruise, a semi-kooky friend of mine, Suzy, told me about a marvelous experience that had changed her life. It was est. Just as the one thing psychoanalysis certainly does is supply you with a new vocabulary, so the major change I noticed in Suzy was that her dialogue was loaded with a host of est-oteric terms; "You have to give people *space*. . . . I'm coming from another *space*. . . ." Suzy seemed as *spaced* as ever. Like the esties on the ship, Suzy couldn't explain just what est was about, except that it *worked*.

Almost every day I seemed to meet people who had been through est, and all of them were delighted with the results. An old friend, Jay, phoned to tell me that he, too, was an est graduate, and "It's changed my life." Then he added, "In fact, Werner is speaking tomorrow night at a special guest seminar." Here was an opportunity to satisfy my curiosity and learn what it was that was grossing millions and had made Werner Erhard a cult hero.

More than 1,000 curious seekers paid three dollars each to enter the seminar hall at the Los Angeles Convention Center. We were greeted by est volunteers who asked us to fill out file cards with our names, addresses, and phone numbers, and then fitted us with name tags that shouted our first names with huge block letters. I've always hated name tags—especially on *me*. I felt like some conventioneer: "Orval ('Bill') Klampenhaus, Topeka, Kan., Continental Widget Co." All that was missing from our tags was the printed message on top: "HELLO, my name is. . . ."

Werner strode onstage to a frenzied ovation, led by a claque of graduates whose applause made Johnny Carson's studio audience sound as if it had sleeping sickness. *And he-e-e-e-e-re's WERner!*

Slim, handsome, sharply dressed, with the cockiness of a shingles-and-siding salesman, Werner stated the dictum of est: "The purpose of est [Aha! Now we're getting somewhere] is to transform your ability to experience living so that the situations you have been trying to change or have been putting up with clear up just in the process of life itself." The key phrase, "Clear up," sounded like tricky Madison Avenue wording, implying removal but also meaning, "becoming easily seen." Great . . . I can *see* my problems! I stood up to ask Werner what he meant by the phrase. "Clear up means just that. Look it up in the dictionary," he explained. "The word 'clear' has so many definitions, it takes up half a column in Webster's Collegiate." He gave a few verbatim examples, and one thing *was* clear: Werner had researched his words carefully. Later, I was told, "Est makes your life *work*." Seeing the volunteers putting in a fourteen-hour day at the est office, assisting at seminars, and hunting up new recruits, I clearly realized that est makes your life a *lot of work*.

The object of taking the est training is *getting it*. Werner said, "Everyone who takes the training *gets it*. You can't complete the training and not *get it*." What that *it* was, Werner couldn't explain: "It's something you have to experience." And there were "a few more openings" in the next training session. It was like an author saying, "If you want to know the outcome of the story . . . buy my next book."

When Werner finished his talk, we went out to the lobby, where a large group of grinning graduates descended on us like a plague of *locos*. Est does not advertise; it relies solely on the proselytizing of the graduates. Our name tags marked us as targets and enabled the esters to greet us as old buddies. "Hi, Herbie! How ya doin'?" They, like the group on the ship, displayed a bubbly, manic air and plastic smiles. Each had the same sales pitch and disclosed nothing about the training. For an hour and a half, I had been listening to *nothing*! I might as well have stayed home and watched a TV talk show. "Do you think the training is for you?" an ester with a nonstop grin inquired. How would *I* know? All I'd learned was that the training takes two weekends, up to eighteen hours a day, with only one food break and three toilet breaks daily. Between bathroom breaks, you either hold it in or do it on yourself—as a few have been known to do. An estie asked me, "What is standing between you and the training?" Common sense, I thought to myself as I ran, completely turned off, for the nearest exit.

The volunteers say that they do not get a commission for recruiting new trainees. Then what makes them push est so hard? Perhaps they're thinking, "*I* got stuck for $250; now it's *your* turn!"

Two days later, a supersalesman from the est office in Santa Monica phoned and gave me such a smooth sales pitch that I

Illustration by Christian Piper

How I Got What I Didn't Get by Not Getting That I Got It

BY G. H. KRISPIEN

got an oil slick in my ear. When I said I wasn't interested, he just ignored me and forged right ahead. I told him to *hear* me, excused myself, and thought that was *that*. But that was *not* that. Jay phoned next, to ask about my feelings toward Werner, his training, and his est. I told him. I was surprised that Jay agreed with my distaste. "What you hear at those meetings is a bunch of bullshit," Jay admitted. "You have to take the training in spite of that."

"But I don't want to become like those zombies, with their irksome jargon and that unreal, supercharged manner," I said.

"That doesn't have to happen," he said, "I'm not like those people, am I?" He wasn't. Jay told me about a well-known actor who had been through est and wanted to give up his career to become an est trainer. I was impressed. Although I live in Southern California, where cults, novelty religions, and growth trips are more numerous than the flavors at Baskin-Robbins, I stay away from those fads. But the est graduates did have certain desirable qualities. They claimed that they never became sick; they were dependable, and despite their smugness, I envied their assertiveness. For fear of appearing pushy, I am often meek, and since I have no desire to inherit the earth, I wanted to change—become est-ranged from shyness.

I was ripe when Suzy phoned, a week later, sounding highly excited, and she could, therefore, persuade me to attend a *pre-training seminar* that evening. I arrived to discover that it was a gathering of those who were beginning est training the coming weekend. My feelings were ambiguous as I put down my thirty-dollar deposit, registered, and waited to see what would happen next in my conversion.

The est representative read us a list of rules. From now until the completion of the training, we were not to use alcohol, narcotics, grass, aspirin, drugs, nor prescription medicine, except under renewed doctor's orders. In the training room we would not be permitted to have food, gum, candy, mints, or cough drops, and there would be no tape recorders, reading or writing materials, knitting, radios—not even watches.

We arrived for the training at the grand ballroom of the Sheraton Hotel. Assistants stationed at the entrance asked each of us, "Do you have a watch *or* timepiece?" (When is a timepiece *not* a watch?) This was one example of possibly the most irritating feature of est; the "in" lingo that makes all the esties' conversation sound so stilted. They will answer any statement with, "Good," "Great," or, "Wonderful." An ester says, "I get that . . ." for "I understand that. . . ." He never "helps" someone; he "assists" him. (An est graduate drowning: "Assistance! Assistance!") And you never, but never, say "but." Instead you say "and." This est-ian argot has given many people a good pain in the *and*.

We were seated, and an automaton, our assistant trainer, marched to the platform. This robot, whom I shall call Joe, although his name was Frank, looked like a cross between a marine drill instructor and a cretin. Joe, who had one thick eyebrow across both expressionless eyes, began to shout like a sergeant haranguing new recruits. He was reading a long list of rules, called *agreements*, although it was not clear who was agreeing to them. Joe's mouth turned down at the corners, and with each syllable he barked out, his jaw dropped all the way down and then rose, as if on hinges. The gesture gave him the grotesque appearance of a ventriloquist's dummy. Joe said that if we had any comments during the training, we were to raise our hands, and an assistant would give us a mike. He demonstrated *exactly* how to use it, not to take any chances.

After an hour or two (no watches *or* timepieces), Joe introduced our trainer, whom I shall call Ron, although that was his name. In his tight, flare-bottom slacks and open sport shirt, Ron looked like the winner in a Werner Erhard look-alike contest. On stage, Ron struck a hideous pose, feet wide apart, hands dangling loosely at his thighs, face limp and mocking. He roared defiantly, "YOUR LIVES ARE NOT WORKING! YOUR LIVES ARE SHIT! YOU'RE ALL *ASSHOLES!*"

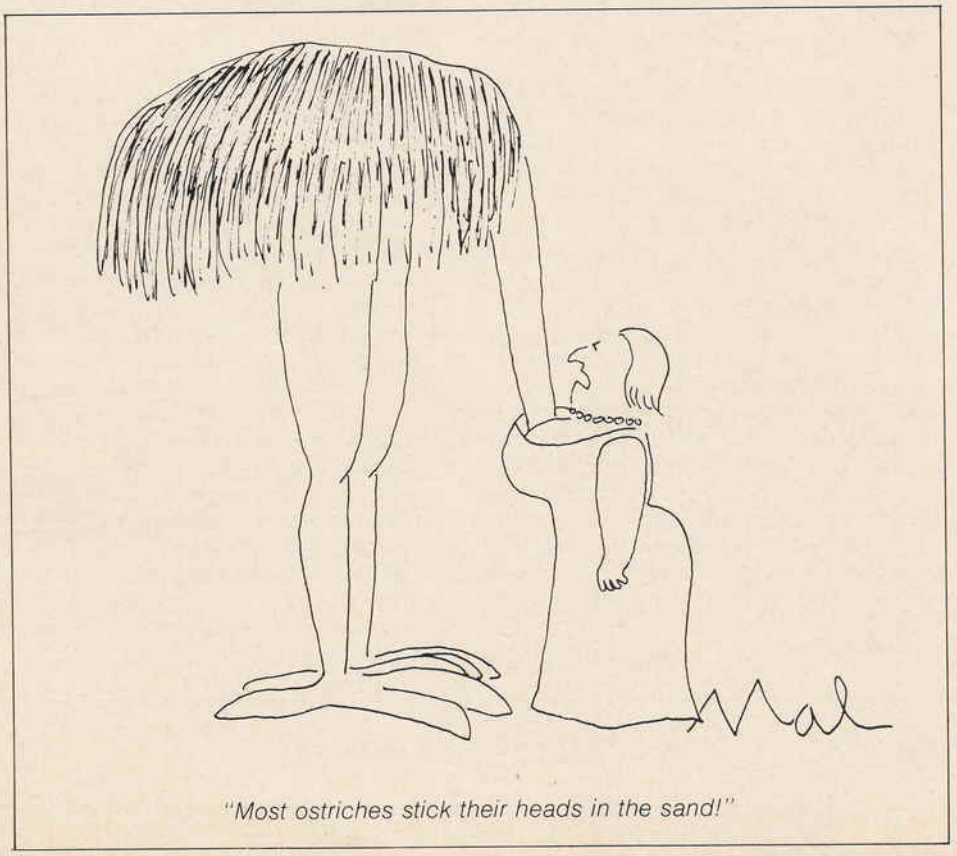
Was he making this assumption because we were there? Or because we hadn't completed the training? What was *I* doing there? "You're going to feel hot," Ron bellowed; "you're going to feel cold; you will vomit; you will have diarrhea." *All* of us? All of *that*? All at *once*?

"Belief systems are no good!" Ron shouted, expressing Werner's belief system. "Werner says . . ." and hands shot up in the audience. A microphone orderly was stationed at the rear of each aisle, like a runner waiting for the starting gun. As Ron recognized someone, a microflunky would scurry up his aisle and, crouching beside the speaker, extend the microphone to the hand-waving winner.

A middle-aged college professor expressed doubt: "There must be some belief system." Ron railed back at him, "That's why you're an *asshole*!" After several similar retorts to all who questioned Werner's teachings, Ron soon had his audience conditioned. People were, wearily or unconsciously, answering their own questions, "I know; I'm an *asshole*."

The room became very warm, and I took off my sweater. Soon I was freezing. I put on the sweater again, and soon I was roasting. Was an assistant fooling with the thermostat? Those who complained about becoming sick were handed paper vomit-bags to use without leaving their seats. There were more than 250 of us cramped into small, hard, folding chairs, unable to stretch our legs in any direction. Ron's shouting became unendurable. A woman on my left was moaning. Every few moments she added an exasperated sigh. Hearing Ron, I had a feeling of déjà vu; then he acknowledged that he had been repeating himself. Over, and over. Obviously, this—the yelling, the insults, the temperature changes, and the crowding—was designed to get us to a point of sheer vexation; it was like a brainwashing technique in which the victim is rendered so exhausted, frustrated, and helpless that he is ready to embrace any ideology, heresy, or commercial whatever.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 175



"Most ostriches stick their heads in the sand!"

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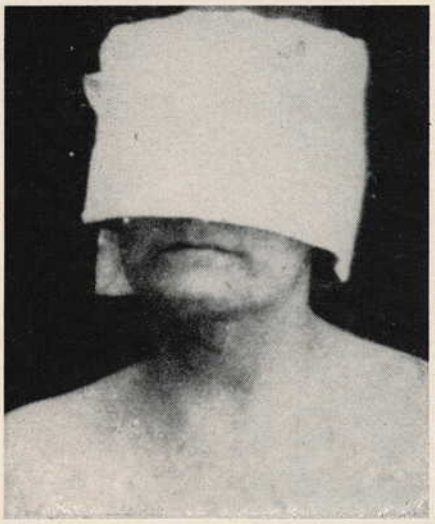

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

MARGO ST. JAMES

> When I was forced to be a prostitute, I took a positive approach and enjoyed it. . . . But that doesn't mean it's a fun profession.

One early morning fifteen years ago in San Francisco, a quartet of inexperienced vice-squad cops raided the bohemian ground-floor apartment of three North Beach barmaids. Convinced that they were prostitutes because too many well-dressed males had been dropping by after midnight, the cops hauled the women off to jail, ignoring the ten-foot-tall marijuana plants growing in the garden. "We ran an open house," says one of the girls. "Anyone who was funny, hip, cool, or lonely was welcome. But the cops insisted that if a fashionable middle-aged writer was interested in an uneducated farmer's daughter, it could only be for her ass." The judge agreed.

The farmer's daughter was Margo St. James, then twenty-four, and she was furious. "Don't get me wrong," she says. "I was no sweetie pie, but I had never charged for my ass." So she set about to reverse her conviction—and to get the judge unseated. Ten years later she achieved both objectives: her appeal was upheld, and the judge was defeated for reelection. "Yep, I'm the vindictive type," she admits. "I guess I learned that from the Sicilian Mafia in North Beach [San Francisco's honky-tonk area]. I'm the most loyal friend you can ever get, but if you cross me or do me an injustice, I'll hound you 'till you damn near croak."

But for those ten years, Margo was legally a convicted whore. "Once you get that kind of a record, you've had it. There's nothing you can do about it. You're marked. You can't get a job; you can't do anything but *be* a whore. So I became one and forced myself to enjoy it." And enjoy it she did. She became one of the happiest, swingiest, niftiest hookers in the Bay Area.

But she never forgave the system for its injustice. What's more, as she plied her trade through the Nob Hill establishment, she learned of more injustices and became more outraged. "Prostitutes are exploited by their pimps, whom they need for protection, and by the cops, who use them for fun, blackmail, and graft," she says, "and by the public, which neither sympathizes nor understands." So she decided to do something about this exploitation and started organizing her sister whores. Today her organization, which is called COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), has only a few hundred whores as open members but thousands of followers, scores of rich sugar daddies, and enough political power to unseat bigoted judges, defeat unfair legislation, and demand that nationwide attention be given to the plight of her co-professionals, for too long the pariahs of American society.

Now thirty-nine, Margo is both fit and sexy. She keeps her muscles well toned by jogging a couple of miles every day and by mountain climbing, her favorite sport. Her sex appeal she keeps well tuned by being herself—warm, loving, inviting. That is, to all except her enemies. She works out of a makeshift office on the second floor of the building of San Francisco's Pier Forty, where the telephones are always ringing. "As soon as I got there," writer John Gerassi, who interviewed her for *Penthouse*, reports, "I became mesmerized by her vitality, her genuineness, her commitment. No wonder that even sheriffs find her irresistible, and she does have some powerful lawmen who are her secret allies." No wonder, too, that many a Bay Area wag has insisted that COYOTE, the "loose women's organization," is simply another word for Margo St. James. "I love conspiring, plotting, conniving," she says, "but I hate organizing. I tried to quit many times. But the women won't let me. They say they can't find anyone else they could all trust."

Photograph by James Shea

Penthouse: Let's settle something first: is it true that you've said, "Beware of all men who wear boxer shorts"?
St. James: Yep.
Penthouse: Why?
St. James: In my experience I've found that vice cops usually wear them. They consider Jockey shorts too cute for their homophobic nature. Besides, they don't like anything creeping up their asses. The last cop they sent in on me (he was real cute and was supposed to become my lover and confidant—you know, infiltrate) heard what I had said about boxer shorts and stopped wearing underwear altogether. He was the literal type, like all cops; so he went around scratching when he wore his wool suit.
Penthouse: Is that the only way you can spot a vice cop?
St. James: Oh Christ, no, there are lots of ways. A good way is to French kiss him. Boy, does that make him recoil. He'll almost throw up. To stick your tongue into his mouth is much too personal for him, too intimate. The vice cop feels like he's sucking cock by proxy, since he assumes you've sucked a million cocks. It scares the shit out of him.
Penthouse: That's *your* way, but how can a heterosexual male, who doesn't especially want to try to French kiss him, find out?
St. James: There are all sorts of clues. For one thing, vice cops have that special look. Watch their eyes. In court, even if they're undercover, vice cops look at each other and give each other a tiny, almost imperceptible nod. In public you can always catch it. On the street, in bars, in clubs, they give each other that look. It's a territorial thing. The pimp, the godfather, the cop—they all have that look. It's a form of body language that anybody who works the street uses to say, "Okay, you're out here; I'm out here: truce." The nod gives you the right to be there. It's public property, and everybody knows it; but every street worker wants to stake out his territory. The pimp, the con man, and the cop all compete for the same territory—to control dope, control women, control whatever shit they're into. The nod simply establishes the boundaries or a truce.
Penthouse: What about the hooker?
St. James: She knows the language and understands it perfectly, even if she can't use it, except with her sisters. But she's got to know it. Since she's considered an outlaw, she has to be on the constant lookout for anyone trying to rip her off or set her up.
Penthouse: Are you generally against underwear?
St. James: Sure. Underwear is unhealthy unless it's cotton. It closes off air. Especially bad are pantyhose. So is overdouching or wearing tight clothes. I think that 85 percent of the women who have trichomoniasis have it because they wear nylon underwear.
Penthouse: So if a woman has to dress up, she should wear stockings and garter belts rather than pantyhose?
St. James: I would definitely say yes.
Penthouse: That's good. Some of us have a fetish for stockings and garter belts.
St. James: Well, I don't even own a set; so I guess I wouldn't fall into your category of lovables. But I do wear underwear to keep warm or for comfort. Like I wear a brassiere, to keep my boobs from hurting when I run or ride horses—to be comfortable.
Penthouse: Speaking of comfort, how'd you end up here, on Pier Forty, in this very comfortable office?
St. James: This space was donated to me by my informal husband, Michael Phillips, who's connected with various foundations here in the Bay Area. COYOTE got some seed money from some of these foundations. That's how we really got launched in a big way.
Penthouse: In effect, COYOTE is a prostitutes' union, right?
St. James: That's what the media always calls it. I don't think of it as a union but as a political organization, much like Common Cause or the Black Panthers. And also as a fraternal—or maternal—organization, like the Elks. We spend 50 percent of our time and resources helping whores, and the other 50 percent on public relations, lobbying for new laws, educating the public, and other things.

> Once you're labeled as a whore, it's impossible to get a decent job. I was even turned down as a volunteer fire lookout because of my record.

Penthouse: You take dues from members?
St. James: Anyone can make a donation and is then considered a member. Some of the whores, who've been working as groups for months now, are considering pitching in regularly, like maybe twenty dollars a month each, for a legal-defense fund. That would be a little like paying dues. We'd use the money for bail, for legal fees, for political lobbying to get the laws changed. The members will decide themselves exactly what they want done with the money.
Penthouse: How many prostitutes are members of COYOTE?
St. James: About 300 nationwide. Two-thirds of them are here in the Bay Area, which includes Sacramento.
Penthouse: How many prostitutes are there in the country? Are there statistics on the subject?
St. James: There must be, somewhere. What I do know is that, as of a couple of years ago, only 10 percent of the prostitutes walked the streets. Maybe now, with the depression and all that, the number is up to 20 percent.
Penthouse: Are there figures on how much money they make?
St. James: The street hookers? Between $10,000 and $20,000 a year. But fixers and pimps get as much as 60, even 70, percent of that. We want them to get only 20 percent—tops. We're the merchandise, the workers, and without us there would be no business. But because we're constantly threatened with arrest, the fixers and pimps get away with taking 70 percent.
Penthouse: You use the word "we." Are you still a whore?
St. James: No, but I was for a long time.
Penthouse: How did you get started?
St. James: As a whore? In school, I guess, though I didn't charge money for sex then. I was born and raised on a farm in the state of Washington, and all those jokes about farmers' daughters applied to me, too. My father and mother were divorced, and my father remarried—an eighteen-year-old Catholic virgin—when I was ten, and, wow, what a pain! My father was real cheap, like he gave me twenty-five dollars for three months' work and told me to buy my school clothes—everything—with it and then beat me for stealing cookies out of the jar. He and his wife used to count them, and if there was one short at the end of the month, I'd be blamed and whipped. I think he got off on beating me. Anyway, I split at fifteen and went to live with my mother in town. And I went wild, you know, like from totally controlled to being turned loose, at least after school hours. So I started screwing around. I used to hang out at the bus stop, and I would go for a ride with anyone who stopped, just to see what would happen. Did I get a reputation! But I did very well in school; nobody could understand how a bad girl like me could get straight A's and a whole bunch of art scholarships. I was really good at watercolors and painting. Anyway, I got pregnant. The father was the local hero, the high-school baseball star; so I ran away with him to Idaho, got married, and graduated with a belly seven or eight months full. Naturally, they wouldn't let me on the stage for my graduation. But that's how I became free. Although . . . a lot of good it did me. My husband was straight as hell. I couldn't paint or fuck around because I worked for the phone company, which treats every young girl like a piece of furniture but expects her to be straight. So I split and came here to San Francisco.
Penthouse: Did you start turning tricks in San Francisco?
St. James: No, not right away. I worked as a barmaid and painted. I even sold some of my watercolors. I had a pad on Grant Street, not far from where I worked on Broadway, and it was always open; people were always dropping in, all sorts of people all the time, night people, like Herb

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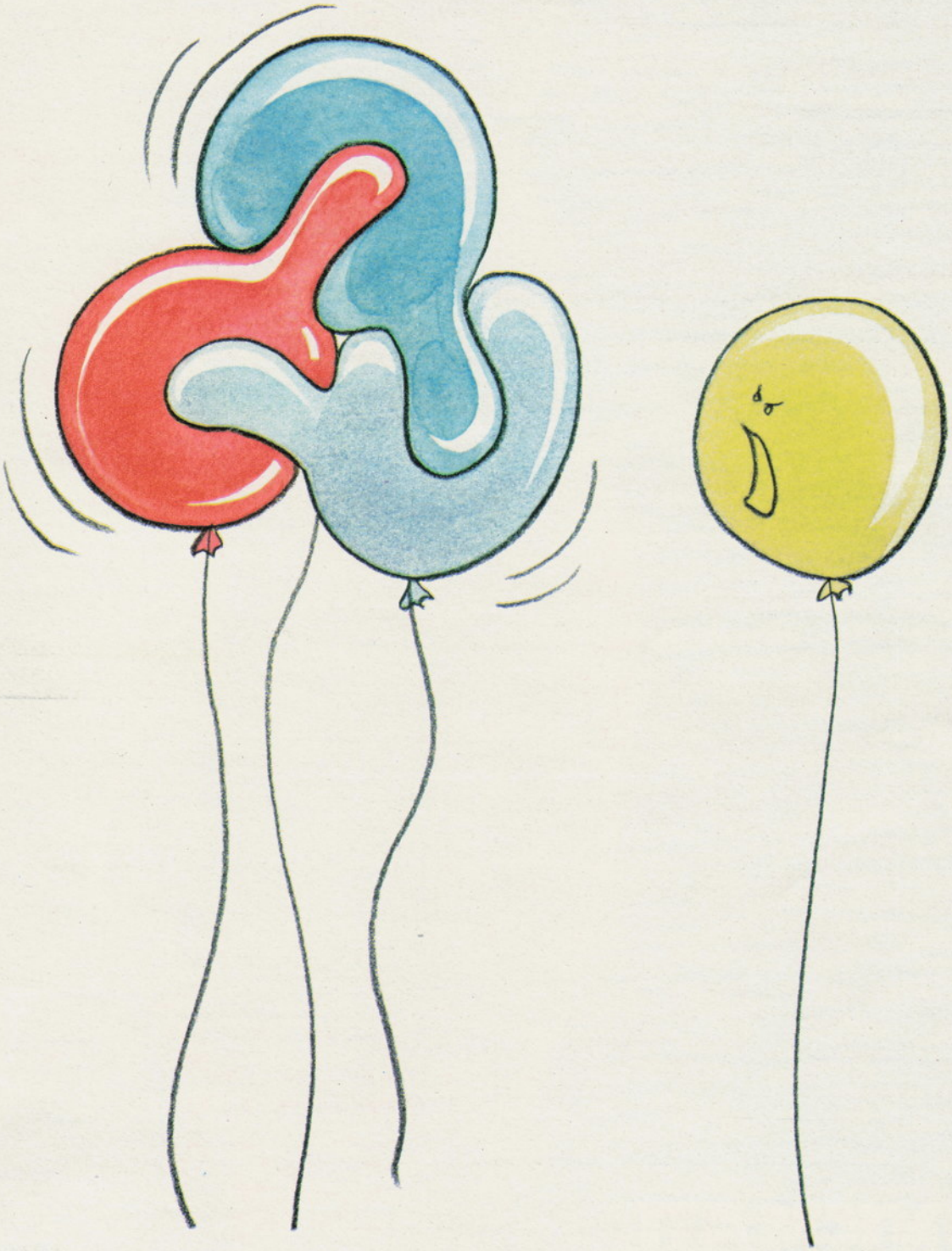
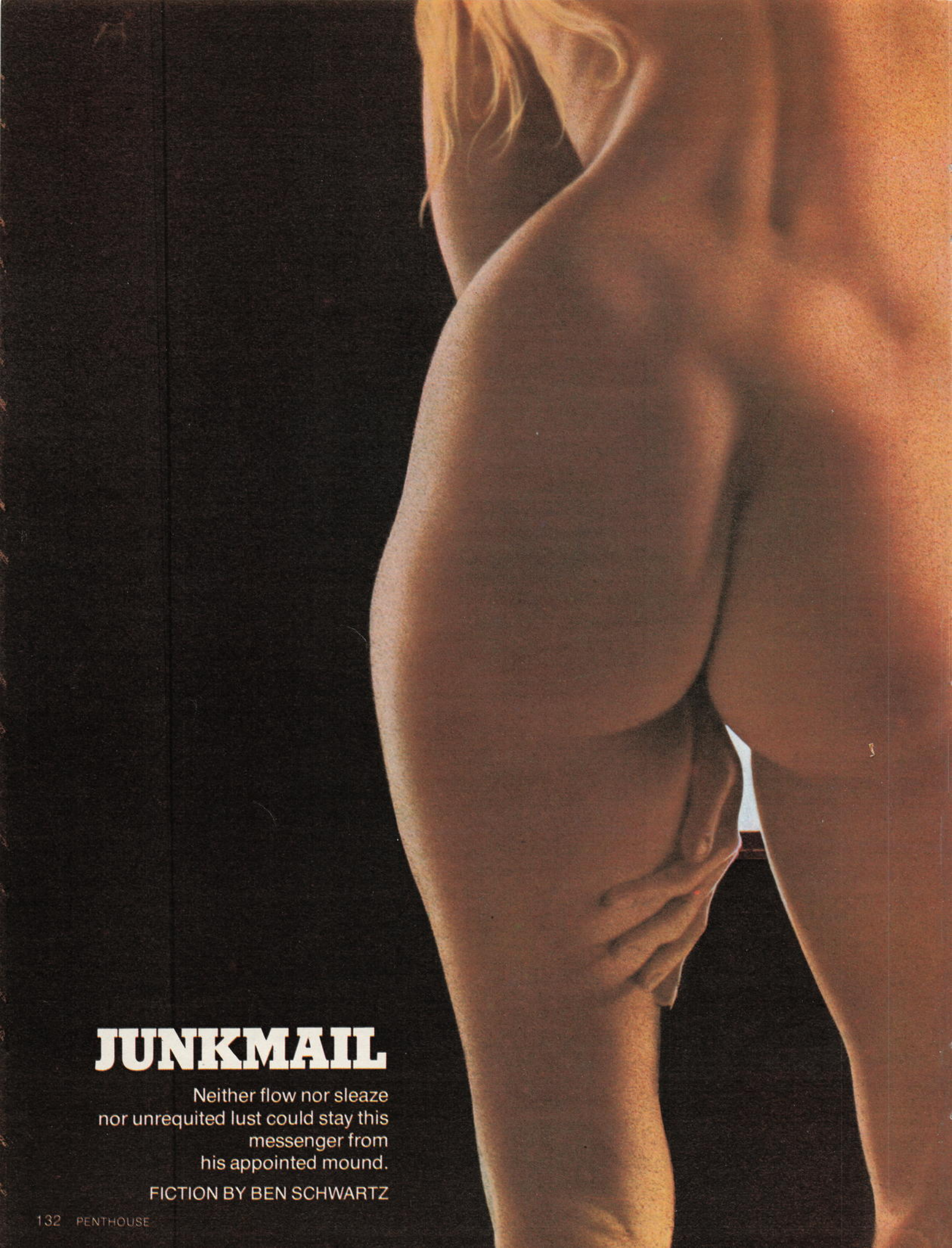
Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Okay, let's knock it off. After all, this is *a public bus."*



JUNKMAIL

Neither flow nor sleaze
nor unrequited lust could stay this
messenger from
his appointed mound.

FICTION BY BEN SCHWARTZ

A heavy cast-iron gate between hedgerows, a cobblestone walk curving up to wide, thin steps, a marble porch, a mail slot in the solid oak door on the right: there was nothing exceptional about the address. Nor was the mail slot extraordinary: a vertical slit about eighteen inches long and two inches wide incised into the door three feet above the porch floor. The house was quite like the other houses in the area: expensive, pompous, and secluded by trees and foliage. The mail slot was quite like the other mail slots: large enough to easily accommodate a great deal of mail.

Here were no streets but avenues and drives. Here were no cluttered pavements but long, curving boulevards bounded by trimmed hedges or heavily built Kentucky Blue Grass

A·M

horse fences. Here no cars lined the curb, but were parked invisibly in garages at the end of wide driveways. Here, above all, the total absence of people, a fact belied by the voluminous bundles of mail he dropped at each house daily. The horribly portentous street names seemed appropriate: Vassar Avenue, Bryn Mawr Avenue, Tottingham Drive, Birkenhead Court; and this street, Walsingham Drive, with the nonextraordinary but extraordinarily secluded suburban house.

In two weeks he had become quite bored with the area. At first he had found it pleasant always having a place to park and never having to deliver to apartment buildings where he would need to search for names and numbers, but the absence of people had come to bore him as much as the perfect symmetry of consistently trimmed lawns and gardens. He rushed through the route as quickly as possible, racing up to houses, stuffing mail through mail slots, and hurrying on to the next address. So today irritation rose in him immediately when there appeared to be an obstruction in the mail slot at 39 Walsingham Drive. The door of the mail slot opened, but the mail would go no farther. Pulling back the door and holding the slot open, he stooped to look inside. A hand covered the slot. The hand moved slowly aside, and he stared into a reddish mantle of pubic hair. It covered female genitalia, slightly lifted toward the bottom of the mail slot like a hand making an offering. He dropped the mail all over the front steps.

He did not take his eyes from the mail slot. The genital mirage rolled suggestively, the white thighs framing it, opening and closing slowly. Whistling softly through his teeth and changing hands, he held the mail slot door with his left and reached his right hand through the slot to touch this vision. It moved back until he stared at the rectangular cutout of a woman from belly button to mid-thigh. Out of his reach, the woman backed no farther, and again the thighs crossed themselves and opened again salubriously. Cooing softly, he coaxed it toward his hand, but when he spoke, a thigh flashed, and the vision vanished in an instant.

When he called, there was no answer. Within the limitations of his sight lines, he searched the room: a gray, checkered rug on a hardwood floor, a pale tan wall covered with a macramé hanging directly in his line of vision. Nothing more. He stepped from the porch and surveyed the house. Not a sound, not a movement to indicate that it was inhabited. Standing on the cobblestones, craning his neck like a giraffe, he noticed that his uniform bulged with an erection. He crept back to the safety of the porch.

Letters and newspapers were scattered over the porch and steps. The erection deflated in his haste to gather the mail and re-sort it. Letters for 39 Walsingham Drive were mixed with other mail. Snatching one, he read the name: Mr. Bernard La Vallière. Some letters were addressed to Mrs. La Vallière but none to a woman's familiar name. There was no mail for any other name at that address. Having finished sorting, he opened the slot again and looked inside. The sparse, almost empty, but expensively designed room stared back at him. He dropped the mail through and walked away from the house, casting glances back up the driveway.

When he checked his watch, he realized that thirty minutes had been wasted. He rushed along the street, cursing the unknown female behind the door who had caused the delay. Having looped the street, he climbed into his jeep and went to deliver Vassar Avenue and Birkenhead Court. All morning he doubted the reality of his experience, wondering if he dreamed it.

"No woman would do that, really, unless she wanted something," he thought, "and if she wanted something, surely she would have opened the door once she had my attention. She damn well had my attention and she knew it. I wasn't sticking my paw through that slot to see if the mail would fit."

Possibly there could be a woman who was that much of a tease, but he couldn't accept that. He thought too much of himself as a man to believe a woman could expose her genitalia to him and not demand the gift he could offer her gratis.

The genital mirage rolled suggestively, the white thighs framing it, opening and closing slowly.

When he had finished his deliveries, he fought a mania to return to 39 Walsingham Drive and look inside the mail slot again. He was partially deterred by the ridiculous aspects of the act and by his suspicion that he had actually imagined the event. He was more deterred by the thought of being bent over, eyes glued to the mail slot, and having some prim matron open the door.

"I say, Sir, what could you be doing?"

"Well, Ma'am, aaaa . . . well, I was just looking in your mail slot."

"Yes, I do believe you were."

"Well, you see, we're encouraged to check mailboxes, mail slots where we drop the mail. We check them to make sure the mail drops out of sight where people can't reach it."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, yes. We don't want anyone stealing your mail. After all, that's federal law."

Of course she would be wearing glasses and would look over them at him, not believing a word he said. No, he couldn't return to the address and look inside the slot, but he drove up the street past the house. It was silent, curtains still drawn, garage doors still shut as they had been in the morning. Shaking his head, he drove back to the office, regretful, frustrated.

The next morning he had to decide on his approach to 39 Walsingham: whether to drop the mail as usual or to look first in the mail slot. The house was as silent as it had been the previous day, but this morning one garage door was open. A Porsche was parked inside. Although the urge to climb the steps and look at once inside the slot was strong, he approached the door as nonchalantly as possible, opened the mail slot, and pushed the mail in. It stuck. Instantly, he was down on one knee, eyes glued to the mail slot.

The hand was there again. Slowly, it moved aside, and again he stared at the nude rectangle of a woman. The hand turned and threw him a finger. The finger remained poised while the hips and abdomen repeated their gyrations of the past morning. The hand turned, and the erect finger began a snaillike probe of the reddish pelt in front of him. In time the finger ensheathed itself, and the phantasmagoria circled closer to the slot, to his eyes.

"Come on, Baby, come on," he begged, spinning on his heels at the opposite side of the mail slot as if riveted to a mirage.

"Come here, Pussy Baby. Come here. Come here to me," he coaxed, cajoled.

It came to the very inside edge of the mail slot, but when he reached through to touch it, it quickly backed away. He gestured with one finger for it to return, but it continued to roll sensually just beyond his reach. Rapid breathing and soft moans came from somewhere above, out of his sight. He knocked on the door. Instantly, the woman vanished. Center stage empty.

"Come back here—hey!" he whispered through the slot.

She did not return. He knocked again but stopped when he thought of someone besides the visioned woman opening the door. Angrily, he threw the mail through the slot and went down the street.

He had no basis for dealing with the event. Had it appeared once and never again, he could have dismissed it as fiction. He even knew with certainty that it would be there again the next morning. He was even anxious for next morning to arrive. A woman who behaved like this obviously wanted a man, and he believed with absolute certainty that sooner or later he would walk through that door, take this lovely woman in his arms (she must be lovely; her cunt was a picture worthy of Titian), throw her to the floor, and make love to her as she had never been loved before, obviously, or she wouldn't be sticking her cunt in front of the mail slot. It was a story straight from postal mythology: the frustrated woman, the skilled postman delivering the goods daily. Boundless joy surged through him as he saw clearly the rosy future that lay before him, only a slot's width away.

When he delivered Walsingham on Fri-

day, there was no hand behind the slot. He had opened the slot expecting the hand, but the mail dropped through freely. Curiosity immediately had him stooping to look inside. Two hands faced him at a distance of about eighteen inches. They parted to reveal the woman again, came back into his line of vision to stroke her hips and thighs, and then found their way like an arrowhead between the thighs. They moved toward the mail slot, massaging the opening sex on their journey. One hand took precedence and began to lose itself in movement along the lips. When he extended his hand through the slot, he could touch the back of her hand. He pushed at it to try to touch the genitalia itself, but she carefully turned herself each time to leave him only the back of her hand. She moaned as she masturbated.

"Oh, Baby, let me. Let me!" he begged.

He could hear her leaning against the door. A long sigh, and the hand relaxed from its shielding position. He stared directly into the pink, moistened cunt, but it moved beyond his grasp when he reached to touch it. His fingers moved spasmodically, but he could not reach it.

"Come on, Baby, open the door. Get yourself something more satisfying."

The woman turned. A thigh flashed her out of his line of vision. He turned his head to try to see her. He whispered in the mail slot but received no answer. He was almost certain that she was standing behind the door. He thought he could hear her breathing, but tapping on the door brought no response. He stood very still, waiting for someone to move behind the door.

"She knows she can outwait me," he thought, catching on to the game.

Leaning to the slot again, he whispered, "See you tomorrow, Honey Cunt."

When there was no response, he walked away to finish his deliveries.

"She's playing her game," he muttered. "She knew I'd look in that slot even if the mail dropped through. Well, what does she expect? She shows me her cunt two mornings in a row, and I'm going to be looking in that slot every morning for a year. That's probably what she expects. That bitch is probably doubling over with laughter now. She must be sick to do that. I bet that's the only way she can get her rocks off."

Thinking about her, he made constant errors in deliveries. He would arrive at an address to discover that he had dropped that mail two houses behind him. The only solution was to go back and get it. Once he had it in his hands again, he would forget where he was taking it until he stopped and consciously thought of what he was doing. Erections came at any hour of the day on any street.

"Damn her, she doesn't realize what she's doing to me. A man can't look at cunt every morning, and just walk around and forget it. I've got to get her. Rubbing it might be satisfying enough for her, but it sure isn't for me. She ought to realize what she's doing to me."

Saturday morning, with light mail, he was out on the street early. He hurried to deliver Walsingham Drive first. A Japanese gardener was mowing the lawn at 39 Walsingham. The garage door was open again. The Porsche was inside. A Mercedes-Benz was parked behind it in the driveway. He stared at the gardener.

"Good morning," the gardener said.

"Yeah, good morning."

He had not realized that he was staring at the man. He hurried up the steps, dropped the mail, and went on down the sunlight-dappled street.

"I should have thought of that. If she has an old man, he's going to be home on Saturday. I'm surprised that they weren't both there screwing behind the mail slot. He probably doesn't even know that he doesn't satisfy her. If he only knew. Shit, if he only knew. I won't have a chance until Monday. Just keep it down, Buster, down!"

Monday morning he was back at the job, hurrying with his work to keep his supposed date with destiny on Walsingham Drive. He climbed the steps and dropped the mail as he would at any other address.

> It was a story straight from postal mythology: the frustrated woman, the skilled postman delivering the goods daily.

No obstruction blocked the slot, but he could not resist the temptation to stoop and look inside. The woman was there, like a client duly waiting for an appointment.

No hand obstructed his view. Abdomen and hips undulated the hairy jewel toward the mail slot. He reached his fingers through, but when it had moved almost to his touch, it stopped. He watched a finger disappear into the flesh. It oscillated in and out and over the mound until the short breaths behind the door crescendoed in a gasp. He heard her hands collapse against the door. Her body touched his fingers. The thrill of his fingers in the damp hair made him shiver. His certainty that this would eventually happen did nothing to lessen his excitement at its actual occurrence. His fingers found her clitoris and rolled it. There was pleasure in knowing that the breathing pattern coming from behind the door was partially of his making. She rolled her sex on his fingers until they hurt, imprisoned as they were in the mail slot. It ended in another gasp, and her body relaxed on his hand. He cried out at the weight crushing his scented fingers.

When he pulled his hand out, it was bleeding. He sucked the blood away and leaned to look through the slot. He saw that she was gone.

"Hey, Baby, come back! Come back!"

There was silence. He rapped sharply on the door. No answer. He rapped again.

"Baby, I've got something better than fingers," he whispered hoarsely through the closed door.

He tried the doorknob. It was locked. He spent ten minutes rapping on the door and whispering through it before he left.

"She knows she makes a fool of me. I'll bet that's why she does it. I wonder if that just happened or if she meant to let me touch her, to have me rub her rocks off like that. Oh, that bitch! I've come this far, and I bet I get in there. I'd take bets on it. If she liked my finger, she knows she'd like my crimper, too. Get down, damn you. We've got to get this mail out."

Davis was the floater who took his route on his days off. Today Davis was working route 327 next to him.

"What's happening?"

"You wouldn't believe it if I told you."

"What wouldn't I believe?"

"It."

"It?"

"Yeah," he chuckled and went to check in his keys. When he returned to the desk, Davis was after him.

"That 'it' couldn't be that route?"

"What about this route?"

"It shouldn't take all day. Where you been?"

"I just dropped my last letter ten minutes ago."

"No way. You couldn't kill that much time on that route if you had a piece of ass at every address."

"That's what takes so long. Some even demand foreplay."

"You getting any out there?"

"Might be."

"And that's the 'it'?"

"Davis, you wouldn't believe it. You just wouldn't believe it."

"Well, shit on you, I can't believe it if you don't tell me."

"You ever seen these people at 39 Walsingham?"

"That big house? Naw. It's always quiet when I go by."

"Well, it ain't when I go by. There's a woman sticks her cunt against the mail slot every morning and has me diddle her off."

"Jenkins, don't give me that shit!"

"No shit. First she just stood there in front of the slot where I could see her and rubbed herself off. But now she comes up and has me do it. And she never says a word. I just hear her breathing and scratching behind the door."

"Get out of here!"

"Smell my fingers."

"I don't want to smell your goddamn fingers."

"See that cut? That's from the mail slot when she pushed her cunt down and crushed my hand."

"Don't give me that. I cut my hands on mailboxes all the time. You don't need a woman hanging on your fingers to cut your hand on a mailbox."

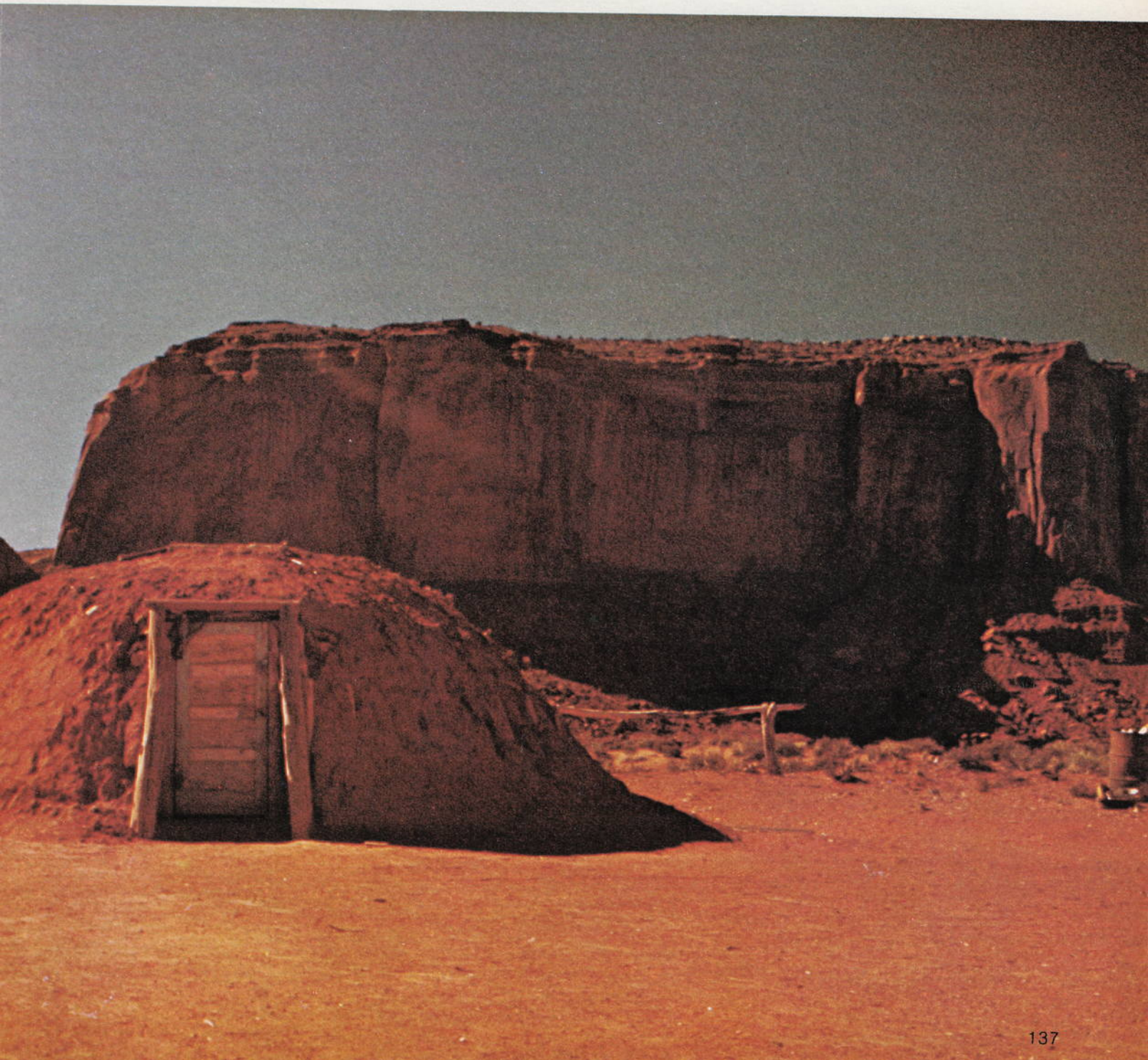
CONTINUED ON PAGE 199

"Sex gets your rocks off. Love gets your brain off. I want both, although not necessarily at the same time."

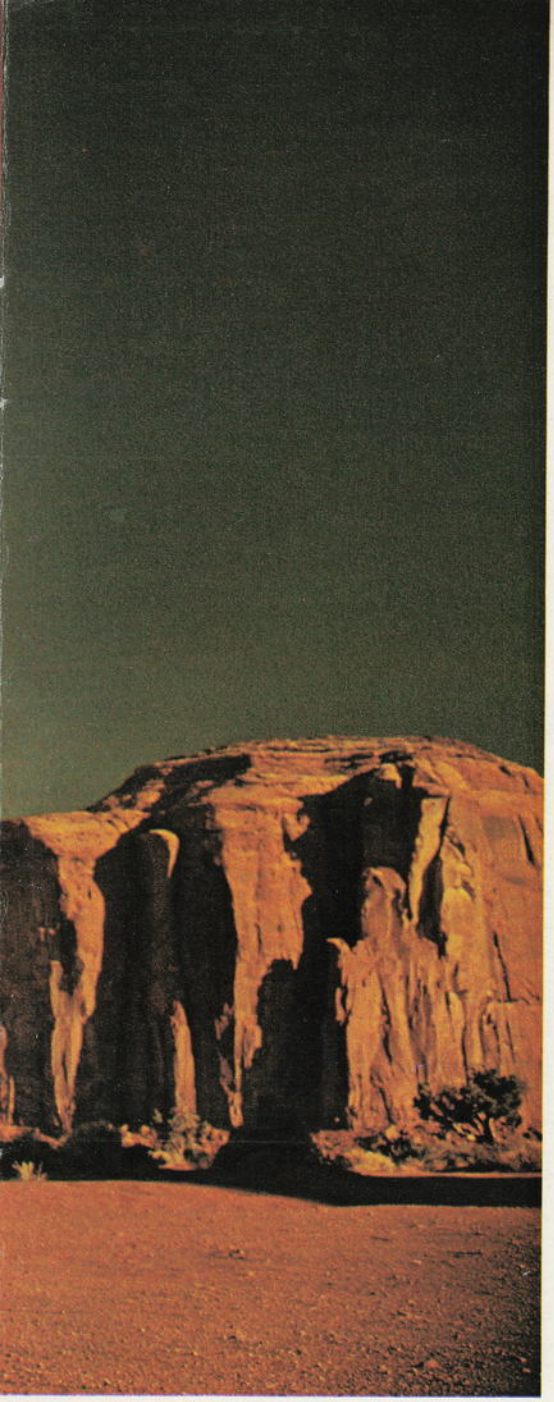
INDIAN LOVE CALL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MINDAS

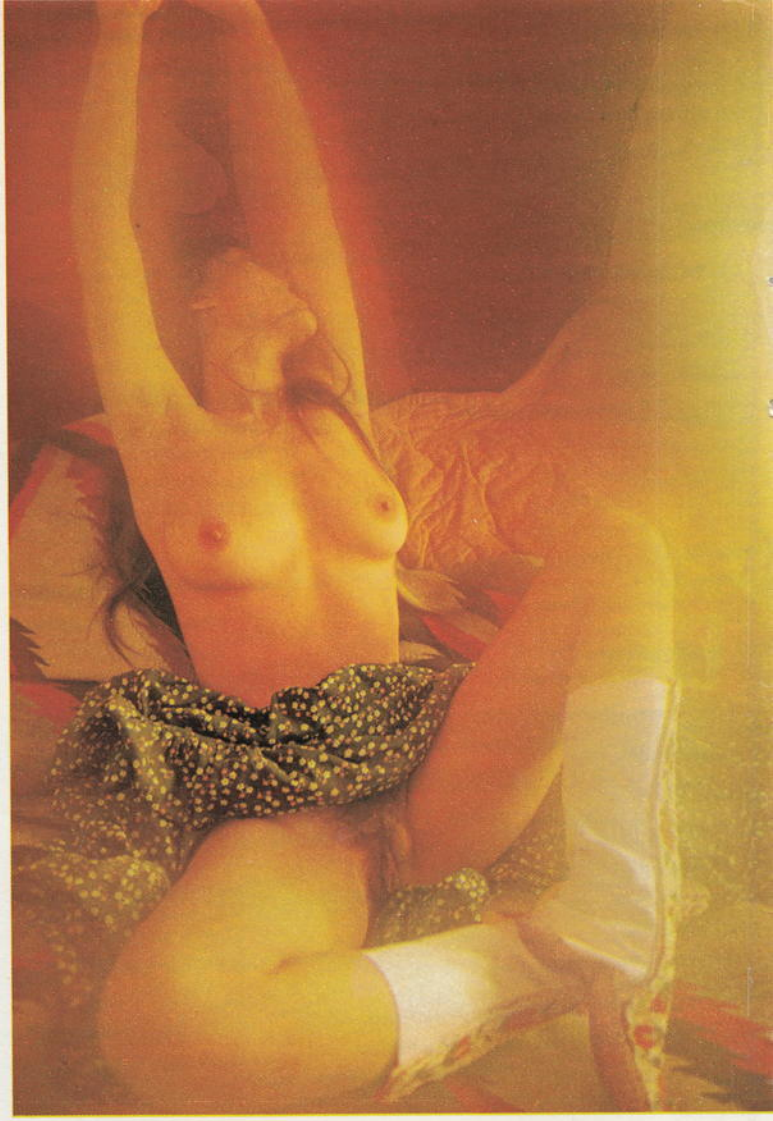
The West belongs to Derna Wylde. Half-Chinese, half-American Indian, Derna roams the land of her forebears, feeling their spirits and the spirits of the land. "I traced my family back three centures on my mother's side. My father's side stretches back to the first dynasties of China. It's not just that I believe in reincarnation; I have direct *knowledge* of my previous lives. I know I was once a spy, executed at nineteen for hanging out with Mata Hari."



"One benefit from my heritage is that I haven't been burdened with a lot of repressive Western hang-ups. I was raised in the atmosphere of a very liberated Eastern philosophy. When I was fourteen, I decided it was time to rid myself of what Westerners call virginity—and did so. It was as simple and pleasurable as that. My favorite clothes are no clothes at all. I adore making love in public places. That element of danger spices it up quite a bit. Once I managed to have sex in a public telephone booth in downtown Los Angeles. Needless to say, the guy I was screwing and I were very, very careful not to dial into any wrong numbers."



"There is a difference between love and sex. Sex gets your rocks off. Love gets your brain off. I want both, although not necessarily at the same time. Blond, blue-eyed dudes are my favorites. And I always admire men who know what they are about, who are in touch with their own past incarnations and are not afraid to follow out things in this life for fear of the next. But when I look at a man it's not just to see his soul. I always take a glance at his mouth and cock. As they say, it's all in what's up top and up front."



I adore making love in public places. That element of danger spices it up quite a bit.

Derna is a fighter and thinks the reason is she belongs to two minorities at once. "When I walk alone through this land," she says, "I can feel the subtle strength of my ancestors. Their spirits protect the land with their love. I try to add my love as well. Human beings have robbed and plundered enough. It's time to give love back to the land. It's also time to make love on the land. I admire ecology, but I despise the puritanical natures of primping politicians who think that you have to be sexually 'pure' in order to protect the environment. The land is alive. It can feel your vibes. And when you make love outdoors, under the sky, the earth is fed with your energy. The earth needs sex as much as it needs rain. And my bed's no drought."

"I love having sex with my mouth, feeling a man's cock fill me as I flick my tongue around its sensitive parts. One of the greatest thrills in my life was turning my parents on to oral sex. We've got a really good relationship, and one day—when the subject of my sex life came up—I just told them what I like best. They later happily admitted that their own sexual satisfaction has never been more mutual. Talk about word of mouth!"

The truth is, Derna, when it comes to sex, all groups speak in the same tongue.

THE MISOGAMIST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

naval base, so as to be available to those lonesome wives when the ships go do their merry shit at sea. I have no doubts that there are several U.S. Navy dependents who bear a resemblance to the first sergeant who talks to you now but who step on the toes of a sailor they call Daddy. This may also be true of certain marine dependents. I have never known a woman who gave a fart whether she was married or not once it came upon her that what she wanted to do was fuck. But it could be that, as well-traveled as I am, my experience is still limited. For instance, I have never fucked in the state of Nebraska, partly because I've heard it's considered a felony there. Then again, it could be I have only known bad women, because like a pointer I smell out the pheasant and ignore the dove. You will find that sailors have the worst wives of all military men. One reason is your average sailor is a dumb shit once he sets foot on land. They spend too much time on boats. They all turn into country hicks, doesn't matter where they came from to begin with. They get into port, and they either believe everything they see or they don't understand it; worse than that, they believe everything they hear. Which brings us to the next point: it's a rare sailor that gets more than six blocks from the pier. So what they do is meet the women that hang out in sailors' bars. There you have it. What they meet is semi-pro whores. I am right now, Sergeant Hodges—though not at the moment, since you can see I'm here at my desk about to tear up your leave papers and lend a helping hand in saving your young ass from bad watering hole number two—fucking the sweet wife of a gunner's mate, said gunner's mate being stationed on a destroyer. I hope he comes back alive. She does not talk about him, nor has she told me his name. There is a color photograph of him in uniform; it sits on the bureau in the bedroom, which allows him to watch my ass-end doing its humble work on his wife. While I am thus at labor, I do believe I think about him more than she does. Sergeant Hodges, I do not mean to piss you off when I say I assume you fucked this girl who lives and reigns in Marshall, Texas. It could even be that you were the first to do the old prone dance with her—" Roy nodded and then he was sad, thinking of her eight years ago on the blanket in the woods. The phrase ran through his weary, hungover mind: *on the blanket in the woods.*

"Ah: a virgin. I have noticed that women can be compared to shooters. The virgin—and I have only had two of them, very long ago, and will never have another unless I come across some horny old nun—the virgin uses Kentucky windage. She moves her weapon this way and that, adjusting to the wind. And you are the wind. And the wind must go. But not to Nebraska, where it's frowned upon. I have no doubt the lady in Marshall, Texas, is pretty, else you would not have spent such time and money crossing the state of Texas. So you can be assured that your place will soon be taken, and she'll be better at it this time around, and thus you will have two people who will be thankful to you. It behooves—"

"First Sergeant."

"Speak."

"Can I have the day off to get rid of this fucking hangover?"

"I recommend a shot of booze, a piece of ass, and a long sleep. Here—" He wrote on the note pad on his desk, tore the page out, and gave it to Roy.

"Her name is Meg. Tell her you're an old buddy of mine, just back from the wars. Don't let her get you out of the house, or she'll spend all your money."

Roy neither liked nor understood the collusive look in the first sergeant's eyes, the softening of his mouth and jaw. But he put the paper in his pocket, borrowed a friend's car, and drove into town and to Meg's apartment where, after coffee and pretense-talk, he spent the day in bed, from time to time looking at the gunner's mate watching from the bureau. Just after sundown he was lying on his back, and she was licking his chest and belly, moving down, when she stopped and said: "He'll ask about this, too."

"Who?"

"Johnny."

It took him a moment to think of the first sergeant as Johnny.

"What do you mean?"

"He likes to hear about it. While we're screwing, he likes to hear about it with somebody else."

"You tell him?"

"Yes."

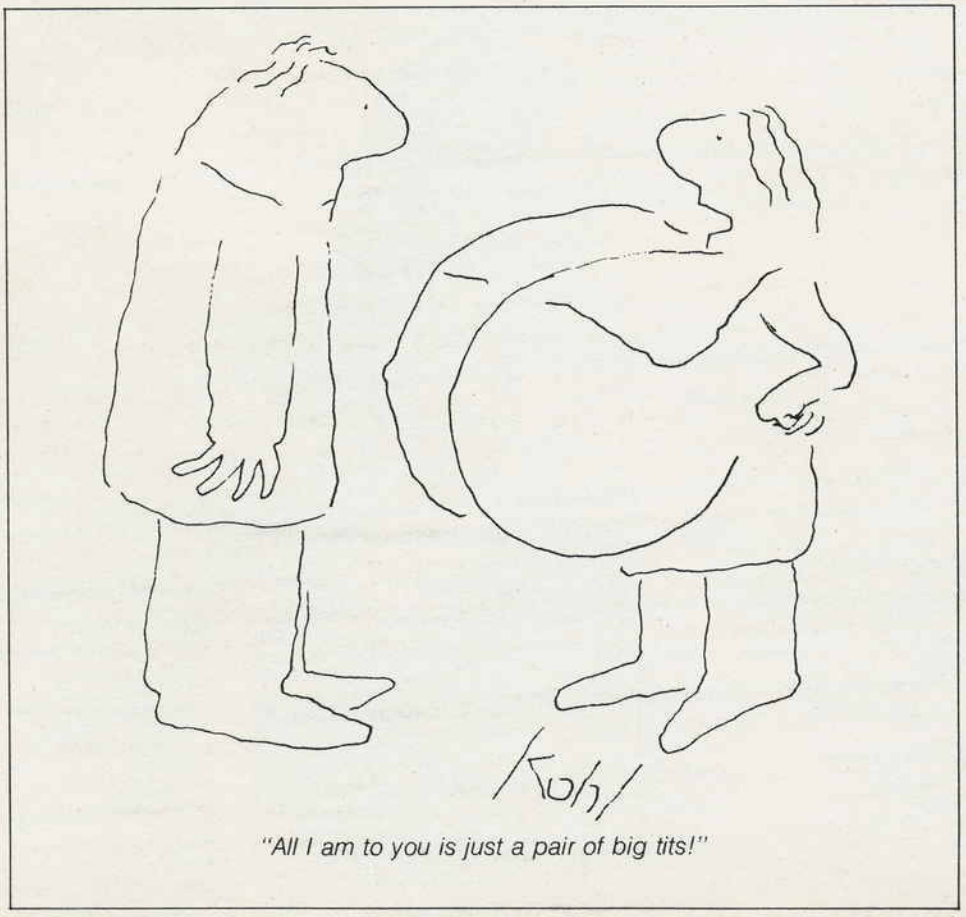
"You like to tell him?"

"Yes."

"Jesus."

But he was not really disturbed. Scornfully, he thought of Sheila. Then Meg moved down again, and he stroked her hair and thought of nothing. His curse of the night before had taken flesh, and he came in its mouth.

Two nights later he wrote to Sheila. He wrote that he loved his career and that he had no place for a wife. It took him one page, and seeing his life so compressed saddened him. He dropped the page onto the floor. On another page he told her how sorry he was and how he hated himself. He thought of her standing at the train station, waiting after the last passenger had gone by. She would have been dressed up. He picked up the first letter and tore both letters in half and wadded them in his fist. They made less sense than slashing a wrist and sending her a page soaked in his blood. The phone wouldn't do either. What he needed was to see her, to be there now without transition, to deliver to her some immortal touch that was neither erotic nor comforting but something new and final between them: firmly and lovingly to squeeze her hand and look into her eyes and then disappear, like a love-rooted ghost making its farewell.



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Suggestions on Domestic Vintages
Well Worth Imbibing

BY NORMAN ROBY

THE RETURN OF THE GRAPE: DOMESTIC VINO MAKES A SPIRITED COMEBACK

It should be obvious, from even the most cursory perusal of the shelves of any well-maintained wine shop, that American wines have finally and permanently come into their own. Although wine-making and -imbibing have been billed as a revolutionary phenomenon in recent years, they are, let us not forget, older than the American Republic. Still, the renascence of wine-drinking in the U.S. (it will be the favorite pre-dinner drink by 1990) augurs well for the maturity of our culture. And our vintners nowadays present us with vintages that are as good as, and in some cases better than, numerous European varieties that have long dominated the American market and palate, to say nothing of our restaurants.

Today, as never before, there is not so much a wine revival as a wine fever spreading from both coasts to engulf the country. Last year, more than 85 percent of all wine consumed in the United States was produced within our own borders. Unpretentious domestic vino, once the joke among wine connoisseurs, has the experts interested in stocking their cellars and the importers fighting desperately to maintain their small share of the wine market.

Although very young and decades away from hitting full stride, the American wine industry now ranks seventh in world wine production. The 425 million gallons of wine that are made annually in America are piddling when compared with wine production in Italy and France, but the United States is now ahead of Germany—and growing fast. Although California and New York State account for the lion's share of production, wine is currently being made in at least twenty-eight other states, almost all of which are just getting their act together. There is nothing amateurish about the little wine industries in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Washington State, Oregon, Arkansas, Virginia, Maryland, Missouri, and Illinois. The grape boom is sweeping the country—including even the state of Utah, one of the last bastions of temperance.

Actually, in the United States wine grapes of some sort can be successfully grown in all but a few of the northernmost states, such as the Dakotas (and, of course, Alaska). Contrary to European propaganda, the main prerequisites for growing wine grapes are land and sufficient sunshine for ripening them fully. Of course, a little wine-making talent and technology are also necessary.

In Texas, where land and technology are ubiquitous, and where things tend to get done on a grand scale, the University of Texas at Austin and Texas A. & M. are conducting extensive research to analyze the soil and climate in West Texas for possible vineyard locations. Twice-daily readings from orbiting satellites are providing the data. At Texas Tech in Lubbock, as part of the same program, university chemists are busy testing about seventy different varieties of wine grape. The university has about 2 million acres of land as an endowment, and since even Texans have realized that the oil and gas can't last forever, it is believed that wine may fill the expected financial void. Already there is one small winery in Texas, but it is quite possible that with a little help from space-age technology, the wines of Texas will soon be upon us.

THE ROOTS

There is more than a little irony in this present wine craze. Although contemporary Americans are discovering the pleasures of wine for the first time, the real truth is that the United States is experiencing a revival of our long-dormant wine culture. In 1808 Thomas Jefferson, who, like most of the other Founding Fathers, was a wine buff, remarked that "we could, in the United States, make as great a variety of wines as are made in Europe, not exactly of the same kinds, but doubtless as good." Jefferson thought that good, cheap native wine should have been the national beverage, and that the moderate enjoyment of wine was a sign of culture. "No nation is drunken where wine is cheap," he wrote, "and none sober where the dearness of wine substitutes ardent spirits as the common beverage."

In making both of these often-quoted observations, Jefferson was not suffering from premature ejaculation: wine was being made in America 200 years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Native grapes have always grown abundantly in the New World. In the late sixteenth century, French Huguenots made wine in Florida from the native scuppernong grape. By 1677 wineries were bristling with activity along the Hudson Valley in what is now New York. As settlers moved westward, vineyards sprang up along various rivers and valleys. By 1859 Ohio made more than a half-million gallons of wine, nearly one-third of the nation's total. In 1866 the scholar George Hussman, of Herman, Mo., wrote that "this continent is destined to be the greatest wine-producing country in the world." From the Atlantic to the Pacific, America would be, he predicted, "one smiling and happy Wineland." While our poet laureate, Longfellow, was praising the Catawba wine of Ohio, Robert Louis Stevenson was honeymooning in California, taking time off to taste wines, writing that "the smack of Californian earth shall linger on the palates of your grandson."

But the fickle muse of American history was about to spring a few tricks that would change these pastoral visions into vini-phobic nightmares. By 1900 the American wine industry was strong, and its future looked rosy. However, two diseases were about to change everything: a plant disease, eventually curable, and a peculiar American disease of the mind from which

we haven't yet recovered: mass hysteria, better known today as Prohibition.

In the nineteenth century, European vines were brought to California, and many native American vines were sent to Europe for experimental purposes. Along with the hardy American vines, we sent an evil ambassador—an aphid, or vine louse, inimical to the more sensitive European vines (members of the *Vitis vinifera* species). Between 1860 and 1900 this louse, called phylloxera, completely ruined European vineyards. Before anyone knew what had happened, many phylloxera-infected vines that were shipped to California accidentally returned the favor by devastating vineyards there. However, the solution was inherent in the cause; native American vines are naturally resistant to this disease. Vineyards could be replanted by using native American rootstock and by grafting the desired *vinifera* varieties onto the hardy stock. Today this is a standard practice in the world of wine.

But while European vineyards recovered and went on their way to glory, American wine producers were almost immediately confronted with a uniquely American affliction. It began as certain counties, and then states, voted to go "dry," and ended with national Prohibition, instituted in 1920. This tragic experiment began in the Bible Belt, where folks thought that all alcohol was the work of the devil—even natural, low-alcoholic beverages such as wine. By the end of World War I, most Americans apparently needed to cleanse themselves of all collective guilt through sumptuary masochism: the Eighteenth Amendment was passed.

This "noble experiment" lasted until 1933, leaving in its wake, ironically, a generation nurtured on bathtub gin and moonshine. It destroyed our wine heritage, and an entire generation entirely ignorant of wine appeared on the scene. The vineyards were by and large abandoned and wineries shut down; those that reopened after 1933 were in such poor condition that the wines made were, at best, terrible. Forced to compete with liquor, American wineries made cheap, poor-quality sweet dessert wines, high in alcohol.

CALIFORNIA: THERE'S GOLD IN THEM THAR GRAPES!

But in California, which had the natural resources for making fine table wines, old-time winegrowers—knowing they had to play catch-up ball—decided to follow the scientific approach to wine making, salvage the best of the vintner's art, and reject all useless traditions. The basic goal was to leave nothing to chance. By using the latest scientific breakthroughs, the Californians were able to maintain optimum control over all facets of wine making, from harvesting the grapes to fermenting the wines. Almost all California wineries today are outfitted with stainless-steel fermentors, jacketed with temperature-controlled coils; many have laboratories to monitor the progress of each wine, and a few even use computers to keep track of things. However, traditional practices—especially in the aging of red wine in small oaken vessels and in the blending of wines—were retained, making California wineries a pleasant, efficacious mix of science and tradition.

With this unique approach, California was able to progress rapidly enough so that within three decades it was making clean, palatable standard wines, as well as a few prestigious wines which could compete with the finest in the world. Beginning in 1966, California sold more table wine than any other type, and dry table wines have become the lifeblood of the California industry. The significance in this trend lies in the fact that dry table wines are enjoyed, by definition, in the traditional European fashion—as a complement to food. Thus the so-called wine revolution in the country actually began, in 1966, as a table-wine revolution.

Other states, taking note of California's success, immediately began reviving their old wineries, and there are right now more than 400 wineries across the country. Most of them are tiny, but their mere existence is certain to help sustain enthusiasm for wine. Even the small "mom and pop" wineries are either open for public tours and tastings or ready to make a visitor feel at home. Wine connoisseurs know that the only enemy in this country is ignorance of the art and history of wine making. California producers realized that the biggest chore was to educate the American public and to win people over to wine. Consequently, more than 100 wineries are open to the public daily in California, and other states have adopted this practice when possible. In the overall American wine picture, California easily dominates: it produces more than 86 percent of all American wine. One cannot underestimate the importance of the wine revolution in America or dismiss it as a fad, and it is obvious that California has set the trends and led the way.

Today in California vineyards the emphasis is on growth, experimentation, and innovation. California has overcome its inferiority complex and now feels on an equal footing with Europe, but it has yet to reach its full wine-making potential. Of the more than 325,000 acres of wine grapes, about 100,000 acres are sprouting young vines, yet to yield a crop. Vineyards of the finest wine grapes have been added to old, established regions such as Napa and Sonoma, and entirely new prime-wine regions have been developed recently in Monterey County, Santa Barbara, Mendocino, and even in San Diego County. Anyone following closely the development of California wines learns one axiom fast: never say "never" in a wine context. Sooner or later, some winery, large or small, makes the never-sayer eat his words.

But there are some definite accomplishments and recent happenings worth knowing about. California's day-to-day wines are far superior to any European counterparts, and the finest California wines can hold their own in any direct competition. Keep in mind, however, that California wines are different, owing to differences in soil, climate, and wine-making philosophy. Furthermore, the best California wines are named after the predominant grape variety in the blend, whereas French wines are distinguished chiefly by regions (for example, Bordeaux, Burgundy, Loire Valley) and seldom by grapes. At best, one might say that California wines are the "counterparts" of those in Europe; that is, they are similar to but do not match European wines. In making comparisons, in pitting California wines "against" European wines, one can easily stack the deck in either direction, depending upon the outcome desired. It is far better to try to indicate what California has to offer the wine consumer than to make comparisons.

THE FRUITS: RED WINES OF CALIFORNIA

Cabernet Sauvignon has long reigned as king of California red wines, and deservedly so. Until a few years ago only Beaulieu, Inglenook, and Charles Krug made complex, long-lived Cabernets. Today the list of serious challengers is extensive, and many small wineries specialize in Cabernet Sauvignon. One of the most distinctive wines is made by Heitz Cellars, whose Martha's Vineyard Cabernet Sauvignon of 1968 has become a collector's item, selling for twenty-seven dollars a bottle where still obtainable. In 1970 Heitz faced serious competition from other exciting Cabernet producers, such as Mayacamas, Robert Mondavi Winery, Ridge Vineyard, Spring Mountain, Beaulieu Private Reserve, and Souverain. But in 1973 these luminaries had to make room for new producers of fine Cabernet Sauvignon: Caymus Vineyard, Stag's Leap Wine Cellars, Clos du Val, and Sterling Vineyard. Excellent vintages for Cabernet Sauvignon to date are 1968, 1970, and 1973; and 1974 was superb. When these aging wines are available, the wine consumer will have an extremely difficult time making decisions.

So far, California hasn't had much success with its **Pinot Noir** wines, although Guild has produced the most consistently acceptable vintage among the major vintners so far. These wines are made from the grape of La Tache and Clos de Vougeot fame. And although most Pinot Noirs may be a bit disappointing, the vintners are thus far working hard to solve the riddle by finding the proper growing regions and settling on the best technique for making this temperamental wine. If they are successful, we may have a tasty Pinot Noir by 1980. Meanwhile, one might consider California **Zinfandel**, a red wine that was once the ugly duckling of wines but has recently been converted into a beautiful swan. Zinfandel is a grape of mysterious

origin, and the wines it yields offer a full range of subtlety in taste. Louis Martini, Sebastiani, Inglenook, and the Christian Brothers offer Zinfandels in a light, fruity beaujolais style. But the recent trend is to make full-bodied, tannic, majestic Zinfandels which, with age, develop a claretlike style; Ridge Vineyard, Sutter Home, Robert Mondavi, Clos du Val, Burgess Cellars, and Kenwood Vineyards all made superb, full Zinfandels in 1972 and 1973. For the cost-conscious consumer, M. LaMont makes a palatable Zinfandel and—although new to the business—is working hard on developing sundry varieties of this wine.

California **Petite Sirah** is another red wine currently fashionable, one which relentless, talented winegrowers have rescued from obscurity. Petite Sirahs are dark-colored, richly flavored, robust wines which, like the better Zinfandels, improve with age. In the hands of Robert Mondavi, Ridge, Freemark Abbey, Souverain, Concannon, and Fetzer, Petite Sirahs have climbed to new heights. California Petite Sirahs have improved remarkably and are much more interesting than California **Barbera**, which is well made only by Louis Martini (and occasionally by Sebastiani). The rest of the Barberas are quite ordinary. California **Gamay**, **Gamay Beaujolais**, and **Ruby Cabernet** are the other widely available red wines; most are decent wines, to be enjoyed without much fanfare.

WHITE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

So far at least, California wineries have been more consistently successful with white varietal wines, largely because cold fermentation captures the desirable fresh, fruity flavors. **Chenin Blancs** are all-purpose, often inexpensive white wines, varying widely in relative sweetness. The most interesting ones have a subtle touch of sweetness. For quality Chenin Blancs, consider those made by Parducci, Robert Mondavi, Simi, Sterling, and Charles Krug. If one is seeking quality with a distinctive regional difference, he should look for wines from Monterey County made by the Monterey Vineyard, Mirassou Vineyard, or San Martin Vineyard; all are extremely assertive, fruity wines.

White or **Johannisberg Rieslings**, which are heavier in body and higher in alcohol than their German counterparts, also have improved considerably in quality lately. Wente Brothers and Mirassou Vineyard offer Rieslings that, again, speak well for Monterey County, and equally fine Rieslings are available from Robert Mondavi, Freemark Abbey, Simi, and Joseph Phelps Vineyard—a new entry that deserves greater recognition. A few years ago, it was generally thought that California was incapable of making luscious, sweet Rieslings. Today, one may cite several wines to refute that misconception, notably the finest vintages made by Wente Brothers, Freemark Abbey (Edelwein), Beringer, Chateau Montelena, and Veedercrest Vineyard, all like white sunsets.

But the white table wine that first caused European experts to give their serious attention to California is **Chardonnay**, the only white that benefits from long aging. California Chardonnay is fuller in body and lower in acidity than French white burgundies, and California vintners now tend to be obsessed with so-called oakiness in their rich Chardonnays. But they have been winning many awards and much recognition with this style, best typified by tiny Chalone Vineyard and, of late, by Mayacamas, Chateau Montelena, Sterling Vineyard, and Freemark Abbey. Less oaky, but to me more elegant, Chardonnays are offered by Heitz Cellars, Robert Mondavi, Beaulieu Vineyard, Dry Creek Vineyard, and, above all, Spring Mountain—the most exquisite California Chardonnay, in my estimation.

Singled out, any of these aforementioned Chardonnays or California Cabernets will win over the most snobbish French-wine lovers. Of the lesser white wines, **Sauvignon Blanc**, often called **Fumé Blanc**, may also make it big. If so, the brands to keep an eye on are Spring Mountain, Robert Mondavi (Fumé Blanc), The Christian Brothers (Napa Fumé), Sterling Vineyard, Dry Creek, and Joseph Phelps. California **Gewurztraminer** is a rich, spicy wine difficult to enjoy with American cuisine, but a Gewurztraminer from Simi, Almaden, Mirassou, or Pedroncelli is a delight to sip on a warm summer day. French Colombard is a white wine produced in large quantity; but to my taste, most of the varieties are dull.

CALIFORNIA JUG WINES

No winery can afford to rest on its reputation. Whenever a Robert Mondavi or a Chateau Montelena comes up with a new wine, the others try to imitate or, better yet, improve upon it. Moreover, because of a better supply of choice wine grapes, the quality of "jug" wine is really improving. Beringer's "Los Hermanos" started it, with quite drinkable jugs of Riesling and Zinfandel; and Geyser Peak, Sebastiani, and Inglenook Navalle quickly followed suit with much-improved lines of jug wines. Italian Swiss Colony is now trying to move its jugs into the inexpensive varietal-wine market—before E. & J. Gallo has a go, once again, with varietals. Meanwhile, Almaden varietals are cheap and good, those of Christian Brothers consistent, and Sonoma's comeback impressive.

CALIFORNIA SHERRIES AND SPARKLING WINES

Sherries and ports, meanwhile, hang in limbo. Only Cresta Blanca, Almaden, and Louis Martini make better than average **dry sherries**. As for ports, unless one is caught in a storm, he should think of Porto, not California. Yet California bubbly —table wine made to undergo a secondary fermentation—has been improving. The best California **sparkling wine** is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196

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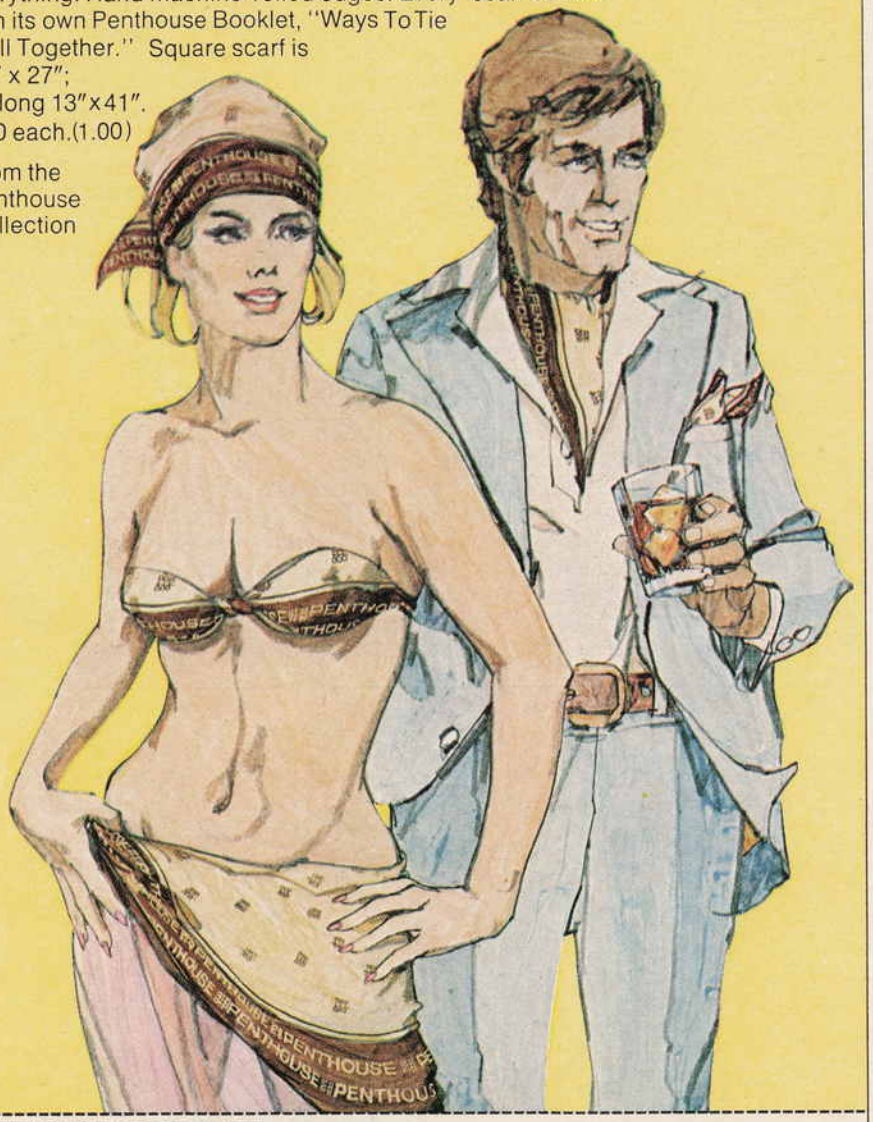

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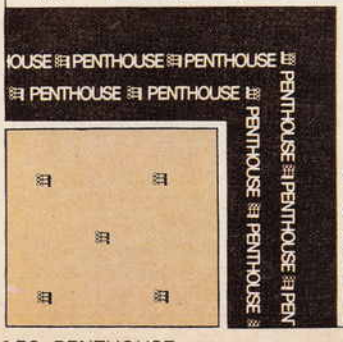

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WATERGATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

week period during which the International agents visited him in Washington. However, the strike force has been able to establish that Wilcox and another detective flew to Washington on the day Baise received the materials. In any event, Baise does recall discussing the anti-Hartke materials with his boss in the Justice Department, William D. Ruckelshaus.

Ruckelshaus, a former Indianapolis attorney, was deputy attorney general in charge of the Justice Department's Civil Division at the time. He held a series of positions in the Nixon administration, serving variously as director of the Environmental Protection Agency, acting director of the FBI, and special assistant to Attorney General Elliot Richardson. He resigned during the so-called Saturday night massacre of October 1973, when Nixon fired Richardson and Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox.

Ruckelshaus says he doesn't recall Baise's telling him about the anti-Hartke materials. He told an Indianapolis press conference: "It is possible that Mr. Baise had mentioned it to me, but I will say that if I was told this information was illegally obtained or damaging to Hartke, I would have remembered that. I cannot rule out the possibility that Mr. Baise had mentioned some information to me, but I don't think that he would have even mentioned Senator Hartke because he knew how I would feel about using the Justice Department to get involved in a political campaign."

Ruckelshaus, a Republican, had considered the possibility of running for Hartke's Senate seat in 1970 but deferred to Roudebush several months before the bugging incidents.

Both Baise and Ruckelshaus were called to testify before the grand jury investigating International's political dirty-tricks programs. In a report that it released after hearing all witnesses to the Hartke affair, the grand jury expressed numerous reservations regarding the account presented by the two former Justice Department officials:

". . . we are convinced that when the documents which had been stolen out of Edward Lewis's office with the tape recording of the electronic eavesdropping device placed in Mr. Lewis's office were delivered to Gary Baise in Washington, he was told said documents and tape recordings were illegally obtained.

"We further believe that, as a member of the United States Department of Justice, he then had an obligation to take some action to determine what illegal acts had been committed and who was involved.

"It is unclear if this material was brought to the attention of Mr. William Ruckelshaus; but it is clear that Gary Baise kept the

materials and did nothing to determine if any laws had been broken or crimes committed.

"If persons occupying high positions in our system of justice in our country have such a casual disregard for the law, how then are our children to learn proper respect for the law, and how is our society to maintain order?"

The grand jury also noted that it had no jurisdiction in the matter of Baise and Ruckleshaus. Nevertheless, it urged that the Justice Department should make "a complete and thorough investigation for any possible crimes including, but not limited to, obstruction of justice and receiving stolen goods."

The grand jury may have expected that the Justice Department was going to explore possible wrongdoing by a former deputy attorney general and his aide. Such faith was not warranted, however, by past performance in the case. At a critical point in the strike force's investigation, the department had "pulled off a stunt" which almost kept Ruckelshaus and Baise out of the matter entirely.

The Indianapolis strike force had been cooperating with the FBI in the case, since the bugging and wiretapping carried out against Hartke was a violation of federal law. The Indianapolis investigators learned, in fact, that the bureau had known about International's involvement in the Hartke break-ins, for more than a year, but inexplicably had failed to prosecute the case. In any event, the bureau was aware of Gary Baise's involvement in the case and knew that subpoenas had been issued for him and the tapes and materials turned over to him by International Investigators in 1970. Shortly before Baise was due to appear before the grand jury, agents from the FBI visited him and, on orders from the Justice Department, seized the tapes and materials.

The maneuver had the effect of a delaying tactic, since there was little point in taking Baise's testimony if the materials were not available to be entered as evidence before the grand jury. But a delay at this point would have been fatal—the five-year statute of limitation on the 1970 campaign offenses was within days of running out. Confiscating the tapes and stolen documents served not only to keep Ruckelshaus and Baise out of the case but also to deny the strike force essential evidence that any crime had been committed at all. Without the materials, there was a good possibility that no indictments whatsoever would be handed down in the 1970 anti-Hartke break-ins.

Prosecutors James F. Kelley and James Davis were outraged and worked behind the scenes to pressure the Department of Justice for release of the documents. Investigative reporters for the *Indianapolis Star* duly learned of the development and published the story of the Justice Department's delaying maneuver. The affair was beginning to take on the odor of a Washington cover-up, and the national press was showing signs of interest in the case. Apparently someone in Washington used his better judgment: for the day after the story appeared in the *Star*, the Justice Department released the materials and had them flown to Indianapolis. They arrived in the prosecutor's office only several minutes before Gary Baise walked into the grand jury room.

Despite the grand jury's belief that any possible wrongdoing by Ruckelshaus and Baise was beyond its jurisdiction, it handed down indictments in the Hartke affair against Roudebush campaign coordinator Longworth; Redding, the attorney for Public Service Indiana; Buena Chaney, a former GOP state chairman; Eston Perry, a former aide to Chaney; and Wilcox. Named as unindicted co-conspirators were the former air force lock man and the International detective, both of whom had admitted their part in the break-ins.

The statute-of-limitations question was raised again when the five defendants moved for dismissal of the charges on grounds that more than five years had elapsed since the break-ins. The burglaries had, in fact, occurred between August and October 1970, and the indictments were handed down October 31, 1975, just barely beyond the five-year limit. The defendants also charged that the Indianapolis prosecutor had no jurisdiction to prosecute the bugging and wiretap charges, since electronic surveillance is prohibited solely by federal law and isn't covered by any Indiana statute.

> The Indiana grand jury expected that the Justice Department would explore possible wrongdoing by top officials. But its faith was not warranted.

The prosecutor maintained that the break-ins and eavesdropping had been part of a criminal conspiracy that lasted at least until the evening of November 3 —election day—when Wilcox reportedly visited Roudebush headquarters and flashed copies of Senator Hartke's personal income-tax returns to the workers there. The state also argued that Indiana conspiracy law provides for prosecution of violations of federal law.

In the end the judge found that the statute of limitations had expired and decided that the local prosecutor had no jurisdiction over the federal wiretap charges. The indictments against the five defendants were dismissed, thus killing any chance that some of the larger questions in the case will ever be answered.

If Roudebush's campaign coordinator, Nick Longworth, helped plan the Hartke break-ins, as the prosecution charged, what did his boss—now director of the Veteran's Administration—know about it, and *when* did he know it? Why did the FBI, which learned from several sources about International Investigators' role in the Hartke break-ins more than a year before the investigation by the Indianapolis strike force, fail to follow up at the time? Was the Justice Department's confiscation of the fruits of the Hartke break-ins and buggings a deliberate attempt to protect former Deputy Attorney General Ruckelshaus from having to answer some embarrassing questions before the grand jury?

And then there is the most perplexing question of all: were the striking parallels between Watergate and the five-year program of dirty tricks in Indiana mere coincidence—or was there an actual connection between the White House Plumbers and their Indianapolis counterparts? Senator Hartke seems to suspect there was. Commenting on the 1970 break-ins, he observed, "In one sense, my campaign was a training ground for the masterminds of the Watergate burglaries, buggings, and dirty tricks. There was a conscious effort on the part of the Nixon-dominated Republican National Committee to sabotage the reelection of me and a number of other senators opposing the Nixon administration."

But while there are striking similarities between Watergate and the Indianapolis affair, the probability is that they are the product of coincidence. If the break-ins, the buggings, the attempted blackmailings, and the other dirty tricks are linked at all, it is in the same way that two or more cases of smallpox are related; the conditions are right, so the disease spreads.

Like C. Timothy Wilcox, most of the International employees who took part in the Indianapolis operations are in their mid-thirties—bright young men, articulate and well-tailored. They are of the same generation and were shaped by the same social mold as the young men of Watergate. They could be the fraternity brothers of John Dean, Jeb Magruder, Donald Segretti, or Gordon Strachan. They believe in law and order, but they define those concepts in the same terms used by G. Gordon Liddy or E. Howard Hunt. They are furtive, yet proud, for while they must practice their trade in the political back alleys of America, they are unswerving in their belief that God is on their side. Intelligent, courageous, and resourceful, they serve what they see as a higher good.

They are rather dangerous men.

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COUPLES

Husband and wife,
exhibitionist and voyeur.
Having sex without
intercourse.

"She was looking at me, and I was sure she was enjoying my performance."

JIM'S STORY: I guess I'd better start at the beginning. I was born and raised right here in Philly. I was an only child. My parents were the kind of people who really never should have had kids. But there I was, and they had to figure out what to do with me for the rest of their lives. And they came up with an answer: a religious boarding school. Mom was about the closest thing to a nun that you could be without wearing black. And Dad? Well, whatever world he was living in, he never shared it with me (nor did my mother, for that matter). He spent most of his time down at the dry cleaning store that he owned.

I was heavy into daydreaming. My own private world was a lot more pleasant than the reality of that strict school. And all my fantasies, as early as I can remember, had to do with sex. I know all kids masturbate, but I think my indulgence was unusual. I did it *all* the time, whenever I got a chance—in bed at night, in the shower mornings, in the john, anywhere, anytime. I started long before I was even able to ejaculate. (Yet I sometimes think my "puppy masturbation" was as exciting as any has been since.) Soon I didn't care where I was when I did it. The more public the place, the more excited it made me—and the better the "finish." Thinking back on it all, I guess I was just too naive to be as scared, as I should have been. Oh, I had been taught I would go to Hell for it, and later on I realized I might get thrown into jail if they caught me doing it in public. But I couldn't help myself.

Once this nun, Sister Mary Frances, called on me while I was doing it and I had to stand up. I had a raging hard-on, of course. She was looking right at the bulge in my pants, even though I did my best to conceal it. I could see her getting all red in the face as she spoke to me. She was asking some dumb geography question, and as usual I didn't know the answer. She got so flustered that it was funny. The redder she got and the more she carried on, the more aroused I became. Finally she called me up to her desk, got her ruler out, and gave me some sharp whacks right across the knuckles. The whole class was giggling. The pain was pretty bad, but while she was swatting at my sinful hand I had a violent orgasm.

Photographs by Les Underhill

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

After that, I spent whole days and nights trying to figure out just why I had come like that, and my fantasies began to include that particular sister catching me in the act when I'd be jerking off someplace.

Then one day, when I was twelve years old, I *did* get caught in the act. It happened on one of the weekends I was allowed to go home. Although it was a balmy spring evening, I was wearing a light topcoat. For some time I had been experimenting with walking outside with my cock out, but always protected from view by my coat. I had cut a hole in the pocket so that I could fondle myself whenever I wished, and nobody was the wiser. I truly "covered" myself.

But this particular night, I was feeling pretty bold. There was no one on the street for blocks ahead, so I let my coat hang open and just walked along like that. I felt incredibly excited by what I was doing. I was fully exposed and on the verge of orgasm just from the *thought* that someone might see me. Then, suddenly, a young woman stepped out of a doorway directly in front of me. We were so close that I could look right into her eyes and smell the strong, flowery scent of her perfume. My head went into orbit—and Mission Control got the message. I couldn't hold back an explosive ejaculation. It was an incredible climax. When some of my come spurted onto her dress, she gasped and almost lost her footing. As you can imagine, I turned and ran like hell. When I got to the corner, I couldn't resist turning around. She was still standing there, as if too stunned to move. She was an attractive, well-rounded redhead with ultra-high heels, and must have been somewhere in her healthy thirties.

Nowadays, I can still see that woman as if it were yesterday. I can still see her features all contorted, her mouth wide. But she wasn't angry, as I thought at first. She was laughing, totally out of control, and yelling at me: "Come back. We'll try it again! Only this time . . ." Her fingers were pointing lewdly downward, toward her crotch, as she took a few steps in my direction. I realized, in a state of pure panic, that this woman wanted to have sex with me. I ran, hard and fast, until I was so out of breath I could hardly stand up. For sometime afterward, I remained badly frightened by the experience. And it was only a year or so later that I began to find the memory of her teasing reaction—how shall I put it?—*titillating*.

By the time I was nineteen, I considered myself an expert at "borderline exhibitionism," as a shrink book I once read called it. Borderline meant, I guess, that I never went so far as to seek out a particular person to show my genitals to, but always placed myself in a position where I could conceivably get caught. By then I was out of school and working. I had a job as an assistant in a travel agency, and commuted there by trolley each day. My sex life was pretty bizarre, I guess, in that I hadn't yet actually had sex with a woman (or with a man, for that matter). I was getting off more in my "secret" life. I suppose secret is a funny word for a guy whose sex life is jerking off in the back seat of a trolley car while everyone faces forward.

I won't say I was happy, because I wasn't. All the flicks I was seeing, everything I read, were telling me that I wasn't normal. I couldn't help being troubled by this knowledge. Moving out of my parents' house helped. Eventually I got in with a couple of guys down at the job, and they began inviting me to parties and stuff. Still, I never followed through with a woman, even when one really wanted me to make a move.

I went to this party one night with a guy named Mel. It was one of those big, boozy parties, with lots of grass and a lot of too-loud music. I wasn't overly enthusiastic about being there—but it was better than having no social life at all, so there I was. By about midnight I was feeling pretty mellowed out. Not being much of a dancer, I wound up sitting off by myself in a dimly lighted corner, kind of blending in with the plants, watching the others dancing and carrying on. Then it occurred to me that it would be a real turn-on to play with myself. No one was seeing anything very well at that party anyway, I figured. Nobody had so much as looked my way the whole time I was sitting there. I could have come at least twice in that time, I knew. It was a way to make a party bearable.

> "The more public the place, the more excited it made me—and the better my climax."

The next thing I knew, I was fully exposed, my cock in my hand. The feel of the air on it brought it to absolute rigidity, and I stroked it while watching the movements of some chick's ass. She was dancing wildly only a few feet away from me, unaware of my aroused state in the low-lit corner. Suddenly the plant beside me seemed to be moving, and I hurriedly covered my cock with my hands. This was somewhat difficult—I was stiff as a board—but I made the effort. Then the leafy fronds—just to the right and slightly behind me—moved again, and I turned to see a pretty blonde girl standing there. Even though she was facing the other way, I was sure she had been watching me. For a split second I pondered what to do, but it wasn't my mind that decided for me. It was my cock, which was quivering now at the thought that this girl had been watching its performance. Slowly, I began stroking, again looking back toward the crowded center of the room. But my mind was with the girl behind the plants. I just knew she was looking at me, seeing how excited I was, knowing I could have a fantastic, sperm-spouting orgasm any second. I was sure she was enjoying my performance. Why else would she still be standing there?

The moment I felt the first delicious tingles of climax starting somewhere way back in my balls, I turned my head. It was like pure electricity. Our eyes met and everything seemed suspended. I was reminded of that woman who'd seen me when I was a kid; only this time I was no kid, and I wasn't frightened by the idea of a woman getting off on what I was doing. I must have nodded my head imperceptibly, or maybe it was just ESP, for she came around the plants, directly toward me, her eyes glistening, her lips slightly parted. And then I heard Joanne's gentle, seductive voice for the first time. It was so *intimate*.

"That must feel awfully good," she said in a low, almost inaudible whisper, almost to herself.

She had a dreamlike quality about her; in fact, I thought I might *be* dreaming as the next few moments transpired. Automatically, it seemed, I reached up, took her hand, and pulled her down onto my knees. She didn't resist at all. She even seemed anxious to push her tight little buttocks against my cock. She immediately pulled up her skirt and, wriggling her silky panties down beneath her buttocks, she sat back onto me, fitting the tight opening of her cunt over the tip of my penis. Somehow I kept thinking, "I love you, I love you," over and over again, even though I said nothing.

You can pretty much guess what a mind-blower this was for me. Joanne was my first woman, and it all happened in a way that was beyond my wildest imaginings. It was pretty fantastic to fuck then and there. She was faced away from me, her skirt covering our little activity, my cock pushing slowly up into that soft wetness between her spread thighs.

Joanne spent the night at my place, and it wasn't long before we both felt that we were made for each other. We started going everywhere together. We moved into a new apartment—the same we're living in now—and eventually got married. The sex was always incredibly good. Just like at the party, she always wanted to watch me first, and then she'd get so excited that she'd practically rape me. Luckily, we had a lot of other things in common, too—books, movies, that kind of thing. We were quite compatible.

I know Joanne blames the trouble on me, and I suppose she is right. You see, even though I've been happy with Joanne, my desire to continue my previous onanistic habits died down for only a short period of time. About a year after we were married, I was promoted at the agency and started getting all the travel privileges of the job. Sometimes I'd take Joanne to other cities with me, and we'd have really good times. But I would often go to another city by myself, just for a day or two. And always, while I was away I would have the urge, the same as before, to "show it to the world." It's never been a question of wanting or looking for another woman. This particular need of mine is completely removed from the enduring love I have for my wife—although I guess that's the line adulterers use.

One night, when we had just made love and were just lying on the bed naked together, Joanne asked me straight out about my solo exposing habits. I guess she'd suspected for a while. But since she didn't act like it would upset her, I told her yes, sometimes I did still expose myself in public places. Yes, I still jerked off where there was a chance of getting caught. That was when the shit hit the fan. Joanne blew up, and she hasn't given me a day's peace since. At first I promised I'd stop. But I can't stop, and I can't lie to her about it either. Now we hardly ever have sex any more, which has only aggravated the problem. Some days I feel as if I'm going crazy and begin to think Joanne and I never should have met.

JOANNE'S STORY:

I used to think all that psychiatric, Freud stuff—about parents and sex and familial jealousies—was just so much crap. I've never identified with the women's liberation movement, but I like what some of those women have to say about Freud's concept of penis envy in females. I remember hearing some women's libber say that if women envied men's penises, maybe men envied women's childbearing abilities. You know, the guy never *really* knows if the kid is his or not; there's always that little bit of doubt, no matter how much the kid may look like him. What if it's the mailman's kid or the milkman's kid? A guy never really knows for sure.

Personally, I don't think the sexes envy one another at all, except in the case of transsexuals. Maybe that's where I got off the track with Freud. I never liked that approach, the idea that because somewhere back in your childhood your mother happened to spank you too much, that that action determined who you were going to marry or some such thing. I could never take that kind of reasoning seriously. I suppose I rejected it because I wanted to believe that people were masters of their own destinies. To think differently seemed unfair to the individual. Well, I still think it's unfair, but now I'm inclined to believe that people really *don't* have much control over their lives. It's a pessimistic view of life, and I don't like it, but I'm afraid that's the way things go down.

> **"His exposing himself has always been for me, just for my eyes."**

Take my relationship with Jim. I'm truly in love with him, but sometimes it frightens me to contemplate the basis of our mutual attraction. I suppose people should live out their fantasies, and yet some of those fantasies aren't particularly attractive. As much as I get off on them, I'd prefer they were someone *else's*.

I went to a shrink for about a year, hoping I could erase some of these things from my mind. After a few months, I realized my past and my family had had quite an effect on me.

My father and I were always close. But when my mother died, it really shook me up. We were then living in San Francisco. I was at a crucial age—twelve years old. We had moved around a lot because Daddy's company kept sending him to different cities. My father was really broken up about my mother's death, too. It had been a sudden illness, something that we had thought was really minor. Mom was hospitalized, and only a few days later she suffered a stroke and died. With Mom gone, Daddy just didn't seem to care about anything. His grief became the main thing in his life. We sold the lovely old-fashioned house we'd been living in and moved to a small but elegant apartment that overlooked the bay.

My father is a handsome man. After a few months had passed, I started thinking that the only way Daddy was ever going to get over Mom's "leaving us," as he put it, was by meeting another woman. But I was afraid to bring it up with Daddy, since he was prone to get angry at the mere mention of his remarrying. So I spent a lot of time writing in my diary, detailing what I thought ought to happen that would be good for Daddy and me. I was pretty lonely. I didn't have any real friends in the area yet, and during those months Daddy had all he could do to face going to work every day.

Most of my entertainment at the time came in reading every confessions-type magazine I could get my hands on. Their

emotional tone matched my own feelings—which were always welling up every which way, with no direction to go in. I remember I wanted desperately to be in love. I thought that would solve everything. I wanted a boy who would touch my growing breasts and stroke me down between my legs, the way I touched myself every night and every morning in bed. I knew that that feeling was too good to experience all alone. I had seen a boy named Scott at school, a senior who was absolutely unattainable to me, but who was my imaginary lover when I was by myself, masturbating.

I would often hear Daddy moving around in his room at night. He would go to his bedroom and I would go to mine after we'd had dinner together. I would read and then play with my pussy, imagining doing certain things with Scott while I touched myself. My orgasms were always strong and fulfilling, and I usually fell asleep directly afterward, with my hand still covering the mound of my cunt, as if patting the memory or protecting the culprit.

Then one night I heard these sounds coming from Daddy's room that woke me out of my sleep. The walls were pretty thin in the apartment, but I had never before heard anything so piercing. I thought at first that he must be crying, and I ran to his room with a sinking feeling inside me: if he was crying, I knew I would have no way of consoling him. As I reached the door, the sounds were more mournful than before, and I knocked lightly. But Daddy didn't hear, so I turned the handle gently and looked inside.

Daddy was standing over by his dresser, where mother's picture was. He was turned away from me at an angle, so he couldn't see that I was standing at the door. His entire body was shaking, and he was muttering and cursing, half in anger, half in sorrow. I was scared out of my mind, but also practically riveted to the spot. He was "talking" to mother and he was holding his erect penis in his hands, working it almost savagely with his half-closed fist as he raged.

Though I'd seen pictures of naked men in art books and the like, I had never seen a real man's sexual organs before. So I was totally unprepared for the sight of this erect *object* which seemed *enormous*, as I recall. As I watched, my father raved on; and then, suddenly, he came, spurting white stuff out in front of him, so that it landed on the dresser and on Mom's photograph. I think that was when I screamed—it's hard to remember the sequence. But I ran back to my room, locked the door, and, for some reason, went into the closet and hid. Daddy must have pounded on the door half the night, trying to apologize, trying to explain, I guess. But I was really too young to understand. Years later I did, kind of. At least, I could figure that I shouldn't hold it against him. But by then, well, a lot of things had gone down. You see I never spoke to my father after that. Oh yes, we would *talk*, but I never really could forgive him for what I'd seen. I couldn't look at him without reliving that night.

The whole episode got all tangled up in my head, and I'd dream about it at night. Most of the time I'd just cry myself to sleep, and I eventually started waking up in the middle of the night with my hands moving frantically in my pussy. My legs would always be taut, and everything in me would be focused in the wetness of my own cunt, ready to explode. It felt incredibly good—better and better each time, in fact—and all because of the dream. Daddy was "doing it" in the dream—you know, jerking off. But the woman in the photograph frame was always, believe it or not, yours truly, *Me*.

Needless to say, I was terribly confused and guilty about what became a nightly ritual with me. In fact, I could not have an orgasm *without* thinking about it. And as I grew older (Daddy and I had both agreed that a boarding school would be the best for me), I discovered that I had a definite problem with boys. I had a couple of boyfriends, sure, and I fucked at an early age—fifteen; I guess that's early. Most of my girl friends at school had done it by then, and we enjoyed the feeling of not being virgins anymore. But it was no big deal to any of us. It was particularly no big deal to me, because I didn't get much pleasure from it. My feeling was that fucking was highly overrated as a pleasure. The only time I had orgasms was after a date was over, when I was alone. Then I'd drag out my fantasy, the secret between me and my fingers.

I never told anybody about Daddy, or about any of this, until now—not even Jim. But I guess he'll be reading this, and maybe he'll understand a little better! It's not easy to talk about all these things. But it's gotten to the point where I'll try anything if it will make things work out between Jim and me and save our marriage.

Anyway, I should mention the first time I discovered that a man could make me come. It was after I'd moved east, from San Francisco to Philadelphia—and it wasn't with Jim. It was with this guy Ed whom I was dating. Ed loved to fuck a lot and thought I was great in bed. He didn't know that I was faking all those orgasms. But he would always get up to pee after fucking, and at his place the bathroom was in plain view of the bed. The sight of Ed holding his cock the first time turned me on unbelievably. I was all wet anyway from his come, and watching him, all I did was rub my legs together a little bit and my orgasm was triggered. I started looking forward to his post-fuck pee each time; and yet I couldn't ask him to handle himself in front of me, because he just wasn't the type to understand. Once I asked right out if he'd play with himself in front of me, and he was so shocked that I never mentioned it again. On the other hand, I certainly did think about it.

That night I went to the party in Center City, I went with Ed. In fact, Ed was pretty upset when I told him I wasn't leaving with him, that I was going home with someone else.

I was feeling pretty low at the party, and I suppose I must have been looking for someone—or *something*—when I left Ed at one end of the apartment and went wandering. Leave it to me to go looking in corners. I'd been looking at this fellow sitting in a corner chair, kind of watching him since I thought he looked lonesome and nice in a way that attracted me. But I was sort of hiding, because I didn't want him to see me looking at him. And then I saw him take his cock right out

and start playing with it. I thought I'd *die* then and there. It was something like an electric shock, only purely sensual. I knew what was going to happen. I could tell from the feeling in the pit of my belly that I was going to come any second. I leaned against the wall and started letting it happen, holding and squeezing my thighs as tight against my pussy as possible. It was powerful and good—so good, apparently, that I jostled the plant beside me. That's when Jim looked around and saw me taking in *his* scene.

I pretended at first that I hadn't seen. But the moment he turned away, I had to look back at him. I knew at once that Jim had to be my lover. I was so turned on that I could hardly walk or talk, but I made it over to him somehow. When I sat myself onto his cock, I was already coming again, even before he was all the way up inside me. It was an amazing experience, one I'll never forget.

Since then I've tried to do everything I can to satisfy Jim. You see, his jerking off, exposing himself—whatever you want to call it—has always been for me, just for my eyes. Even when we got outrageous about it and did it outdoors in semi-public places, *I* would be the one watching, the one getting all horny about it, the one who urged him home (or wherever we could go) to make love. Then I got suspicious when he started taking those little business trips alone. The thought of it still drives me wild. Besides the fact that he might get caught—*arrested*, I mean—I really feel that his continuing the way he was before he met me is a direct betrayal of our marital contract.

Jim says that what he does doesn't "hurt" anybody, really, and that he doesn't love anyone else but me. He's never been unfaithful with another woman, he tells me. Well, I say that what he's doing is like him having sex with *everyone* else but me, the most indiscriminate kind of fantasy trip—a hard reality for me.

Now, when we start to play one of our games—me watching, him performing—all I can think about is all those other people out there who might see him sometime when he's not with me. All I can think about is that he doesn't love me enough to do it just for me alone.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

The pathological exhibitionist—which is what Jim is—is quite different from the exhibitionist who is satisfied by simply showing-off sexually. The latter, whom I term an "exhibitor," is sexually responsive to showing himself to his partner in private. And the exhibitor gets an extra thrill out of masturbating while being watched, in private, by his partner. Most likely, he also obtains satisfaction from a troilist or group-sex scene, which involves being seen by others.

In the situations I've cited above, the other participants—one would probably call them "voyeurs"—are willing, and most likely get as much of a kick out of the sight of an erection, masturbation, coupling, etc., as the exhibitor does from his performance. And no matter how high the degree of arousal, the exhibitor can control his urge to perform if he senses that his partner is not voyeuristically responsive.

The exhibitor, then, is typified by three characteristics:

(1) He exhibits only to an acquiescent partner in private

(2) He exhibits in quasi-public situations before an acquiescent spectatorship

(3) He can completely suppress the urge if the spectator, either verbally or by apparent attitude, expresses disapproval of self-exposure.

None of these characteristics applies to the syndrome of the pathological exhibitionist. However, before I comment further on the particular marital situation of Jim and Joanne, let me say something in regard to the sexing of both the exhibitor and the exhibitionist.

There is no question but that there are as many females as males who are sexually responsive to showing themselves to others. But mention the word "flasher," and the vast majority of people will immediately think of a male.

I think it is probably true that most pathological exhibitionists are men; indeed, the law recognizes only male pathological exhibitionism. Nevertheless, society has its female pathological exhibitionists (and I've personally known three). They don't jump out from behind bushes and flash their pussies at unsuspecting males. Why not? Mainly, I believe, because the majority of unsuspecting males would quickly recover from their shock and interpret the flashing as an "invitation to the waltz" (or whatever rhythm they fuck to). I have a theory that the majority of strippers don't do it "just for the money," but get a sexual thrill on stage from the certain knowledge that their lewd gyrations are making the audience members come in their pants. One stripper admitted this to me. She is married to a wealthy gentleman, who actually satisfies her sexually, but she has the ecdysiast's compulsion to strip. The money she earns is "just a bonus," not a need.

As I've said, the essence of the pathological exhibitionists's motivation is that he derives his sexual thrill from the shock he produces in his "victim." Almost without exception, he is psychosexually immature, and in many cases he is not very well-endowed physically. The fact that he's sexually unsure of himself produces within him a compulsion to impress others sexually.

This is true of Jim. When he masturbated behind the potted plant, knowing that Joanne was watching (and later learning that she was a true voyeur), Jim thought he'd found a cure. Of course, this was not the case. Marriage to Joanne has not eradicated his compulsive desire to flash, nor will it.

I'm truly concerned about Jim. There is not a state in the Union which does not punish exhibitionists, and yet Jim goes on exposing himself. So far he's been lucky and hasn't been caught. One of these days, however, his luck is bound to run out. It's possible that he could be "cured" by psychoanalysis, and I urge him to seek immediate expert advice.

Joanne is taking the wrong approach with her attitudes. She sees his exhibitionism as a criticism of her sex role in their marriage. Jim is not to blame for his "peculiarity," and he needs professional help. Let us hope Joanne can be supportive to him in obtaining the help he needs.

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BUSINESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

gation was going on and that the old misinformation dug up when you applied for insurance was being revived, you could have offered an honest explanation.

Fortunately, downfalls triggered by a company's secret investigation of candidates for promotion are relatively rare. It's much easier to get into trouble through your employer's medical-insurance plan. If the plan includes reimbursement for psychiatric care, for example, you may have real problems when you file a claim for reimbursement. The insurance company wants the details of your illness and the treatment you received. If you go to a hospital, you may even be made to sign a "blank-check" release authorization similar to the mess you signed when you first applied for life insurance.

The insurance investigators can pick up much more information than is necessary for checking the validity of your claim. And, sometimes, this very personal, potentially damaging, information gets back to your boss. Your job may be in jeopardy just because you wanted to collect money coming to you. To justify paying for fringe benefits such as medical insurance, employers want to know what they are getting for their money. Or so they say. They want to know which benefits employees are collecting and for what illnesses.

But when you go to a psychiatrist, or any other doctor for that matter, you don't want your boss to know all the intimate details. Because of this fear that "the boss will find out," doctors say, many employees won't apply for reimbursement of legitimate medical expenses. They just pay and shut up; if they don't, it could mean their job. The American Psychiatric Association Task Force on Confidentiality says: "The common practice, particularly in employer-linked insurance coverage, of forwarding sensitive information to employers . . . has been one of the most embarrassing and sometimes destructive abuses of confidentiality that our task force faced. . . . Misuse of this personal and, at times, compromising material could have a deep impact on an individual's career, social and personal life."

The APA recommended that the practice of employers receiving employees' medical records be stopped. Employers should receive only the total figures on how many employees are filing claims for reimbursement and how much is being paid—not information on specific employees. The APA says that you should check your employer's medical-insurance security system (if there is one) to make certain claims information goes no farther than the insurance company or your organization's insurance department. When you file a claim and have to sign a release for your medical records, the APA says you should pen in your own restrictive lan-

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guage, such as: "Information shall go to the insurer [named] and to no one else, especially not to any job supervisor."

Make a fuss about it. This is a gross invasion of your privacy. Ask your doctor to help you rewrite the claims release. As a matter of fact, the APA indicates that doctors can add such restrictive language as, "Any divulgence to other parties or for any other purpose will constitute a breach of confidentiality and medical ethics." Such restrictions will make employer-snoopers think twice before spreading your medical information around. This kind of restrictive language is often used as a preliminary to a lawsuit.

In the chain of information that starts with an application for insurance or a reimbursement claim, the weakest link, according to one life-insurance company medical director, "is the outside investigative report." Information the insurance company gets on its own from a physical exam, from a questionnaire, or from an employee's doctor is fairly straightforward. The problem arises when some outside investigator, under pressure to produce a higher volume of reports for his company, starts picking up gossip from an employee's neighbors or work colleagues.

Not only is this gossip often pure nonsense, but it also can be used for other purposes than the original application for insurance. A copy of the report is always kept in the investigative company's files to be used when the company is asked to screen employment applications, loan applications, and other bids for life insurance or auto insurance.

"I think it's a terrible thing," says the insurance-company medical director, "to use information gathered for insurance purposes for some other, unrelated report. . . . This is where the investigative companies are going to run aground."

There are a number of signs that the investigative companies may already be running aground. The General Motors of the investigators, the Retail Credit Company, is embroiled in litigation with the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) over charges of "unfair and deceptive trade practices." Among the alleged unfair and deceptive practices cited by the FTC are the following:

- Requiring investigators to prepare an unreasonably large number of reports in a working day (and thereby opening the way for inaccuracies).
- Imposing a quota system on investigators which requires them to develop a certain percentage of adverse information in their reports.
- Not divulging negative information in a report when an irate consumer comes in for the details (this is required by law).
- Misrepresenting who agents are and whom they work for when talking to an applicant's neighbors and to his work colleagues.

Retail Credit vigorously denies there is

PENTHOUSE *Fashion Finder*

The following is a list of manufacturers and stores where you can obtain the fashions shown on pages 80–85. Specific fashions are available only at certain stores as shown.

Pages 80–81

ADOLFO
c/o Leon of Paris
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. (212) 582-0230

Sakowitz
111 Main Street
Houston, Tex. (713) 224-1111

Burdine's
22 East Flagler Street
Miami, Fla. (305) 373-1111

Grodin's
798 Market Street
San Francisco, Calif. (415) 391-8300

Hughes & Hatcher
1300 Twelfth Street
Detroit, Mich. (313) 965-7900

Saks Fifth Avenue
611 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. (212) PL3-4000

Pages 82–83

JEAN-PAUL GERMAIN
15 West Thirty-ninth Street
New York, N.Y. (212) 594-2944

Tyrone
76 Spruce Street
Cedarhurst, N.Y. (516) 569-3330

Only velvet blazers and pants at:

Dimensions
1627 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa. (215) LO 4-1132

Beau Brummel
7157 Austin Street
Forest Hills, N.Y. (212) 544-1365

Davis Congress
1547 North Wells Street
Chicago, Ill. (312) 266-9599

Eric Ross (blazers only)
9636 Brighton Way
Beverly Hills, Calif. (213) 273-2823

Only sportswear and leather jacket at:

Anthonie's
801 East Seventy-eighth Street
Bloomington, Minn. (612) 854-3370

Louis
The Mall at Chestnut Hill
Boston, Mass. (617) 965-6100

Dino's
601 Race Street
Cincinnati, Ohio (513) 421-5692

Only corduroy vest and pants at:

David Stephen
117 Post Street
San Francisco, Calif. (415) 391-7710

Pages 84–85

NINO CERRUTI
c/o M. Wile
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. (212) 397-3600

Only the blazer suit is available for purchase at:

P. A. Bergner & Company
200 Southwest Adams Street
Peoria, Ill. (309) 676-0701

Macy's
Stockton and O'Farrell Streets
San Francisco, Calif. (415) 397-3333

Dayton's
777 Nicollet Mall
Minneapolis, Minn. (612) 370-6948

Allen's Store For Men
1428 Lee Street
Des Plains, Ill. (312) 298-3333

Only the gray wool donegal suit is available for purchase at:

Hecht & Co.
Seventh and F Streets
Washington, D.C. (202) 628-5100

Abraham & Straus
420 Fulton Street
Brooklyn, N.Y. (212) 858-1000

Macy's
151 West Thirty-fourth Street
New York, N.Y. (212) 695-4000

Baskin's
42 South Peoria
Chicago, Ill. (312) 263-1000

Only the black three-piece gabardine suit is available for purchase at:

Foley's
1110 Main Street
Houston, Tex. (713) 278-3311

Bachrach Clothing
2220 Wood Street
Decator, Ill. (217) 428-4311

Burdine's
22 East Flagler Street
Miami, Fla. (305) 373-1111

Only the leather jacket available at:

Denver Dry Goods
Sixteenth and California Streets
Denver, Colo. (303) 534-2111

Lytton's
235 South Street Street
Chicago, Ill. (312) 922-3500

Desmond's
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truth to the FTC allegations. In hearings, however, former Retail Credit employees testified that great pressure was put on them to produce more and more negative information in their reports. The former employees said that their earnings depended on how often they were able to come up with negative information on insurance applicants. One investigator made this statement: "Insurance companies often ran contests among competing [investigative] companies to see which could come up with the highest percentage of 'declinable' reports."

This kind of pressure on overworked, underpaid investigators can lead to some serious errors. Consequently, some insurance companies are cutting down on their use of outside investigative reports. One midwestern insurance executive made this comment: "We are reducing our requirement for outside reports that rely on the word of an applicant's neighbors because we have been getting less and less effective information."

The insurance executive explained that his company and a number of others are eliminating investigative reports on policy applications below $25,000. In the future, he notes: "We may just rely on a questionnaire which the applicant has to sign as being the truth—plus public-record information supplied by the applicant's bank and his employer."

Most other insurance companies haven't done away with outside investigative reports because they are convinced that their doing so will cause underwriting costs to go up. Underwriters claim that outside investigators often pick up pertinent information that the insurance company could never get on its own. For example, the applicant may be a sky diver or a scuba diver. He may deny that he is or omit mention of this fact on his questionnaire. The outside investigator talks to neighbors and learns the applicant has scuba-diving gear and boasts of going to depths of more than 100 feet. The insurance company's own agent, wanting the fat commission, might tend to gloss over such negative information as this.

It is understandable, certainly, that an insurance company would want to know that an applicant is involved in deep-water scuba diving. It's potentially dangerous, and it's relevant to his insurance application. But deep-water diving is just one of the extra-risk sports or occupations that investigators are told to look for. There are others, although one wonders why underwriters would include some of them on their cautionary lists.

For example, a salesman with a Boston electronics firm tended bar on weekends at a famous, old inn on the outskirts of town. The salesman was a bachelor, and the bartending job brought in extra money. And he liked the social events that took place at the inn almost every weekend. The place was terribly proper—no barroom brawls or similar disturbances.

When the salesman applied for insurance, however, he was asked to pay a much higher premium than normal because he was a weekend bartender. Apparently, some underwriters feel all bartenders lead potentially dangerous lives and don't fit the nice, comfortable norms set up for the average insurance applicant.

It's not just bartending jobs that make some underwriters uneasy; there are others, such as: musicians, entertainers, traveling auditors, clergymen, waiters, paperhangers, traveling salesmen, sports coaches, funeral directors, and doctors. Having one of these occupations doesn't mean the applicant will never be able to get insurance; it just means he may have to pay a good deal more for it.

"The insurance industry," says Herbert Denenberg, former Pennsylvania insurance commissioner, "has a lot of irrational ideas about who's a good risk and a bad risk. . . . The industry has very strange ideas about sex and behavior."

Insurance examiners, says Denenberg, are often hung up on suspected homosexuality. They want to know all about it—any hints, any indications. The idea that a homosexual is more of an insurance risk than a heterosexual must be based on the underwriters' tendencies to regard anything departing from the middle-class, middle-age, straight suburban life as being potentially dangerous. There are, of course, no medical data that will support this bias.

"A homosexual is no more of an insurance risk than a heterosexual," says Dr. Harold Rosen, a Baltimore psychiatrist and an associate professor of psychiatry at Johns Hopkins University. "What they should look for is not whether a person is homo- or heterosexual but whether his or her sexuality is so aggressive or so bizarre [midnight back-alley episodes] it could put him in danger."

Dr. Rosen says the investigators and the insurance underwriters pounce on key words such as "homosexuality, depression, or anxiety." When these terms are picked up by an inept investigator, they loom large and are noted with special attention in an applicant's report. But, he notes, there are "all sorts of depressions . . . ; some are insurance risks, but many are not." Some insurance underwriters, says Dr. Rosen, "think that just seeing a psychiatrist makes someone a possible risk not worth investigating further." Actually, Dr. Rosen says, "An insurance applicant who is working out his problem with a psychiatrist is probably a lot better risk than someone who is not getting professional help and resorts to alcohol or some other outlet."

Things are looking up a bit. At least one big insurance company, New England Life, is sending out sensible questionnaires to doctors when psychiatric treatment is indicated on an applicant's record. Only information directly related to the applicant as an insurance risk is required,

and the patient's intimate records are protected. Other companies may soon follow this commendably sane approach.

As it now stands, an applicant can find a number of insurance companies whose smaller policies require no outside investigation. If he has been seeing a psychiatrist or wants something else kept private, he may be able to buy several smaller policies rather than one big one (which requires an investigation). The applicant may pay a little more, but there's a better chance of retaining his privacy.

And, like the insurance companies, the investigative companies are also changing their ways. The trend started back in 1971, when the Fair Credit Reporting Act was passed. Before that, insurance companies, credit companies, and others could rake an applicant's privacy over the coals and put all the clinkers in secret files. There was nothing he could do about what they did. The law now requires that all investigative files (except medical reports) be revealed to the applicant on request. If he has been turned down for insurance, credit, or a job because of information contained in some file, he must be told where the file is kept and how to gain access.

Although the investigative companies such as Equifax don't have to give anyone a copy of his file, they have to read him its substance. By now, most of the investigators will let someone look at his file, while they supervise, so he can take notes. But there is a catch. None of the sources are revealed. They are just referred to as "neighbors" or "friends." The companies claim that disclosure would dry up their sources of information.

A Senate subcommittee, however, is currently working on legislation that would require investigative companies to reveal their sources of information if an applicant demands a recheck and a claimed error remains in his file. In New Hampshire, after a state legislator was hurt by erroneous gossip in an investigative report, a law was passed that requires all sources of information to be revealed. As a result, the investigative companies in New Hampshire are refusing to make reports when negative information is uncovered. The insurance company that ordered the report knows that a "refusal" now means "something must be wrong with this applicant." No source has to be revealed because no report was officially made. It's a cute dodge.

Meanwhile, in Washington, if the FTC wins its case against Equifax, it will scare the entire industry. As a result, we may see more and more backdoor snoop reports done away with.

Proposed federal and state legislation aimed at curbing the snoopers has already created "voluntary" changes in the insurance industry's methods of protecting applicants' privacy. For example, the Medical Information Bureau, which services most major insurance companies, now allows anyone to see what is in his file—if there is one. It's a fairly complicated procedure, but it works. The MIB also has ceased recording such non-medical information as sexual habits, negative lifestyles, and other subjects formerly provided through outside investigative reports. Now, aside from special codes for reckless driving (including one for alcoholism) and dangerous sports, plus the regular medical codes, one will find just one code—that of non-medical investigative report—to cover items that are considered non-medical risks.

Although this is a step in the right direction, underwriters can still become cognizant of the fact that something is wrong with the applicant's sex habits, finances, or mode of living. The MIB asks its insurance members not to send in any items under this catchall code that refer to sex habits and the like, but there's nothing to stop them.

The MIB has been criticized in the past for being a repository of unverified, negative information because applicants never got a chance to challenge errors in their reports before the data were sent to MIB. To help clear up errors in its files, MIB encourages consumer queries and requests for re-verification. If an error is found or if additional information will clear up a misleading medical report (high blood pressure caused by other medication), an applicant's file will be corrected or amended and all companies that have used the report will be notified that the correction has been entered on the records.

The MIB has also been criticized for not being able to check effectively security rules imposed on insurance-company members. No insurance company is allowed to request an MIB report on a person without having a signed application and an authorization from the applicant. Otherwise, insurance-company employees could snoop through MIB's vast, computerized file system. This could expose the files to probes by police, CIA, FBI, IRS, and others.

To prevent security breaches, the MIB periodically audits its members' file systems and makes the members show signed authorizations for every query sent to the central computer. Until recently, the MIB had only one or two auditors to look over millions of insurance-company files among its 700-plus members. But the MIB audit staff has recently been augmented to five full-time members, and two more are being trained. It won't be impossible to break MIB's security, but it will be much harder.

Unfortunately, it is considerably easier for the FBI, CIA, and others to poke into the files of companies that do investigative work for the insurers. Unlike the MIB files, those used by the investigative companies are relatively open and unguarded. There are far fewer security rules governing the investigative companies than there are for the MIB.

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Innocence

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

extraordinarily satisfied when saying this, the reason was that she knows something her own mother does not: the ecstasy of virginity. If abstinence can happen in the White House, it can happen anywhere. In fact, President Richard Nixon was rumored to have been a closet virgin, Tricia and Julie being the products of artificial insemination. (Yet his defenders do protest too much. "Are you pulling my chain?" one scoffed recently. "Why he screwed more than 200 million people in just over five years!") Then again, like the sex lives of most politicians, Susan Ford's virginity may ultimately be revealed as a cynically contrived posture to hook the American public on the soap-opera adventures of its First Daughter as she dodges each successive swain.

Some observers trace this virginal return to another Susan, the former movieland Lolita, Sue Lyon. She made herself a public proponent of chaste eroticism by marrying a man who had been sentenced to life imprisonment. Charlie Manson's girls made a feeble attempt to imitate Miss Lyon but didn't have the strength of character to buck promiscuity. First reports from Miss Lyon's friends indicate that hers was one of the more successful marriages Hollywood can boast of.

All over the land total abstinence is coming out from behind doors of shame and taking its place proudly in decent society. One indication is the trend in filmmaking. The previously taboo subject of virginity is prominently featured in some of the biggest grossing films of the last few years. Other films are rife with winking nods to the practice. And just think how not so very long ago Otto Preminger's *The Moon Is Blue* (1953) was censured for just using the word "virgin"!

In *The Exorcist* not only are the heroes without exception practicing virgins, but also little Linda Blair demonstrates a sublime preference for objects of veneration over throbbing phalluses. She skillfully manipulates herself with a crucifix, thereby demonstrating most potently why former Palestinian prostitute Mary Magdalene gave up her career for what the Nazarene was pushing. Indeed, Miss Blair has successfully marketed her gospel on television, too; in *Born Innocent* she performed an equally appealing act of intimacy with a piece of hardware, a broom handle, to be specific.

It's an interesting coincidence that little Linda also has a small role in another movie which is almost blatant in its use of virginity on screen—*Airport '75*. Not only does a large measure of the film's tension derive from the inability of Ed Nelson to insert himself into Karen Black's fuselage—an impotence that results in his death—but also perhaps the most startling moment occurs when it is revealed that Helen Reddy is a nun! Miss Reddy's quest for fulfillment has led her to many strange acts (including those known as "Midnight Specials"), but here she looks as though she's at last found what she's been seeking. Psychoanalysts have pointed to a curious piece of evidence in Miss Reddy's music. Nowhere in her song "I Am Woman" is there any mention of "man" or "penis" or, for that matter, "kangaroos." The omission is the more conspicuous because of the fact that she had spent most of her life "Down Under." Perhaps the clue to Miss Reddy's transformation lies in her other hit single, "I Don't Know How to Love Him."

Last year's box-office bonanza *Jaws* took a clear and pronounced stand against sexual intercourse in favor of eating. Primarily, it dealt with the unrivaled love between a man and a fish—for which there is no other word but all-consuming "ichthyeroticism." In the very first scene the movie's prejudice looms clear. Two adolescents are on the verge of making it on a moonlit beach when the girl decides that she prefers a different sort of thing. Off she goes for a swim—clearly a symbol of quest—and achieves her release at the hands of a Great White Lover. The energy of eroticism displayed is clearly incomparable. Alongside it, even the most explicit porno films dwindle into the impotence of children's films.

Film critics (always the last to spot a sure-fire trend) have been none too kind to any of these pro-virginity movies. But during the last few months signs of change have been evident even within this conservative circle. Take the big critical hit *Taxi Driver*. Little, thirteen-year-old Jodie Foster takes a misguided plunge into the sexually free world of child prostitution, only to be punished with a bloody shootout, which is designed to rescue the last vestiges of her innocence. At the film's conclusion she is fortunately sent back to her former life of cookies, milk, junior-high school, and a semiliterate father. If only the film's director had introduced little Jodie to *Taxi Driver*'s other costar, Cybil Shepherd, a great deal of bloodshed might have been avoided. Here indeed is a fine example of virginity; note Cybil's clear blue eyes, blond hair, and perpetually clean, white dress. Not even a blind nonagenarian nun could fail to perceive the symbolism. One can only applaud Cybil's refusal within the film to sit through a Forty-second Street sex-education film. Her defiant action against sexual liberation wins her Robert De Niro's love and respect, which shows that "virtue is its own reward."

Does the New Virginity mean no sex? Well, not exactly. Sociologists have long pointed out that it is the sexual naif who is more obsessed with sexual thoughts than the regular practitioner is. Indeed, one poll among a "healthy population" found a high degree of respondents who said that sex was "vastly overrated" when compared with television and shoplifting. And

Secretary of State Kissinger's ability to accomplish his many tasks took on a revealing new light when he admitted in *People* magazine that he had "never slept with a woman overnight."

The renowned philosopher Barton Meiplace observed of all this: "Virgins not only think more about sex than anyone else, but since their imaginations are not bound to objective memory of sensations, smells, and personal history—they are not limited by what is humanly possible. The non-virgin has only history to call upon; the virgin has something more rare—imagination and unshackled hope." In other words, the New Virginity offers the best in sex without the fear of ever "having experienced everything." A virgin's imagination can create more possibilities than the *Kama Sutra* can explain.

But where did all this come from? Where did the first stirring of this chaste need originate? As is often the case, the first glimpses of the trend were seen on an academic setting. Coed living arrangements in the sixties and relaxed parietal rules stimulated a search for more exotic forms of gratification than had been available before. The first reported cases of rampant virginity came from the sleepy little hamlet of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., the site of tiny Vassar College. For years women there had serviced the men of Columbia, Yale, West Point, and Amherst, though a few wandered off to Bennington for queer reasons. After the ennui set in of "having experienced everything," the Vassar girls came upon the New Virginity. Nearly three decades before, in what was known as the (Mary) McCarthy Era, the first Frisbee was invented at Vassar. It happened when a sophomore, in a frustrated mid-week rage scaled her diaphragm out a dormitory window. The device landed in Yonkers some miles away, where it was patented and mass-produced. The innovation is only one in a long line to come out of that institution which so prides itself on meaningful discoveries.

The advent of men at Vassar during the late sixties meant that women would not only have to matriculate with men and share facilities but also have coed seminars and even show one another their theses. The women soon began to complain: "I really hate this grind. It's one guy after another. I hardly have time to take off my shoes anymore. It's all become so meaningless, you know? It's gotten to be like rubbing my own elbow." (Mary T., junior, Connecticut)

Other coeds seconded this lamentation with a group-approved quote from D. H. Lawrence about "cold-hearted fucking." Others agreed, some insisting that "if only men would learn to use their heads." But all found one common theme: the joy had gone out of sex. The activity that has so preoccupied collegians through the ages was, one smirked, "a fruitless enterprise."

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trouble." (Joan H., senior, Illinois)

"It's a competition. A gymnastic event. And all the time you have to be so gentle with them and their egos, asking 'dja comeyet?' Is that all there is? If it is, I'm going back to sleeping with my stuffed animals. They don't give me any arguments." (Sally B., junior, Nebraska)

Oddly enough, on the West Coast, where a whirlpool force creates a downhill drain for all the nation's lunacies, virginity was also making a big comeback. Veronica T., twenty-four, actress and cover girl from Los Angeles, explained, "Listen, I did the whole singles scene for years. I was into bisex and trisex. Hell, I was even getting down into a quadrisex with plants and animals before the creepos made it fashionable. I got off on autosex one time—a long time ago it was—playing with my privates in my friend Billy's Pontiac, I think it was. I mean, I'd try everything, at least three or four times. Hell, my gynecologist once had to call in the National Guard to help remove this tear-gas canister that got stuck in me—I won't tell you how it got there because I can't remember the scene real well. I was uptripping and downtripping at the same time on that one. But I think it had to do with these two bikers. Sure, I did the commune thing. Lasted about a week. This AWOL marine who they were hiding and I—we did S and M, taking turns playing Vietnamese civilian. Hitchhiking, I once got into cloth-lashings with a cowboy, and leather 'n' spurs with this guy who said he was the archbishop of Detroit. I thought he looked young for it, but how can you tell? I mean, you have no way of knowing a person's profession by having sex with him.

"You know something? In all this time, I never charged for it once, either. And then, I don't know. I think it was some time after the Sharon Tate thing, it all started to pall. You get what I mean? Suddenly—*nada*. Zip. I was humping my fanny off one day on this nude beach up by San Luis Obispo. This guy I was with, I know he respected me, and he wanted me to test for this movie he was maybe going to shoot if he could get the bread together. Suddenly, the whole scene was like a zero. And I just kind of thought, *I don't know—maybe I'm missing something*. And the only thing I was missing was: nothing. I was getting no nothing. Is that too Zen for you? Let me try it this way: I was only missing my cherry, which I think I left in my old high-school locker. So I went to see this doctor I'd heard was doing wonders in Beverly Hills. . . ."

As so often happens, philosophy, science, and public needs are in tune. Just as all these "experienced" people were reconsidering what theologian Sidney Lemkin has called "the existential nature of virginitude," a resident surgeon at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital was looking for a new practice. For this magazine article, he asked that he be referred to only as Dr. X, such is the infamy of the subject.

Dr. X's change in practice took place accidentally when an East Indian family needed a hush-hush repair job on their only daughter, who had succumbed to the lusty importuning of a boy who had taken her for a chat behind some aromatic bushes. Dr. X was the public-health-service doctor in the East Indies at the time. He grafted a little epithelial tissue, taken from cheek and throat sections, put them into the vaginal wall to mend, grafted in a little resealable latex (the kind found over vaccine bottles), and stretched the whole thing across the entrance to her uterus. Presto! Not only a new hymen but also the most perfect birth-control device ever devised! He thought to check her in a year and found, "There was still maybe ten or twenty thousand miles left in that thing!"

Virtue may be its own reward, but Virginity has become big business—and not for just the closet plastic surgeons like Dr. X. On that score there is agreement at the highest levels. Roger Parvenue, adviser to the president's Joint Economic Council and a former economist for the RAND Corporation—he's the man who taught the CIA to use heroin instead of gold as a cash reserve for its worldwide operations—sheds this light: "We know that in times of economic plight radical changes occur in popular mores. It is a fact of economic life that the stock market follows the rise and fall of the hemlines. During a recession, like our present one, the skirts start sweeping the floors, and we experience a moral retrenchment. Virgins will be in demand, and there's no rarer resource right now than an original-issue hymen. Of course, these new synthetics may soften the market somewhat, but certification of 'original ownership' should keep the value of the real thing at stratospheric level. In many states you can get a bank loan on one, and there is even a brisk black market in doctor's certifications."

And yet, as compelling as this new trend may seem, there are those who oppose it with their reactionary arguments. The objections are voiced at times by people with considerable clout. "If God had wanted women to be virgins," thunders one prominent cleric and adviser to presidents, "he would never have given Adam the urge."

A typical man on the street was asked what he thought of all this controversy and, while refusing to be identified, offered, "It's

about time. I'd rather stick it into a vacuum cleaner and have a really satisfying relationship with a machine. Anyway, have you ever tried to clean a set of sheets without using a phosphate detergent?"

So the New Virginity is grabbing ahold of the young, the hip, the modern men and women, all over the country. The new attitude offers new joy, new ways of relating, new hope. It has broad appeal to eco-freaks and authority buffs. Parents and children, pederasts and priests, can practice virginity—unlike sexual intercourse—individually, in groups, or in intimate circumstances. They can derive further satisfaction from belonging to a distinguished community of nonparticipation.

Not until Freud arrived to undo the chains of repression did people understand that the prime function of sex was to produce guilt. But now, with the atom bomb behind us, Watergate and Vietnam firmly part of our moral heritage, guilt is no longer relevant. Any American citizen is entitled to feel guilty without taking his hands out of his pockets. So it has been left to us in our age to find a new use for sex. It seems to be a viable commercial enterprise. But if it is to replace the internal-combustion engine, there must be haves and have-nots: otherwise, it won't work. Thus it is a partriotic act as well as a pleasurable one to go without sex. Men and women of America, the future of your country is in your hands. Play with yourselves.

And lest this argument seem overly loaded, let us finally give equal time to a representative from the Fornication Lobby: "Sure, there's no immediate harm in virginity. Not for the short run. And we admit its seductions are tempting. It might be fun on a casual basis, sort of a one- or two-time thing or a brief fling. But would you really respect someone who practiced abstinence on a regular basis? Here's the bottom line: *Would you want your brother to marry one? Would you want one teaching in your school?*

"At first virgins will tell you that virginity is a way to prevent rape; then—whammo—they'll take away your sacred right to wave it out a car window on Armistice Day. And next thing you know they'll be making everybody wear a chastity belt. Is this why we went to the moon? It's unconstitutional, too; how the hell are you going to do all that shit for 'ourselves and posterity' if there's nobody out making that posterity?"

And some take a middle road, saying that there is nothing more American than abstinence. As irrefutable evidence, they cite an old ballad, which is appropriate for this Bicentennial Year:

Yankee Doodle went to town, on an odd excursion,
Dropped an anvil in his lap, and patented perversion.

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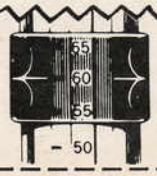

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COUNTRY PORN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

night stands would have to pass before Chinga Chavin would get his shot at cutting a record. He returned to the San Francisco turf and took his porn to the people.

Today Chinga Chavin lives in a comfortably funky abode just outside Marin, Calif. Redwood trees grow in the garden, and Chinga has named the place Rancho Perverto. Wearing a floral western shirt, lizard skin boots, and a twisted smile, Chinga Chavin seems quite different from the foaming sex fiend of the stage act. He is actually handsome—almost boyish, considering the thirty hard years under his Texas cowboy's belt, and right now he's ranting about how misunderstood all the great satirists have been. He insists that he's not just a singer-songwriter but a comedian in the mold of Lenny Bruce and Lord Buckley, whose Church of the Living Swing has had the greatest single influence on Chinga.

"I'm the voice of my degeneration," he drawls. "I wanna be taken seriously but with laughter. I wanna be listened to and then ignored.

"I suppose it's fitting that Motown signed the Pat Boone Family instead of Country Porn. Pat Boone is a pop figure, like John Denver. Denver's the kind of singer-songwriter who works well within the system—clean, safe, images of Rocky Mountain purity. Shit, John Denver laughs about that. He throws beer cans out the window. Isn't that perfect? It's true; I saw him."

Chinga hurls beer cans at everything: sex, religion, politics, toilet training. His art has always manifested itself in graphic images of what he calls "toothpaste going down the drain," and fittingly there isn't a form of sexual activity that doesn't interest him. "My immediate goal is to start enjoying all the debauched pleasures that this sick society can bestow," he laughs. "I guess that's why I'm into the possibilities of country pornography. It's like a sick breath of country air. This is the kind of music you listen to with one hand under the table." With a look of mission in his eyes, Chinga sits back and folds his hands reverently. "Moses freed the Jews, Lincoln freed the slaves, and I'm gonna free the neurotics."

Certainly, there is a messianic design to Chinga Chavin's porno madness. He's like a sharp needle in society's posterior; everything he says and does is a lethally pointed "fuck you" to the respectable facade of a culture gone phony.

"That our porn is coming out of the clean, green hills of Marin County—here in the great-all-outdoors of California—to me is the ultimate, final irony. I mean, Northern California is so organic. It's so open classroom. I find it biodegrading!" By now he's practically spitting the words out, but a sly look of contentment suddenly passes over his nervous face, and he continues: "You see, I live here because it's the perfect place for me to be the devil's advocate. It's the only place where I can walk into a health-food store, buy a pint of kefir, and say it's my only vice."

Not that Chavin draws on such local color for his comic material and lyrics. The seeds of Country Porn go back farther, before his migration to the Coast, back to his pubescent days in the border towns of El Paso, Tex., and Juarez, Mexico. The verses of "Dry Humpin' in the Back of a '55 Ford" bear nostalgic witness to the typical youthful discoveries of this period of his life:

I remember El Paso town,
When none of the white
chicks ever got down,
And the choice was a drive-in
Or some Juarez whore.

Shunning the malt-shop mentality of his El Paso High School peers, a teenage Chavin spent every spare moment across the border in Juarez, where he learned from the best street hustlers how to rip off *gringos*. Every form of sexual diversion was available to the American *turista* with the money to pay for it. The favors of nine-year-old girls and boys could be had for a small price; women copulated with donkeys in nightclubs. "Juarez was wide open, decadent, twisted," recalls Chavin. "It was love at first sight."

Right out of high school, Chavin worked as a bartender at the Club Conquistador, leasing rental pussy and sleeping in a backroom bed with a half-dozen whores.

Chavin's first stage experience was as a substitute for the top banana in an insidious Juarez strip joint, and the stint inspired his first "sextalgic" song, "Talkin' Matamoras First Piece of Ass Blues:"

She demanded that I take down
my pants
Before I could holler, "Hey, what
the crap?"
She searched my dick for signs of
the clap.
Then said, "Yer okay, now give me
25 cents."
Much to my surprise and chagrin
By the time I finally got in
I came all over the place like a
broken dam.
But now sometimes when I see
these kids
Balling at age twelve and smokin'
lids
I think back on that time I became
a man.

Manhood comes fast to a boy in Juarez, and six years later—thanks to the Vietnam War and student draft deferments—Chavin wound up teaching English literature to high-school students in the San Francisco area. "I used to write songs that were sexually oriented as I drove home at night from school," he remembers. "One evening, just as I was passing through the neon glow of a Dari-Delite, one of those California fast-food dispensaries with dead flies entombed between the takeout window and faded pictures of taquitos pasted to the glass—you know the kind of place—I was struck by this blinding flash." He pauses as some future autobiographical film reels in his mind, and then he continues:

"I was composing the lyrics to my song, 'Four A.M. Jump,' and I noted that the words 'jump, suck, lick, fuck, and hump all night' had a decidedly country-rock beat to them. My poetry had always centered on the pornographic, and so why not set the lines to country music?"

Sex and country music—what could be more natural? And so Chavin gave himself the nickname "Chinga," the imperative command of the Spanish verb *chingar*, meaning "to fuck." Hence, "fuck you." Within a word Chavin's Country Porn was born. The Troubador affair was Country Porn's first big break and its first big fiasco. Since then, however, Chinga Chavin and his band have caused such chaotic audience and press reaction that such major upsets don't even anger the comedian anymore. It's all just part of the act.

A notable example is the time Chavin accepted an engagement to play the University of the Pacific homecoming dance in Stockton, Calif. Chinga didn't know the school was primarily for theological studies, but then such crucial audience information has never been of prime concern to this comedian. "Why change the show for divinity students?" was his thinking.

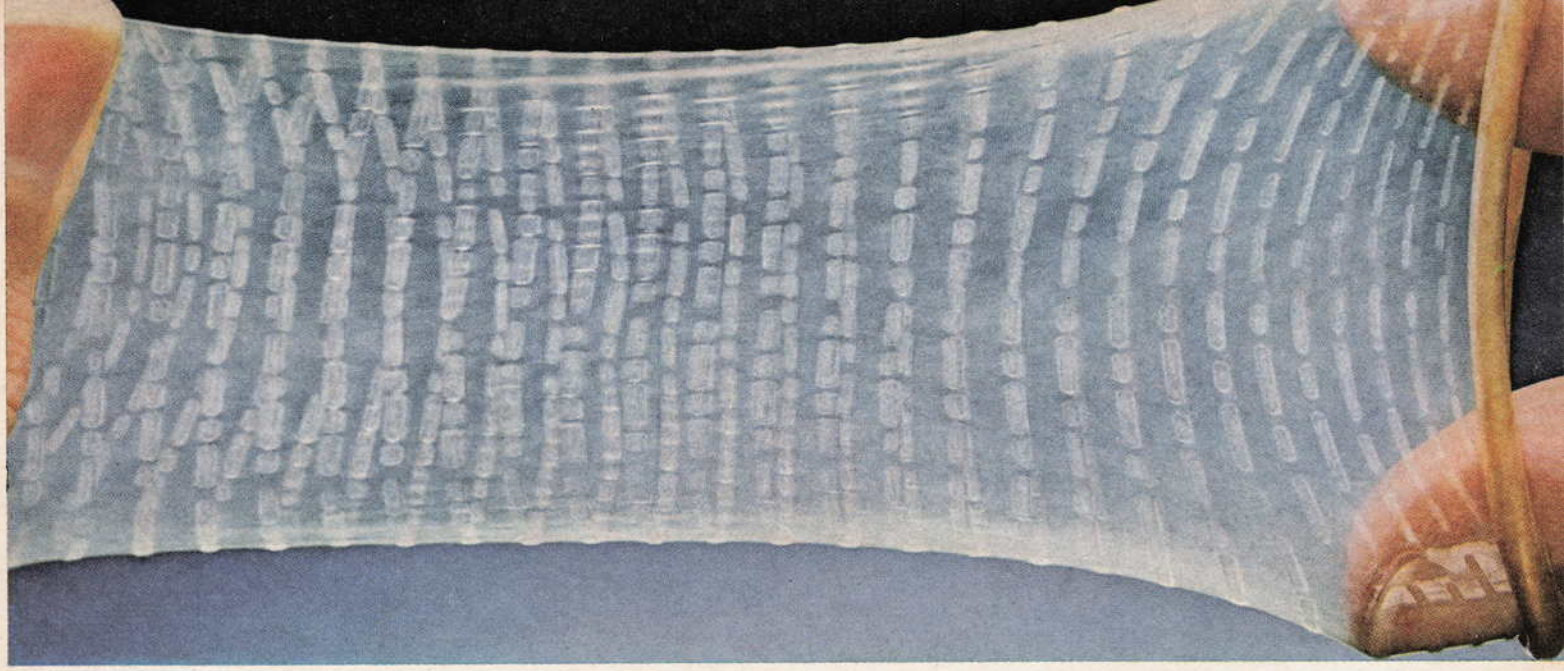
Ready for Country Porn, the school's gymnasium was jammed with eager undergraduates. The crepe-paper streamers had been freshly hung only that morning. "It was that kind of school," Chinga said, "pimples and petting." "Boys and girls," Chinga began, "don't want you to think old Chavin would play a God-farin' Christian school without bringin' a little message from the Big Pricker and Sister Inferior, that nymphomaniac nun herself."

Having finished his introduction, Chavin broke into a rendition of "Four A.M. Jump:"

A horny priest and a topless nun
Were out behind the church havin'
lots of fun
When up jumped the bishop,
Sayin', "That's not odd,
Remember Billy Graham is
pimpin' for God."

At that cue Gina Fornelli, the starlet of numerous porno flicks and an Italian in the best Catholic tradition, floated onstage in a nun's habit, writhing to the rhythm of Chinga's lyrics. At the end of the song, she shed the habit, revealing a body adorned only by black leather boots, black-lace panties, and a rosary that bounced against her chemically endowed breasts. As Chavin retells the episode: "The divinity students in the crowd were propelled toward the rear of the gym as if by Satan himself. One coed in a pullover sweater had tears in her eyes. I guess the transition from Jesus to jissum was just too much for her."

The rest of the audience, however, soon



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fell into the spirit of Chinga's leeringly erotic country lyrics. After the show Gina of the silicone tits revealed that the role used to make her uneasy, but as she put it, "I'm now able to use it as therapy for my own psychosexual-religious neuroses."

After Chinga's sex stint for the divinity students, he needed the Hell's Angels to get his next important gig: a show with George Carlin for the inmates of the San Quentin Prison.

"Tall John," a raw-boned giant dedicated to providing a few yuks for his brother Angels in the pen, saw Chinga's show at a Bay Area club and considered it "high art." Chavin was in the throes of an anxiety attack when he arrived in the prison's south dining hall and looked out over the audience of hardened cons. This was not going to be an easy show. Also, it didn't help to learn that only a few weeks before, the inmates booed Paul Krassner offstage for trying a comic bit with sexual material.

Undaunted by such adverse notices, Chavin walked onto the makeshift stage with band members, Sister Inferior, and three North Beach dancers supplied by the Hell's Angels. Wearing a plastic penis that covered his nose, Chavin sang such ditties as "Mama's Turnin' Tricks to Throw My Bail" and "Jail Bait." It was soon obvious that Chavin's brand of porn 'n' satire was not lost on these men.

Running his fingers over the chorus girls' breasts, across their crotches, Chavin climaxed his act by tearing off a dancer's top. At an ordinary establishment such a display of flesh would cause little more than a prolonged stare, but at San Quentin, where hundreds of celibate cons hadn't seen a set of naked boobs in years, fights broke out as priapic prisoners surged toward the stage, to get a better look.

San Quentin officials called Chinga aside, warning him that if he pulled that stunt again, it might be some time before he saw the other side of the prison wall.

"I was just striking a little blow for sexual freedom," Chavin later told a writer from *Time* magazine. "I was a sexual messenger service; that's why I felt up the chicks. The Hell's Angels are my favorite booking agents, and San Quentin is my favorite club in the Bay Area."

Later Chinga was arrested for indecent exposure in Hayward, Calif. (He was never charged with the offense.) He was into a flasher image at that point and would perform in pointy-toe cowboy boots, a grimy trenchcoat with his nickname, "Prig," lettered on the back in metal studs, and no pants. Nine inches of hairy leg were exposed from the top of his boots to the hem of his coat. According to arresting officers, Chinga recalls, what made the skin he showed indecent was its relationship to the skin that he didn't show. "Pornography is in the eye of the beholder," Chavin concluded upon dismissal from the jail.

Not since Lenny Bruce has an entertainer caused such a sensation in the Bay Area, such a polarization of opinion. Whenever the clientele begins to flee, Chinga always salvages a laugh by offering a lovely door prize to the next couple to leave in disgust. Still, not all is lost on his audiences. In the Bay Area, Country Porn is rapidly attracting a cult following to rival that of Patty Smith and the colorful Tubes. Indeed, the demonstration tapes Country Porn had cut for their expected first album were pirated and are surfacing as hot collector's items in the Bay Area underground.

Chinga Chavin's college cohort, Kinky Friedman, recorded and released "Asshole from El Paso" and performed it with Bob Dylan and Joan Baez on the Rolling Thunder Revue. "They told everyone in the world, including *Rolling Stone*," grouses Chinga, "that Kinky wrote the damn thing. But that's okay. It's strictly a first-rate parody but a second-rate tune."

Now that his lyrics have been surreptitiously recorded, it's only fitting that Chavin should cut his first album under his own label—Country Porn. The Nashville establishment has sneered at Country Porn from the beginning, and its members are irate because Chavin is recording in the heartland of country and western. In fact, two of the most "established" Nashville sidemen stormed out of the recording studio, disgusted with Chavin's outrageous lyrics and music. So far the Nashville powers have treated Chavin as if he had raped Minnie Pearl.

"Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings call themselves outlaws," Chavin laughs. "Well, if they're outlaws, what the fuck am I?" Chinga's Country Porn album will be available only by mail order or under the counter, but this drawback does not discourage him. He's shooting for an underground million-seller—the first gold record sold in a plain brown wrapper. All along he's told people that his song "No Sellout Too Small" is his anthem for success:

I'll give an' crawl
No sellout is too small
You can have my soul an' heart
But put my album on the charts.

People who don't really know Chinga Chavin take the lyrics as gospel—that he will do anything to get a laugh or to make a buck. But he's never cleaned up his act for commercial acceptance. As Chinga sings it, "No Sellout" is the ultimate satire, a lampoon at the very business he's been clawing at for the past two years of his life.

The Nashville Establishment, as director Robert Altman (*Nashville*) discovered, can be a very nasty bunch. Sending up country music, to those folks, is like desecrating the statues of Davey ("Born on a Mountaintop in Tennessee") Crockett. But despite criticism, suppression, and a record industry that is unwilling to take risks, Chinga seems to be on to something. In a society where everything "is too important to be taken seriously," Chavin may yet fulfill his mission to free the neurotics and make the world inhospitable to the likes of Pat Boone and John Denver.

est DROPOUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

The audience was asked to "share," which is a much-used quasi-psychological term meaning "to air one's problems" or "to brag about one's accomplishments." Either way, it is usually boring to the listener. One by one, people stood up to tell their heartbreaking personal jeremiads, which were at first extremely moving. Then, after a few speakers, audience sympathy turned to emotional numbness and, finally, to exasperation.

A physician bawled over his assumed guilt for some chance misfortunes in his family. Ron supported his guilt. A laborer recounted his verbal attack on his wife. Ron said, "And you are a fearsome motherfucker!" Ron convinced many who spoke that at a certain point in each of their lives they had "died" in order to be "right"—and now they were "dead right." Was I supposed to wonder at what point in my life I had died? Was everyone in that room dead? In the world?

Having established his authority and power over the audience through hours of insults and bullying, Ron relaxed his tone of voice and his posture and actually became charming and dynamic. Ron stated what seemed to be the principal tenet of est: "You are the cause of all your experience. Everything that has happened to you happened because you wanted it." (The people in India must *want* to starve.) Werner says you *give* yourself sickness. I asked Ron, "If I were hit by a falling safe, in the street, would that be my fault?"

"Who made you walk down that street? *You* did!"

"But I didn't cause the safe to fall on me."

"It was *your* experience. Therefore it was *your* safe." Although I was thoroughly confused by this "logic," I gave up any further discussion as futile. Besides, reasoning is absolutely taboo at est.

A businessman "shared" that he was *trying* to make his rocky marriage work. Ron placed a teacup on a heavy table, called the man onstage, and told him to try to lift the cup. The businessman easily lifted it. "Good," Ron said, "now *try* to lift it." After repeating the procedure four times, Ron made his point. "You can't *try* to do anything. You either do it or don't do it." Good, fine, great, nice. That may be true when the outcome is a foregone conclusion, but if Ron had told him to try to lift the heavy table, the man would have been *trying*. These endless word games were also becoming *trying*. And I was "getting it." I was learning what *it* was: an aching backside. They should rename Erhard Seminars Training the Sore-bun Academy.

Joe returned to announce the dinner break and gave us explicit directions to several nearby fast-food "restaurants." I wondered whether this was part of the plan to assault our senses.

After dinner things became even more

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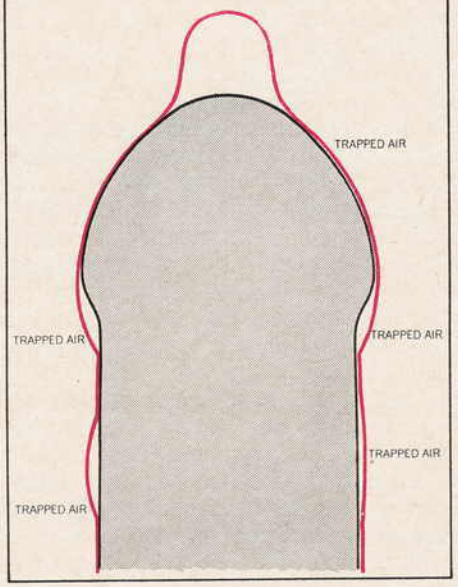

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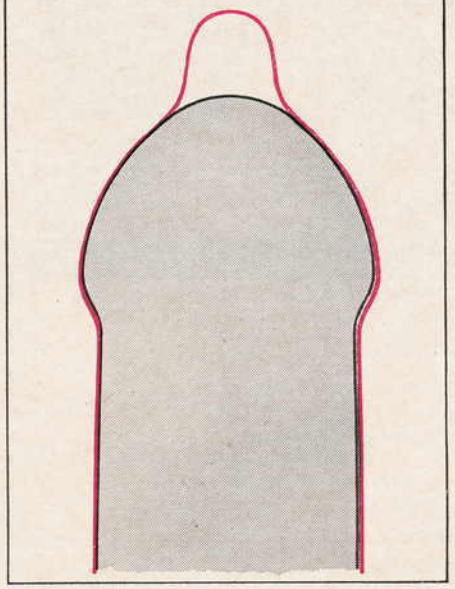

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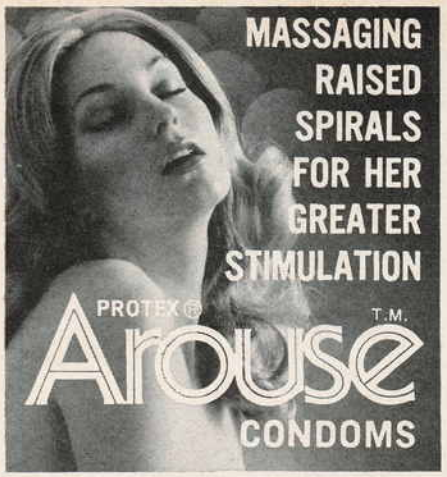

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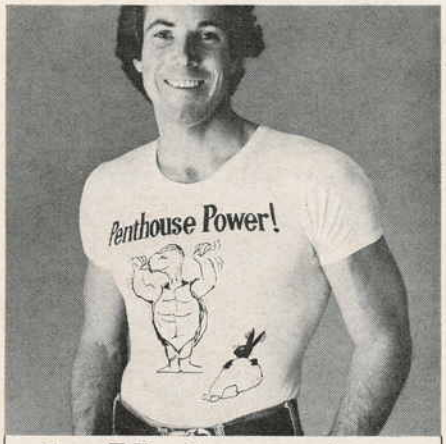

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boring. Ron released us at 2:30 A.M.

Daylight Saving Time went into effect overnight, and I arrived an hour late the next day. Joe the Golem met me at the door. "Do you acknowledge that you broke your agreement to be on time?"

"I forgot to set my mental alarm clock ahead."

"Good. Do you acknowledge that you broke your agreement?" I saw that this could go on indefinitely.

"Yes. I acknowledge it," I said.

"Good. Do you agree that you will be on time in the future?"

"Yes. I agree."

"Great. Take a seat," he then said. All Joe needed was an armband.

In the afternoon Ron guided us through a *process*, which is a sort of hypnotic state, a psychoanalytic technique used in acting classes, where it is called a "peak experience." (In this case it turned out to be a *pique* experience.) All the chairs had been removed, and we were told to lie on the floor, side by side. Ron instructed us to "make a space in your right foot. Good. Make a space in your right calf. Fine. In your right thigh, make a space." With all those spaces, what would hold me together? Ron told us to imagine ourselves on our own private beaches. In order to establish the right mood, Ron played a cassette recording of the surf, which, he admitted, sounded like the Seventh Avenue Subway.

Ron told us to think of one problem we would like to be rid of. Soon the room was filled with moans, sobs, whimpers, and cries. Then there was an earsplitting scream. A man cried out, "It's on my chest—*get it off!*" I felt I was the only *normal* person in the place. I sat up and saw hundreds of people writhing and flailing the air. I was in a snake pit, and I wanted out—to hell with the money! I never might *get it*, but I had *had* it. But there were wall-to-wall bodies and no route of escape. My situation, I saw, was ridiculous. The $250 joke was on me! I lay there and started to laugh, momentarily oblivious to the cacophony of human misery around me. Suddenly, a man shouted from across the room, "Somebody get these fucking NUTS off my beach!" The room was filled with the sound of laughter, which gradually faded back into the wailing and keening that continued until the process ended and dinner break was called.

I decided to drive home and not return to the training. I felt a great exhilaration. I had asserted myself!

Although I had missed that part of the training in which everyone supposedly "gets it," I've since learned that the point of the training is ultimately that there is *nothing to get*. You already have it! It's like saying, "Charley, if you give me all your money, I'll tell you the secret of life."

"Okay, Bernie, here's all my money. Now, what's the secret of life?"

"The secret is . . . that there is no secret."

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ST. JAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

Gold or Ken Kesey or Lenny Bruce and pimps or hustlers, even cops. My place was known as "St. James Infirmary." Anyway, I guess the cops thought all these guys hanging out with a bunch of barmaids and waitresses just had to be clients—and we, hustlers. One day, in 1961, they sent in this young, wimpy kid who just wanted a place to crash—or that's what he said. But then he asked for a lay, offering twenty bucks, and when one of my roommates jokingly said it wasn't enough, he pulled out his badge and busted us. Later, when I told the judge I had never "turned a trick in my life," he said, "Anyone who knows what a trick is is a whore." And I got a record. Was I mad! I'm still mad. In fact, I kept working against that goddamned judge for years until I finally helped get him defeated for reelection. And I appealed the conviction, too. Years later I won that appeal. But meanwhile I was classified as a prostitute, and that was it. Once you get that record, it's impossible to get a decent job. You don't stand a chance, because you've been branded as unfit to be in an office. Even as late as 1973 I was turned down as a *volunteer* fire lookout for the forestry department because of that particular case.

Penthouse: Is that what made you decide to launch COYOTE?

St. James: Yes. I got mad enough to want to fight the cops, the laws, the whole goddamned system. But meanwhile I was also labeled as a whore. If you're defined as a whore, there isn't much you can do except be one. Oh, I got some jobs just the same, like I worked for the bail bondsman who put up my bail, and then I worked as a process server for some of the lawyers I met through him. I even went to Lincoln University Law School for a while. But mostly I was a whore. Sometimes I did very well, like when I was the official company whore for a cosmetics firm. I was set up real nice, on Alpine Terrace, with a large sunken bath big and deep enough for great bath parties.

Penthouse: Sounds like you definitely enjoyed your work . . .

St. James: Sure, why not? When the cops don't harass you . . . ! mean, it's like having three different lovers a day. You know anyone who doesn't enjoy fucking? Look, in my early twenties, I used to cry myself to sleep because I couldn't come. But once they forced me into being a whore, I had no choice but to try to make the most of it. So I accepted and let go. I tried my best to stay in there with my johns. I guess I just took a positive approach, and it worked. I started coming at least once a day.

Penthouse: With anyone you happened to be with, or were you particular?

St. James: Anyone, from young boys—they're so sweet and tentative—to old men. You know, the old and ugly are the

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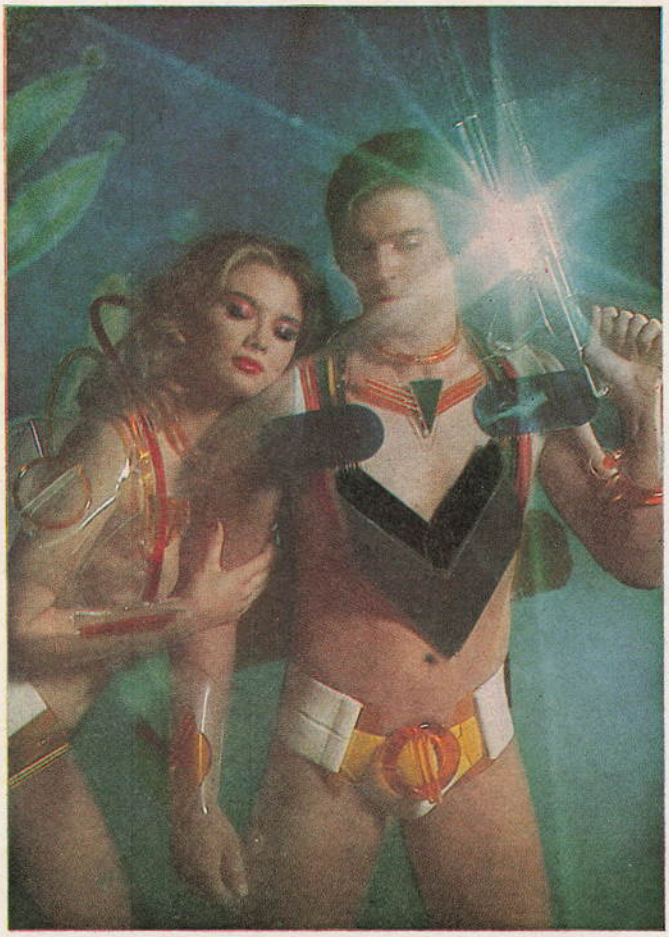

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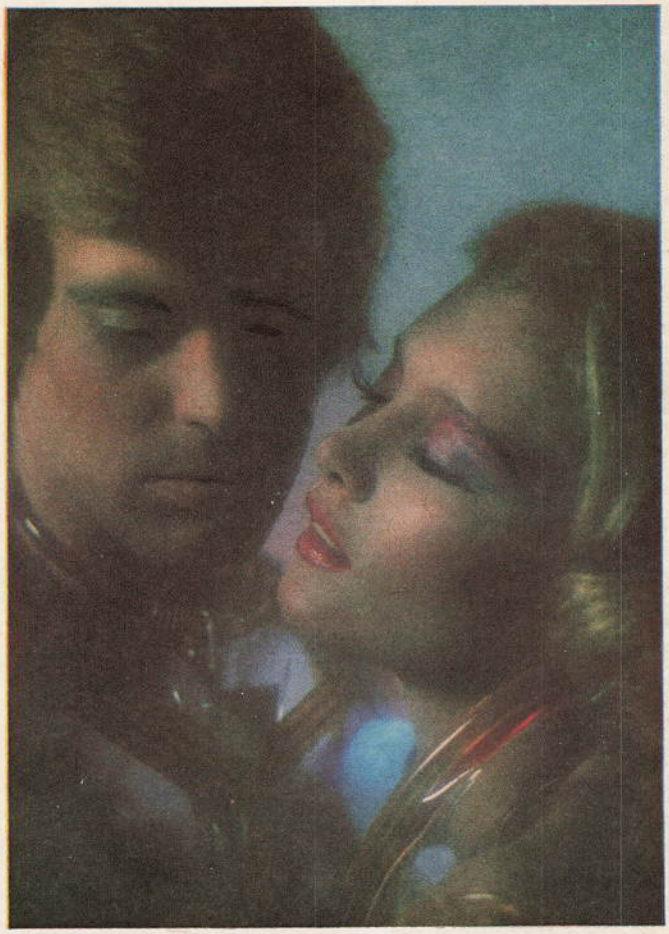

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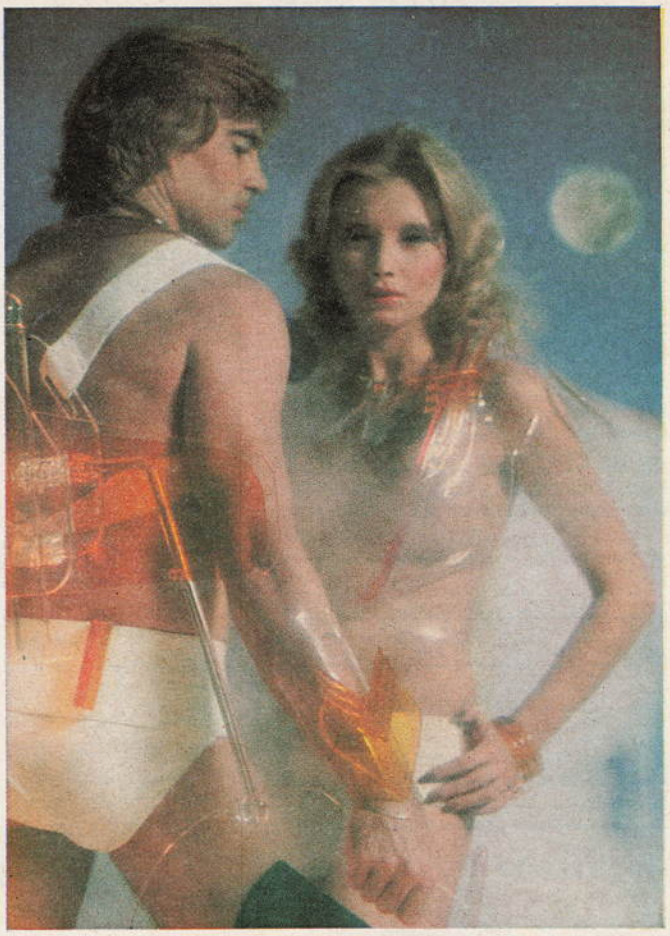

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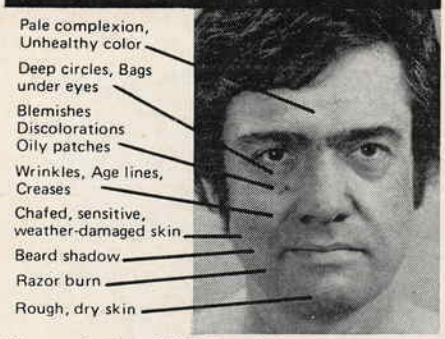

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best. Just like homely women, they have to try harder to compensate for being dumpy.

Penthouse: So why did you give it up?

St. James: Wait a minute—you're getting the wrong impression. Just because I enjoyed my work doesn't mean it's a fun profession. In the first place, I was somewhat privileged, thanks to my contacts, and didn't have to walk the streets. And since I got paid more, I could be choosier. But the streetwalker has it real rough. In California, as in every other state except Nevada, if you just say, "Hi, baby, want a date?" and the guy asks how much and you tell him, that's soliciting and disturbing the peace—criminal behavior. For a first offense, a woman who pleads guilty gets ninety days' suspended sentence and almost two years' probation. And what that means is that she's hooked. The cops can blackmail her into doing anything, from informing to setting somebody up to testifying falsely—perjuring herself—in court. What's more, she can't go straight after that. No one's going to hire an ex-hooker. An ex-con, sure; a murderer who's served his time, sure. Lots of companies have programs for so-called rehabilitated criminals. But a woman who sells her ass? In our society it's okay if the boss or the male execs fuck around, but a woman is supposed to be nice and loyal. The idea of a secretary being an ex-whore frightens everybody. It's too threatening. So most prostitutes are obliged to remain prostitutes after their first bust.

Then comes the second bust. In California that brings a mandatory forty-five days in the cooler. You can actually get less time in jail for stealing than for sucking. Next, you have to add the costs. In 1971 the San Francisco Crime Commission reported that the city spends almost $400,000 to bust, book, and jail 1,774 whores. We've updated those figures, and for 1974–75, we've come up with these: to arrest a hooker costs at least $510 and as much as $638. Court costs range from $800 to $1,000 for each. And jail time, at $14 a day per inmate, according to the sheriff's office, costs between $420 and $840, since jail sentences ranged between thirty and sixty days. That's a total of at least $1,730 per whore-bust, and perhaps as much as $2,478. Multiply that by 3,000 busts, and you've wasted enough money, well, that could have set up a complete hospital ward each year, equipped a whole new school lab, whatever. And for what? A victimless crime. Doesn't that make you rage?

Penthouse: It sure does, but . . .

St. James: Wait! I'm not through. There's still the whole question of moral corruption. Do you know that vice cops mostly go after non-white whores, even though the whites are still a majority? The resulting racial hatred is obvious. Also, one-third of all the busts that we know of—I'm sure it's much more, but the women are terrified into keeping their mouths shut—one-third of all the busts are carried out *after* the cops have had sex with their victims.

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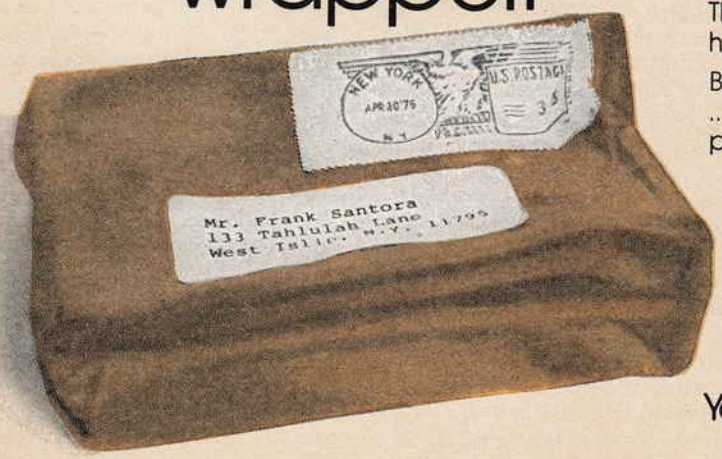

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There's no excuse for it. After all, the business transactions are carried out first; so the evidence is in. But no, not our great police protectors of morality. They have to get their rocks off first and then they remember morality. The net result is that every time a prostitute gets busted, corruption increases in this country. Plus, of course, there are those cops who are on the take. Now do you understand why we want the laws changed?

Penthouse: But if you legalize——

St. James: Not legalize, decriminalize. We want the decriminalization of prostitution.

Penthouse: What's the difference?

St. James: Decriminalization means the repeal of all laws against prostitution. This would end the harassment of prostitutes. It would stop the state from interfering at any level. It would lower the crime rate, since 70 percent of all women criminals were first jailed for prostitution and learned, in jail, that crime pays. It would free law-enforcement agencies to go after real criminals. It would double their available budget since—if you take all victimless crime together—half of a police budget is spent right there. And it would end or vastly curtail the whore's dependency on pimps. "Legalization," on the other hand, would simply establish a whole new battery of laws regulating victimless crimes. Cops would still have to check that the laws are obeyed. Vast amounts of money would still be needed. And worst of all, legalization would bring prostitution under the control of the most powerful pimp of all—the state. Would you like the state to decide who can be a whore and who can't? How much you can pay? What kind of services are allowed?

Penthouse: But if prostitution is decriminalized, why wouldn't male entrepreneurs immediately set up brothels and thus control the women the same way that the cops now control them?

St. James: Some would. And some of the brothels would be pretty awful. Just like there are a lot of awful restaurants around. But there are good ones, too, right? If prostitution is decriminalized, however, a lot of women might get together and start a brothel on a cooperative basis. They might get agents, like you writers, who charge 10 or 15 percent. Can an agent make it in the literary-publishing world if his or her clients are all bad? Well, neither could a whore's agent. The customer would be happier, more secure. The women would earn more. And if the agents, as agents, were compelled to keep their advertising discreet, environmentalists would be happier, too, since the gaudy neon signs would all disappear. For who would need to seek out the flashy nightclub with the "willing hostesses"? Who would need to spend up to $100 for a lousy massage to discover willing masseuses? Decriminalization tends to help wipe out exploitation, too. Take England. There prostitution is legal, but soliciting is not. So certain areas have become known as red-light districts. But how to find the right apartment? A whore is allowed only to put her name and a neutral title on the door, like "model." That means that ground-floor apartments in the area, in Soho, are more valuable. So the landlord charges more and more for those apartments. But if prostitution was like any other trade, represented by an agent, who would need to pay illegally high rents to be able to attract customers? A customer would simply call an agent, explain what he would like—his type, the service, whatever his fancy—and be given a place to go to. If the agent sends him to a girl who doesn't satisfy him, he then loses the customer. So the agent will try to be as much attuned to the customer's wishes as possible—just like writers' agents or actors' agents.

Penthouse: But if prostitution is decriminalized, how will society be able to enforce health laws?

St. James: There's no need for health laws. Do you go to a doctor because someone forces you to? As long as public health is available, whoever wants to take care of herself will do so. Prostitutes know very well that it's bad business to carry communicable diseases; so they get themselves checked more than anyone else, as it is. If prostitution is decriminalized, the prostitute will be much more aware that her success will depend on re-

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peat customers; so she'll take care of her health even more than she does today. Moreover, the statistics belie the myth about prostitutes and VD. For example, less than 5 percent of prostitutes have VD —85 percent of VD cases occur in non-prostitutes between fifteen and thirty. Look, if you're going to make an issue out of VD, then you should be consistent and order all customers checked. As it is now, when a prostitute gets arrested, she's quarantined until her blood tests are in. It's degrading and humiliating. But what about the customer? He's never checked. Yet one customer can spread VD to 100 other customers through the whore. The same customer can spread it through his wife or his girl friend. She fucks another guy, and he gets it, and so on. So the fuss about check-ups is illogical.

Penthouse: By the way, it seemed from the tone of your comment a minute ago that you're down on massage parlors. Is that a correct inference?

St. James: No, not at all, not in principle. But because of the laws, massage parlors have to play the hypocritical game that the cops have set up. So the customer gets screwed, or rather—very often—he gets taken, but not screwed. The massage parlor has to advertise falsely. On the one hand, the ad must imply that a customer is going to get blown or at least jerked off. On the other, it can never say that, or else the parlor will risk getting raided. So the customer doesn't know what to expect. The parlor can take him for a ride and leave him panting, and he has no way to get squared. What's he going to do? Call a cop and say, "Hey, they took me for a hundred bucks, and I didn't even get my little tool massaged." The way massage parlors now exploit the customers is one excellent reason for decriminalizing prostitution. Another is that those legalized pimps take 60 to 70 percent from the women. Whatever happens, the situation can't be worse than it is.

Penthouse: You mean with those new zoning laws?

St. James: I meant in general, but the new zoning laws that New York and Washington are trying to put into effect are a case in point. The officials claim that they want prostitutes off the streets; yet what are they doing about it? They're closing down massage parlors or trying to. What will be the result? Obviously, there will be more whores on the street.

Penthouse: Well, the argument that New York and Washington make is that massage parlors or sex shops or porno houses attract a particular kind of crowd that scares away the tourist and so-called decent people.

St. James: What hypocrisy! The majority of the customers are tourists, out-of-towners who would be afraid to get spotted going into such places in their hometown. But it is true that these houses attract people with no taste. That's not because of what is sold *inside* the establishments but because of the way it is advertised *outside*. If the cities legislated against gaudy advertisements—if they dared to keep in check the neon crap—then massage parlors, porno houses, pizza palaces, trinket stores, would all have to look better, like doctors' offices. Doctors are forbidden to advertise; all they are allowed to do is put out a shingle. Why couldn't such laws be made to apply to other professions, like shoe sellers, sandwich makers, and masseuses? People react to their environment. Take a look at those fancy massage parlors on the East Side of New York. Discreet, right? But on Forty-second Street what do you expect? The movie-house neons are twenty feet tall and awful. The signs advertising pizza joints are revolting. The dozens of radio and trinket stores all claim to be making their last closeout sales in placards covering their whole window spaces. So why shouldn't a porno peep house try to compete with signs just as big? Walk along Eighth Avenue. The whole street is disgusting—garbage all over the place. Is it the massage parlors that spew out so much garbage? Of course not. In fact, if you do walk down that avenue and you're objective, you'll find that the best-looking scenery is the whores. And take a close look at what goes on. There are more people on the corners than elsewhere. What kind of people? The poor and the lonely. They get to talk with the whores. Whores actually help. When a city locks up the whores and closes down a red-light district, the district dies. Whores, massage parlors, porno houses, are always concentrated in low-rent areas, like Eighth Avenue in New York or the Tenderloin district here in San Francisco. What kind of people live in such areas? People on welfare. The old. People who have nothing to do and few friends. Ask the old men in the hotels, the cheap, dilapidated hotels of the area, what they like best about the area. The prostitutes. They can talk, look, feel part of the action. Don't forget, this is a country which has no respect for the old, for the poor, for the lonely. Kill the neighborhood in which the prostitutes live and you kill the people who live in it. And the best way to kill a neighborhood made up of the poor and the old is to keep patrolling it with cops in squad cars. Police patrols are fine in the fancy neighborhoods. Upper-class and middle-class folks have all sorts of toys to keep them off the streets. But the poor? They have only each other. The whore, the pimp, and the local hawker for a sleazy joint are the means by which the poor and the old—who are inevitably shy—can start conversations. (Since money talks, the lack of it silences.) And the police should be part of it—not hassling everyone who doesn't dress just right or who happens to be the wrong color.

In Paris people live in the streets. Every corner has a café open until at least midnight. People just hang out—inside if they're able, outside if they aren't. What happens? There's no crime. And you rarely see a cop. But no crime. In America the

police prowl around all the time, flaunting their authority, twirling their nightsticks menacingly, like symbols of repressions and shakedowns. No wonder that the people who can afford to stay off the streets! And no wonder those whose only distractions are to be found on the streets represent a menace to the cops.

Penthouse: But in France, too, prostitutes are harassed.

St. James: Now, yes. Ever since they caught that big pimp, two years ago, the chief of police of Lyons. That's when the trouble started. After he was exposed, every one of the towns started getting tough on prostitutes.

Penthouse: What about the other European countries?

St. James: We plan to make some studies over there. Offhand, I would say that the Netherlands is not so bad. Sweden and Denmark are okay. Germany stinks, as you would expect. The Germans commercialized prostitution into a landlord trip—you know, huge Eros Centers, with everybody staring and a doctor on hand. Sweden has laws against pimps; so naturally there are lots of pimps.

Penthouse: How about you? Did you used to have a pimp?

St. James: No. I gave my money away indiscriminately, not to just one man. I like to spend my money my own way.

Penthouse: But you don't seem to condemn pimping.

St. James: Oh, I think some pimps are fine. A good pimp who knows how to take care of business, who works out a partnership that is equitable, well, why not? Besides, pimps give prostitutes status. Whores are no different from the rest of society. It gives status to a woman to have a man. So, don't attack the pimping industry—that's not to blame. Attack the value system of a society which defines womanhood in terms of its relationship to manhood.

Penthouse: When, precisely, did you become political?

St. James: In 1970. That's when I started WHO—Whores, Housewives, and Others—a consciousness-raising group, bringing together anyone who was interested in the plight of prostitutes. The organization was sort of based, in my head at least, on what my good friend Ti-Grace Atkinson said about whores: that "the only honest woman is a whore; at least she gets paid for it." Then, in 1971, I met Flo Kennedy, the black feminist lawyer, and she talked me into organizing my rage. She politicized me, so to speak. She convinced me that we would never get anywhere unless we acquired some political clout. So I started organizing in earnest. COYOTE was actually founded on Mother's Day in 1973. At first everybody laughed. But we kept on. We went into court every time we could. We've challenged the laws so often now that a lot of places are beginning to drop prosecution of prostitutes.

Penthouse: How big a network, would you say, does COYOTE have now?

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St. James: We're now in twelve major cities, and we've gone international. I was over in Paris during the prostitutes' strike there last year.

Penthouse: Where does your money come from?

St. James: Each locality raises its own funds—from the public. And we've gotten a few large donations, which are spread around among the chapters.

Penthouse: You've been helped by the American Civil Liberties Union, too, haven't you?

St. James: The ACLU has been fighting a lot of sexual-privacy cases, and prostitution comes under that heading. Many of the laws under which prostitutes are arrested involve invasion of privacy. In some cases you can bring a taxpayer's suit against your local vice squad for violating such laws. You can also bring a taxpayer's suit against an individual police officer. The ACLU has been doing a lot of that to help the cause.

Penthouse: Are you getting any police or court cooperation?

St. James: Sometimes. In Berkeley we did. When we filed suit in Alameda County, the police there didn't show up to defend themselves and so lost by default. That's why Berkeley hasn't prosecuted prostitutes for almost two years now. In San Francisco and Oakland, however, the police have fought back. We won a couple of test cases, and they're appealing; but we've gotten more than a hundred individual cases thrown out. And we have also gotten the VD-quarantine law declared unconstitutional.

Penthouse: But, in general, do you think that the police will ever go for the idea of decriminalization?

St. James: They pass the buck to the lawmakers, but they want to keep prostitution illegal for all sorts of reasons, like we said earlier—to keep whores vulnerable to police blackmail and for their own graft. Cops figure that as long as prostitution is illegal, whores will remain in the center of the crime world and hence will be a good source for information and setups. The more things a society declares illegal, the more important a cop's job is, right? Besides, by keeping prostitution illegal, the cops keep prostitutes in their bailiwick. It gives them access to the most beautiful women around. That's some fringe benefit, and they don't pay for it.

Penthouse: When the cops arrest a whore—their nice little fringe benefit—do they more often than not rape her?

St. James: Many women give a quick blow job to avoid the trip to the station. That's standard. They are too intimidated to refuse; they think they have no other choice.

Penthouse: What, specifically, are your plans for the future?

St. James: For the organization? More of the same. A real campaign in Washington to get the laws changed. We're also planning to force the Republican and Democratic conventions to take up our demands for decriminalization. That'll be some scene! The National Organization of Women, NOW, has adopted our demands and will help. We're also planning some documentaries, and I'd like to start a hookers' hiring hall. But the most important thing is to keep fighting for the needed changes in the existing law.

Penthouse: Do you really think that the majority of people in this country would go for decriminalization?

St. James: Sure. Most people who realize the problems would like to see all victimless crimes decriminalized.

Penthouse: What about the woman who feels threatened by the prostitute, the woman who says prostitution encourages her husband to be unfaithful?

St. James: I think the United States is the only country in the world which has such an illogical conception of prostitution. In every other country which admits it has a double standard—like Mexico, France, Sweden, Denmark, those countries which openly admit their sexist value system—it is understood that prostitution actually helps keep the family together. The whore simply gives a chance to the husband to do his thing without threatening the marriage. I mean, who's going to marry the whore? But in this country the woman wants the husband not to wander—not even for a shot. So hubby ends up with his

secretary and bingo: divorce. Well, it's just a question of education. Once the American women understand that as long as hubby gets a chance to visit a local cathouse at least once a week he'll remain a relatively happily married man, they'll go along with the idea.

Penthouse: What about the other way: is there a genuine need in today's consumer society for male prostitutes?

St. James: Women sure need some good lovers, of which there aren't many. At least, not from my experience.

Penthouse: But men can't fake it . . .

St. James: Here we go. Well, okay, that's right; men have to get it up to get it on. But, to tell the truth, most women would prefer good oral sex anyway.

Penthouse: Can you visualize a society, in the U.S. or anywhere else in the world, that would have no prostitution at all?

St. James: Sure, a fascist or Communist state with the prostitution all at the top.

Penthouse: And what about a well-adjusted society—assuming such a society does or could exist?

St. James: I don't think it's a question of adjustment. There are a lot of handicapped and ugly people in the world who can't seem to get sex partners. Then there are a lot of people, a lot of men these days (in a nonsexist society it would be both), who are so busy that they don't want to get involved in a complicated relationship and would be perfectly happy with a quick one. Or people who don't want the so-called meaningful relationship because they are fundamentally happy with their partners, people who don't want to be what we call "unfaithful." Then there are people who are on trips that are a bit odd, you know, who want to be beaten or whatever, but whose partners aren't into that. I don't know. Maybe in a society that does not dehumanize, where everybody has his and her basic needs, where people can love each other openly, with respect, there might not be a need for prostitution. Some people say that paying for a prostitute is a power trip; therefore in an unalienated society, no one would need to go on such a power trip. Perhaps—I can't see it. In any case, and certainly for the foreseeable future, we're going to have prostitution, no matter what laws are pushed on us. If we win, though—if COYOTE can convince the public and the legislators—then we'll have prostitution which would be open and honest. Safer for the customer, less exploitative for the hooker, and less corrupting for everyone. Besides, there is a question of morality, of principle, involved: no one has the right to tell me, to tell any woman, what to do with her body or her life—except herself.

Penthouse: What do you tell yourself these days?

St. James: I used to think the most important thing in life was being in love. Now I think it's being free. If someone ever decides he loves me, he'll have to buy my philosophy. My ass isn't for sale.

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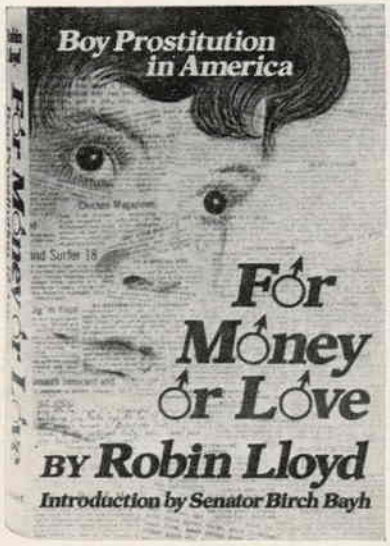

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PERFECTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

you go beyond your limit, but it is very hard to lose control of the 924 (although it's not, of course, impossible). We know of some drivers who can lose control of a scissors.

The suspension at the front is the MacPherson-type, made up from a combination of VW Beetle and Rabbit parts. The rear suspension is a torsion-bar affair. Brakes in the front are discs, but in the back there are lowly Beetle drum brakes—which seem to work just fine but are something less than you'd expect from Porsche. Front and rear brakes are power-assisted—another first for Porsche. The steering is a rack-and-pinion type. It is light and precise, well up to Porsche's high, internationally respected standards in this area.

Interior appointments in the car are first-class, with the gauges mounted in the flat-black dashboard. They are easy to see, and all controls are readily available. The standard gauge selection includes a speedometer with odometer, containing temperature and gas gauges; a tachometer with a straight-up red line; and, in the center console, an oil-pressure gauge, clock, and oil-temperature gauge.

Seating in the front is excellent. There's plenty of leg room, and the seats are just right, even for a plus-six-footer. The seat backs are adjustable, and you have a choice of straight vinyl seats or seats with plaid inserts. In the back the seating is another story. The term "2+2" in the parlance of most automobile people means that the car will accommodate two adults and two shopping bags. And this is fairly true of the 924, with sufficient space for one adult in the back for short rides only. The rear seats will fold down to give more luggage space (which, incidentally, is ten cubic feet with the seat up and close to eighteen cubic feet with the seat down).

The performance of the engine in the 924s we've driven is crisp and gutsy. It has plenty of punch up to about 6,000 rpm, when things tend to flatten out. You'll hear a real sports-car sound when the engine is really buzzing. One defect, however, is the exhaust rumble caused by deceleration. Cooling is by a two-speed, thermostatically controlled electric fan. And we managed to get between twenty and thirty miles per gallon, depending on whether we were honking or not. With a 17.3-gallon tank, the cruising range could be as high as 500 miles.

The transmission is a dream to operate. The shifter has short throws and allows for very positive operation. This is due to the rigidity of the linkage-control bar, which goes straight back to the transaxle and mounts solidly on the driveshaft tube. The shifter handle is short, stubby, and seems made for your hand.

The placement of the pedals is excellent. There's plenty of room for even this writer's Number Nine boots, and the legs

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are unobstructed on the way to the pedals.

The rear hatch, which exposes the spare tire and luggage area, is very easy to operate. It is controlled by two gas-filled struts and goes up and down effortlessly. The curvature of the rear window causes some visual distortion, creating a "fun house" effect with tall Fiats and flat, squat Oldsmobiles, but you get used to the distortion after a while.

We recently drove a number of 924s at Laguna Seca Raceway in California. This twisty, uphill-downhill track is a good test of the handling ability of any car, and the cars we drove on it were up to the vicissitudes of the route. The handling is what it was designed to be—neutral and forgiving. But it's not average in any way. In fact, we've talked to some people in Europe who drove 924s and Turbo Carreras around the same track at the same time, and the only place where the Turbos had the edge was in the long straights, where they quickly outpowered the 924s.

The 924 has an optional handling package, consisting of 185/70HR-14 radial tires (replacing the stock 165HR-14 rubber) and larger alloy wheels. The cars we drove with this package were noticeably more solid in the control department, but they also gave driver and passenger a somewhat harsher ride.

Our one big gripe with the 924, in fact, concerns ride. There is low-speed harshness, while at higher speeds the suspension tends to get a little soft. We drove a 924 around New York City's potholed streets for an afternoon, and the sensation was not one of the most pleasant we've experienced—sports cars or not. Granted that the 924s we drove were pre-production models, we nevertheless think that Porsche needs to make the ride a bit smoother and surer.

The optional equipment on the 924 includes a removable top, air conditioning, a special speaker system, leather-covered steering wheel, headlight washers, a right outside mirror, and a rear-window wiper. And, of course, there's the special handling package with the bigger wheels, tires, and the two stabilizer bars.

We think that the Porsche 924, with its beautiful wedge-shaped styling, its Ferrari-like rear end, its superb engineering, its fine balance and handling, and its Porsche nameplate, will be a big success on the American market. In the first year, Porsche should have no trouble selling the 15,000 cars it has anticipated selling.

If you don't think that you're getting enough Porsche for the money when you buy a 924, just think of this: The 911S lists for $13,845, the Targa starts at $14,795, and the Turbo Carrera goes for $25,850. These are all '76 prices—and they will probably go up in '77. The '77 924 costs $9,395. And remember: when the 928 is introduced in a few years, you can tell everybody, "You know something? I had a Porsche just like that a few years ago." Well, almost like that anyway. OH

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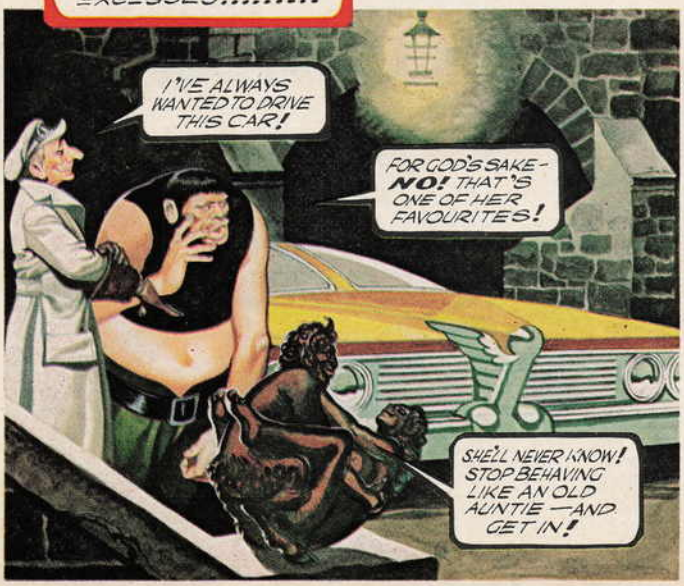
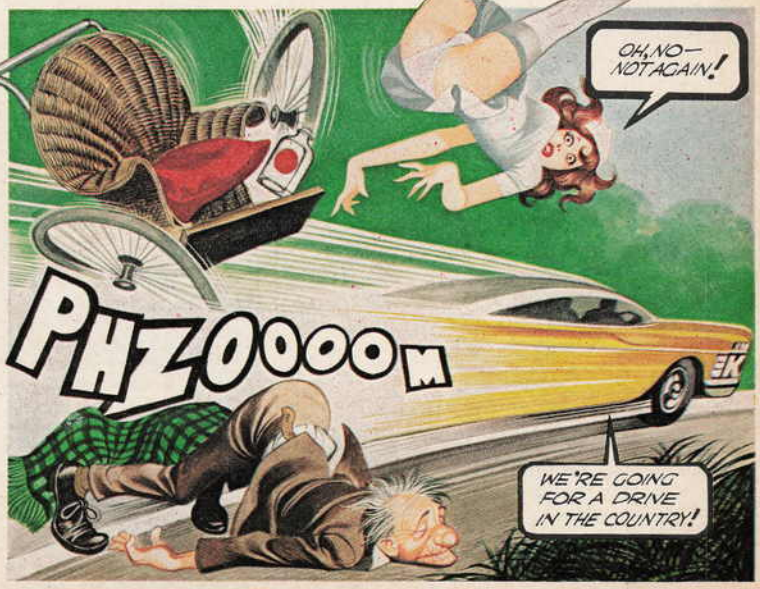
VISTA TOURS
I DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF THIS!
KEEP GOING, MY LITTLE PUSSCAKE — IT'S JUST OVER THE NEXT RIDGE!
YOU KEEP SAYING THAT! I DON'T WANNA PLAY THIS GAME ANY MORE — I WANNA GO HOME!
ASK 'EM TO HOLD IT WHILE I LOAD MY CAMERA!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

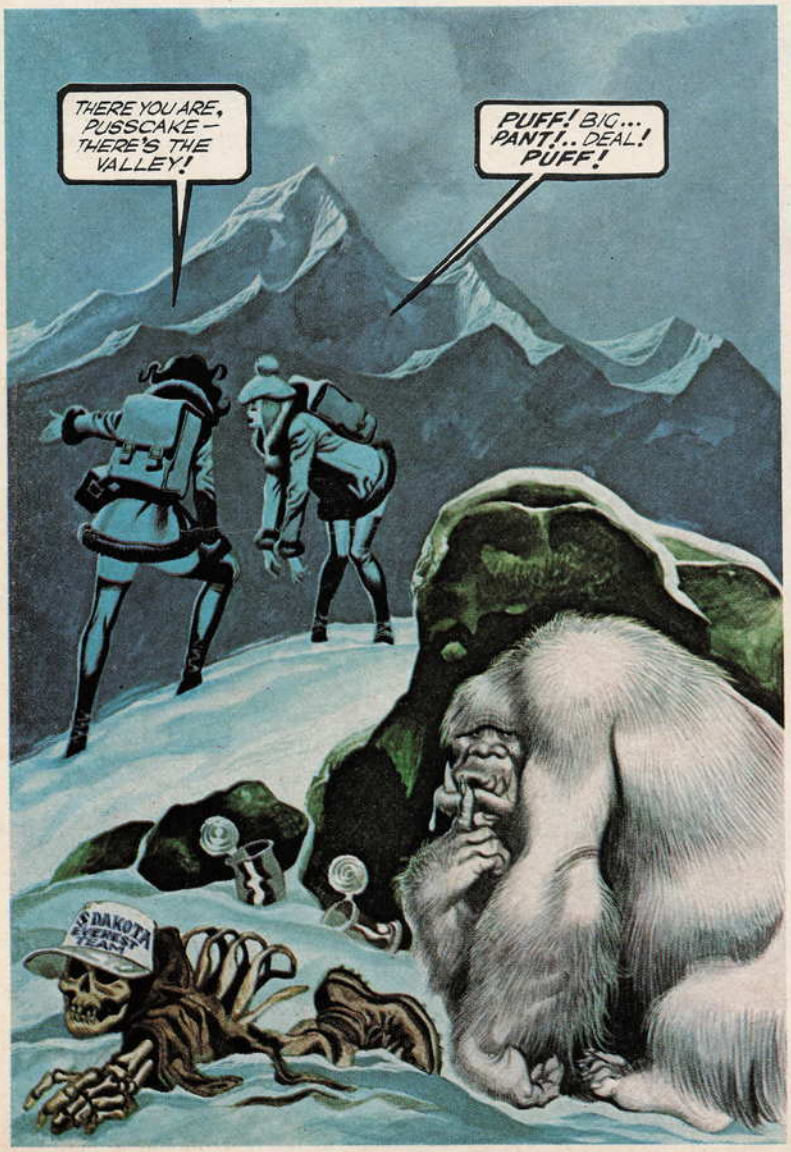
AND IN WANDA'S ABSENCE, THE PUSSFORCE LAPSES INTO DEBAUCHERY, THE SCHLOSS IS NEGLECTED AND HOMER SAPIENS GROWS EVER MORE RECKLESS IN HIS SELF-INDULGENT EXCESSES.....


I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DRIVE THIS CAR!
FOR GOD'S SAKE — NO! THAT'S ONE OF HER FAVOURITES!
SHE'LL NEVER KNOW! STOP BEHAVING LIKE AN OLD AUNTIE — AND GET IN!

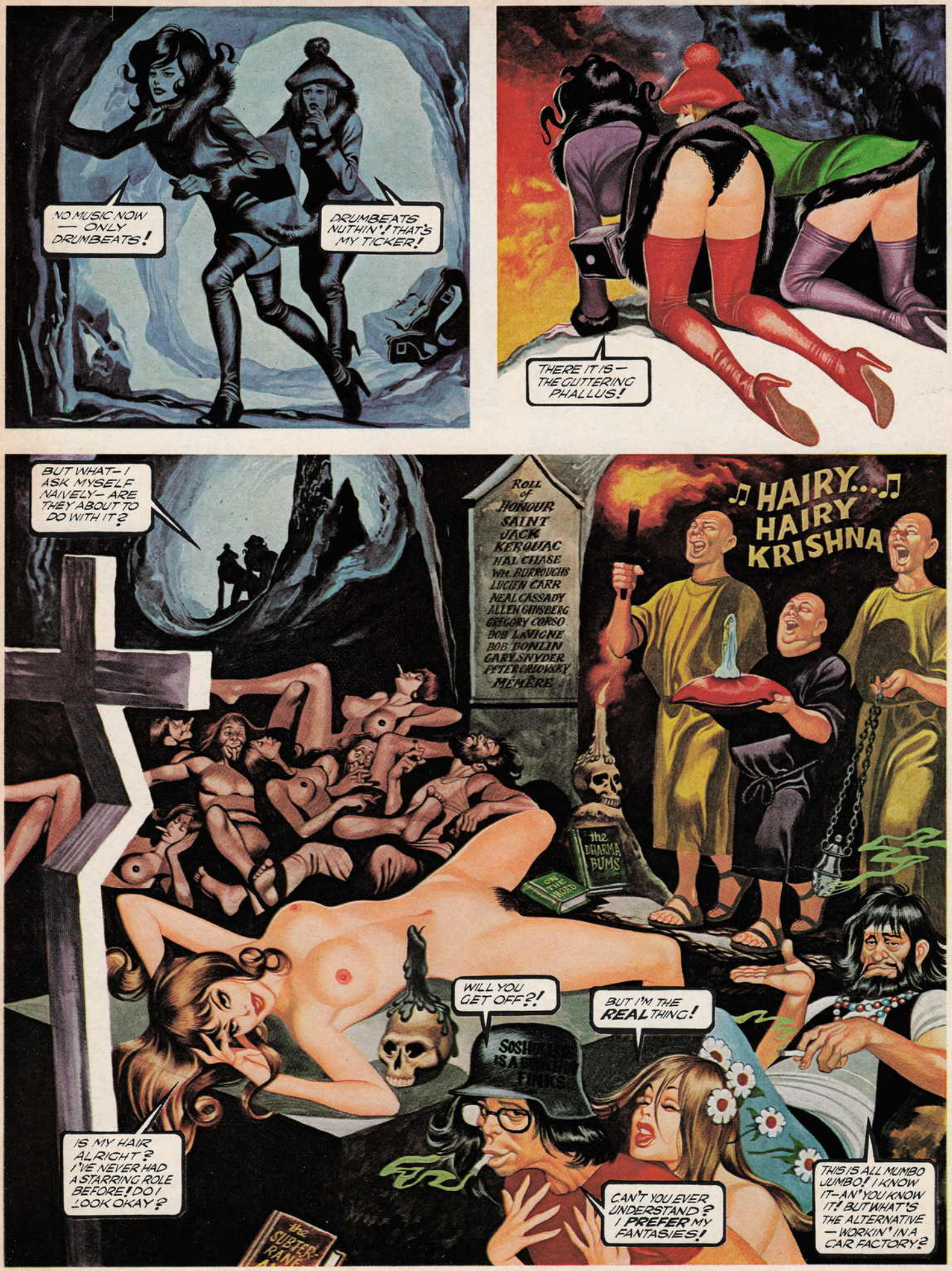


AGATHA! I THOUGHT YOU WERE VISITING YOUR MOTHER!
HEE-HEE! FREEBIE AND THE BEAN AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' ON US!
VON K
NYIKE!
SCREECH!
DID YOU SEE THAT PEDESTRIAN? JAYWALKER!
THE INFERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE IS GONNA DESTROY WESTERN CIVILIZATION!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS RUBBISH!
THE SAME OLD, OLD FORMULA!
EVERYTIME YOU TURN ON THE TELEVISION THERE ARE CARS SCREECHIN THROUGH THE SAME OLD FAMILIAR STREETS!
I WANT A CAR LIKE THAT WHEN I GROW UP!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THERE'LL BE ANY CARS WHEN YOU GROW UP?
RUM

THE MEDIA TREATS US LIKE A BUNCH OF MORONS!
DON'T BOTHER WITH A PLOT— JUST SMASH UP SOME CARS!
I PICK UP THIS MAGAZINE TO GET AWAY FROM THE TELEVISION— AND WHAT DO I GET?
MORE BLOODY CARS!
WELL I'VE HAD IT!
STUFF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION!
I'M GOIN' FISHING!
PENTHOUSE
D'YOU REALIZE THAT WAS ONE OF OUR REGULAR READERS? YOU'D BETTER FORGET WHAT SAPIENS AND GRUD ARE UP TO AND GET THE STORY BACK TO KATMANDU!
BUT THIS SEQUENCE IS GOOD! IT GETS VERY FUNNY!
NOW LOOK—I DON'T WANT ANY HASSLE —I'M TELLING YOU!
PENTHOUSE STRIP CARTOON DEPT
YES, SIR, MR GUCCIONE! WHATEVER YOU SAY, SIR!

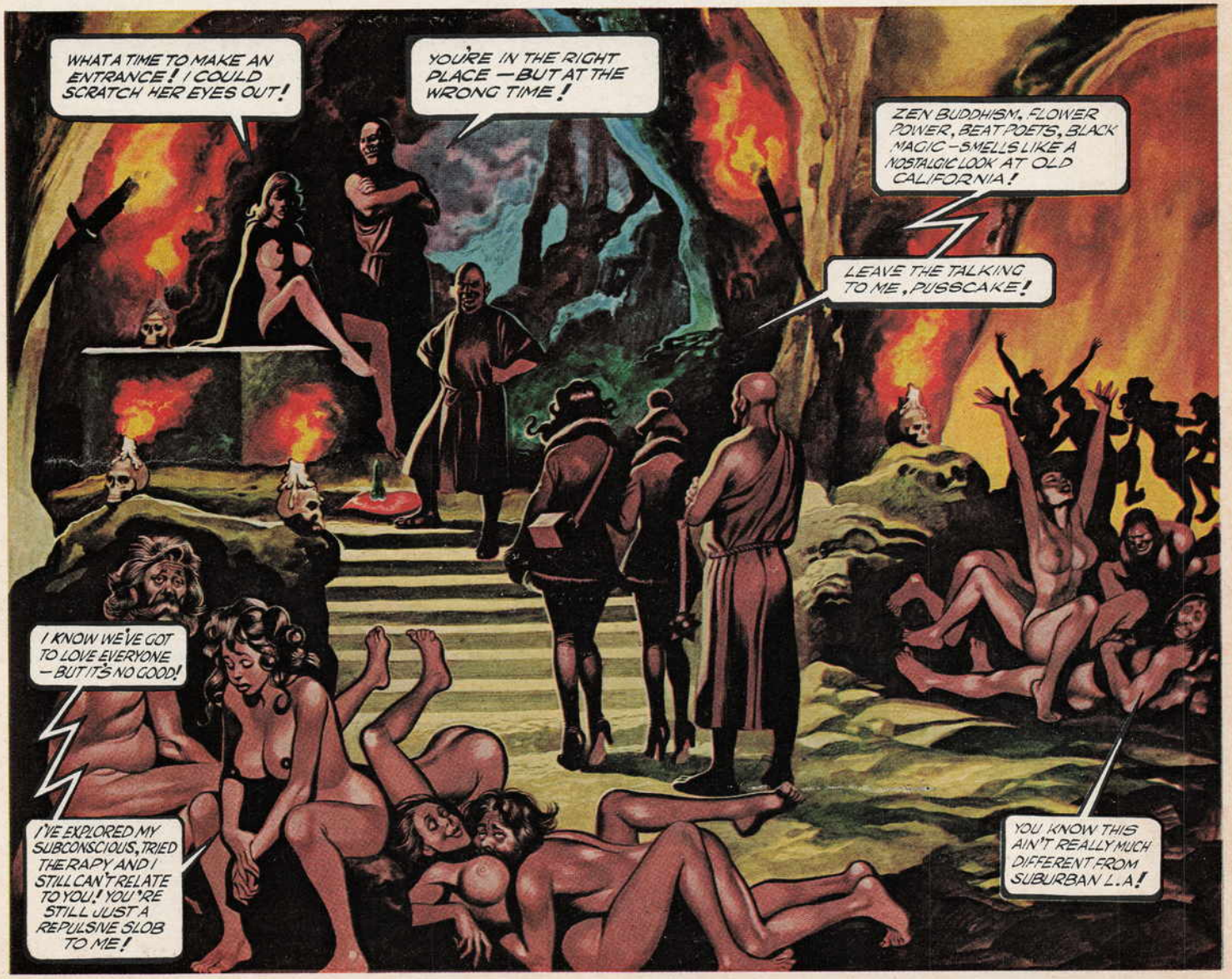

THERE YOU ARE, PUSSCAKE— THERE'S THE VALLEY!
PUFF! BIG... PANT!... DEAL! PUFF!
S DAKOTA EVEREST TEAM

DO YOU HEAR THAT WEIRD MUSIC?
NO, BOO'FUL. BUT I SURE CAN SMELL THE POT!


NO MUSIC NOW — ONLY DRUMBEATS!
DRUMBEATS NUTHIN'! THAT'S MY TICKER!
THERE IT IS — THE GUTTERING PHALLUS!
BUT WHAT— I ASK MYSELF NAIVELY— ARE THEY ABOUT TO DO WITH IT?
ROLL of HONOUR
SAINT JACK KEROUAC
HAL CHASE
WM. BURROUGHS
LUCIEN CARR
NEAL CASSADY
ALLEN GINSBERG
GREGORY CORSO
BOB LAVIGNE
BOB DONLIN
GARY SNYDER
PETER ORLOVSKY
MÉMÈRE
♫ HAIRY... ♫ HAIRY KRISHNA
the DHARMA BUMS
ON THE ROAD
WILL YOU GET OFF?!
BUT I'M THE REAL THING!
IS MY HAIR ALRIGHT? I'VE NEVER HAD A STARRING ROLE BEFORE! DO I LOOK OKAY?
CAN'T YOU EVER UNDERSTAND? I PREFER MY FANTASIES!
THIS IS ALL MUMBO JUMBO! I KNOW IT— AN' YOU KNOW IT! BUT WHAT'S THE ALTERNATIVE — WORKIN' IN A CAR FACTORY?

TWO UNINVITED FEMALES, O MASTER!
WELL DON'T JUST STAND THERE —INVITE 'EM!
THAT THING—A PRICELESS WORK OF ART? IT BELONGED TO THE EMPRESS OF CHINA—AND IT HAD NUTHIN' TO DO WITH ART, MATE!

WHAT'S THAT MUSIC, BOO'FUL?
THAT'S BEATLES MUSIC
...YIKE!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A M.....
IS IT? MY MOTHER USED TO LOVE THEM!
ON YOUR FEET!


WHAT A TIME TO MAKE AN ENTRANCE! I COULD SCRATCH HER EYES OUT!
YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT PLACE—BUT AT THE WRONG TIME!
ZEN BUDDHISM, FLOWER POWER, BEAT POETS, BLACK MAGIC—SMELLS LIKE A NOSTALGIC LOOK AT OLD CALIFORNIA!
LEAVE THE TALKING TO ME, PUSSCAKE!
I KNOW WE'VE GOT TO LOVE EVERYONE —BUT IT'S NO GOOD!
I'VE EXPLORED MY SUBCONSCIOUS, TRIED THERAPY AND I STILL CAN'T RELATE TO YOU! YOU'RE STILL JUST A REPULSIVE SLOB TO ME!
YOU KNOW THIS AIN'T REALLY MUCH DIFFERENT FROM SUBURBAN L.A!

I AM ALISTAIR CROWLEY—JUNIOR, OF COURSE! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY TEMPLE?
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COME AN' JOIN THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE!
IS THIS STRIPLY NECESSARY!
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, SWEETIE!
NOT.... THE GLITTERING PHALLUS?
YOU SHOULD BE SO LUCKY! YOU AIN'T EVEN NEOPHYTES YET!
RON LOEWINSOHN
WE COULD HAVE SUCH A BEAUTIFUL RELATIONSHI....!
THE SLENDER VOLUMES OF LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI
VINCENT PRICE READS POE
LE ROI JONES
I'M MOVIN' TOWARDS SELF REALIZATION!

HOW LONG WILL THAT TAKE?
THE MASTER WILL DECIDE.....
.... IN ACCORDANCE WITH YOUR WORLDLY GIFTS TO THE TEMPLE!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, YOUNG CROWLEY?
MORTIFICATION, MY DEAR! YOU'VE HEARD OF "O"? WELL, HERE WE'VE MOVED ON TO "Z"!
I DON'T LIKE THIS GAME! THIS IS A VERY WEIRD SCENE! I MEAN — THESE PEOPLE REALLY ARE FREAKY!

MAN! IT'S REALLY OUTA THIS WORLD WHEN SHE STRUGGLES!
I'VE BEEN LUCKY WITH MY CAREER. THERE AIN'T MANY JOB OPPORTUNITIES FOR FOLKS WHO'S ONLY QUALIFICATION IS DEPRAVITY!
HOLD IT! WE'LL PAY THE FINE!
WITH AN AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD? LET THE SCOURGING BEGIN!
DO YOU FIND LIFE COMPLICATED? I WAS A MARRIAGE GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR— UNTIL MY WIFE LEFT ME!
CASH ON THE NAIL! LET ME GO GET IT?
VERY WELL! BUT DON'T TRIFLE WITH SATAN, MY DEAR!
THAT MAN IS CALLED A SADIST!
ARE YOU SURE? THAT'S WHAT MY MOM CALLS MY DAD WHEN HE TELLS HER SHE'S FAT!
WANDA'S-OUCH-BLUFFING, FELLERS! THERE AIN'T -OW- ANY CASH! WON'T ONE OF YOU GET ME OUTA THIS AND SOOTHE MY TORTURED BODY?.....SNIFF!

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NATIVE GRAPE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151

being made by Schramsberg Vineyards, and at times it can compare with French champagne; close behind are sparkling wines by Mirassou and Hanns Kornell.

Moët and Hennessey will soon offer superb California sparkling wine through a facility named Domaine de Chandon (though the Napa-based producer can't call the product champagne).

Today all California wineries, large and small, have gotten off their casks and are making sure that their wines are available *throughout* the United States. If, then, you don't see much California wine at your wine merchant's, put pressure on him to carry a good supply. The California wine situation is becoming extremely competitive, and the beneficiary is the buyer.

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE OF CALIFORNIA

In **Washington State**'s Yakima Valley, Ste. Michelle Vineyards offers good Johannisberg Riesling, Semillion, and Cabernet Sauvignon wines. In **Oregon** a Willamette Valley wine district is ideal for growing Riesling, Chardonnay, and Pinot Noir. (Labels: Eyrie, Erath, and Tualatin.)

New York State is a mixed bag for wines, with vintners producing native American vines, some *vinifera*, and even a third group of vines, called French hybrids. French hybrids (relatively new) were developed by crossing native American vines with *vinifera* to avoid the objectionable, so-called foxy flavor of native grapes and also to withstand cold winters. Some New York wineries, such as Bully Hill and Benmarl, are working hard to make good wines from the better hybrids, wines such as Seyval Blanc and Aurora Blanc among the white wine types and Baco Noir and Chelois among the reds. Boordy Vineyards will certainly have much to say.

Yet, both Dr. Konstantin Frank and Gold Seal Vineyards are convinced that first-rate Chardonnay and Riesling wines can be made in New York State. Also, the Banholzer winery in **Indiana** and several **Michigan** wineries—Tabor Hill, Bronte Wine Company, and Warner Vineyards—are very serious about *vinifera* and French hybrid wines for their regions. Good sparkling wines are being made by New York's Taylor Wine Company and Charles Fournier Vineyard, as well as by Michigan's Bronte Wine Company and Warner Vineyards. And the "show-me" state of **Missouri** has recently shown me some interesting wines, made by the newly revived Mount Pleasant Wine Company in Augusta and the Peaceful Bend Vineyard.

If each state squeezes its grapes as expertly as it knows how, the day is not far off when we can show those German, Spanish, Italian, and, *mirabile dictu*, those arrogant French wine makers, that American wines have earned their place in the cellars of discriminating oenophiles.

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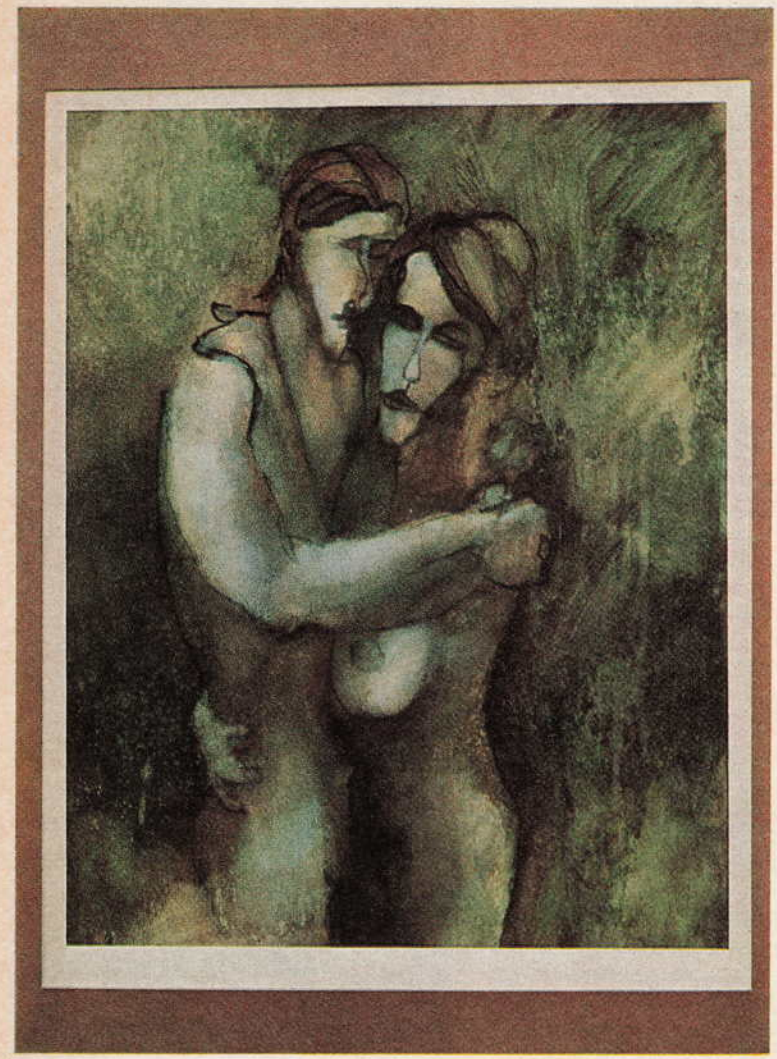

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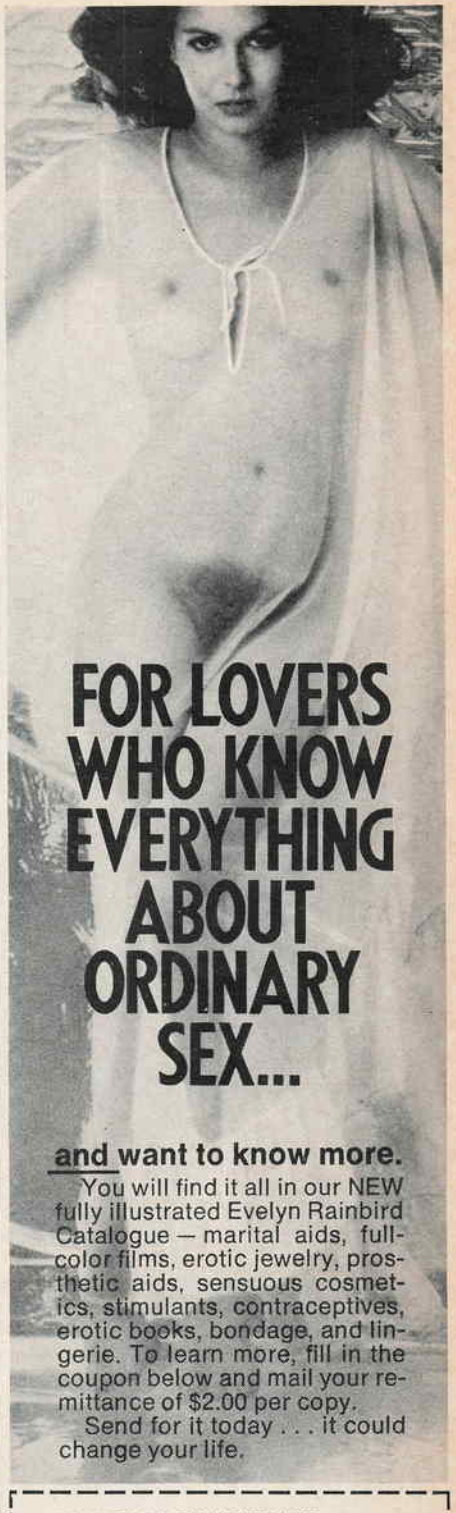
LOOKING GLASS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

Looking Glass does boast a cast of more than fifty flipped-out freaks, professional porn stars, and assorted sickies, running amuck through a whole panoply of satanic activities. Any film that goes to so much trouble to flesh out the fantasies of a modern-day American woman can't be all bad. What we have here is not just a lot of kinky sex served up in steaming doses. No way! This is a *work of art* with a lot of kinky sex served up in steaming doses. And that gives it *artistically redeeming merit.* This is a film with a message for every red-blooded American (under 18 not admitted): "If you can't have 'em all, you can always beat your meat." *Through the Looking Glass* is a film in which the "blue" is as much in its blood as in its images. In short, this is porn *with a plot!* And the plot is forever thickening. Simply stated, it all starts in a secret, mirrored room where Catherine, exhausted with the tedium of yet another glittering dinner party, is having it off with an old mirror, on an old mirror, and ultimately *within* the selfsame mirror. This mirror happens to be the home of your average workaday demon who decides to take Catherine into a land created entirely out of a hard-core composite of her own fantasies. Of course, he also decides to take her himself in every possible manner beforehand. Later, this high-spirited sprite spirits her away to (where else?) Spirit Land—through the looking glass—a place beyond space and time where nothing is forbidden and everything is permitted (under 18 not admitted). "What's good about this story," says Middleton, "is that we have plenty of places where sex is an integral part of the plot. And when it happens, it's very explicit—it just starts right in front of you and goes out to the edge." And the other side of the looking glass is just that—the Edge, a red-tinged, unreal landscape where atrocity and perversion are just a part of the passing parade. From transsexuals to transvestites, from leather queens to nubile nymphs, from buggering to orgies, from fucking with flowers to golden showers, from group fellatio to auto-fellatio, every kink in the armor of human sexual behavior is displayed on the sordid screen. Still, the quarter-million-dollar question remains: "Is the American public ready for *Through the Looking Glass*? Jonas Middleton has spent three years betting that they'll all come together to see it. And, given the sexy slant of the seventies so far, it's hard not to give him even odds. After all, if people can pay millions to see a woman whose "missing" clitoris was found in her throat, it might not be too much to say that we are all wandering around in Looking Glass Land already (under 18 not admitted). ○+



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JUNKMAIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

"It's a mail slot, not a mailbox."

"I don't give a damn if it's a collection agency with girls diddling at the desks."

"You go up there tomorrow and see if it isn't there. It might be. Even for you, Davis, she might be there. She's used to her postman. She just might be waiting for any fingers to come through that slot."

"You're nuts."

"39 Walsingham. You want me to put in a pink card so you won't forget?"

"I don't need no damn pink card to remember that."

When Jenkins came to work the morning after his day off, Davis accosted him.

"Jesus, Jenkins, 39 Walsingham!"

"She was there? You diddled her cunt, too, didn't you?"

"You wouldn't believe it. Not one, not two, not three, but four cunts stacked on top of each other. One for each of my fingers coming through the slot."

"You didn't even see one."

"No, I didn't, and you ain't never seen none either. You're just as full of bullshit as they come."

"I swear, Davis, I wasn't lying. For the last week every day I went by there, there was a cunt behind the mail slot playing with herself and letting me play with her."

"You know who lives there?"

"La Vallière or something like that."

"Well, he's a lawyer or something like that, so I don't think his wife would be holding her twat against the door for a postman to diddle it."

"I'm not saying it's her. I don't know who the hell's cunt it is, but it's there. It could be a maid or someone else."

"Hey, man, ain't no sister going to be doing that."

"No, it's white. I see enough of it to know that."

"Then it ain't no maid."

"There can be white maids, too, Davis, you know."

"Man, if you think like that, no wonder you see cunts in mail slots."

"I suppose she wouldn't do it for any postman," Jenkins mused as he drove to his route. "I'm here every day. She can surely do without those days I'm not here. I can understand that. I guess you'd have to be some kind of desperate woman to show your cunt to Davis. He can doubt—that's his privilege—but I can deal."

He parked at the corner of Walsingham and Vassar. He took his mail out and locked the jeep. By now he had learned to divide the mail so that 39 Walsingham was at the end of a bundle. There was no repetition of the first day when he had scattered mail over the porch. He came to 39 Walsingham with a sheaf of letters, two circulars, and two magazines. Nothing impeded their passage through the mail slot, but when he

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looked inside, she was waiting for him. She wove her sensual way toward him. When he reached his hand through, their fingers touched, and together they massaged the cunt. Their index fingers entwined inside the vagina, grappling with each other like two wrestlers. All the time he talked softly through the slot.

"Oh, that's good, isn't it, Baby? You know that's good. You know I've got something better, too, don't you? It'd slip in just like that, and rub against you there, just like that, real fast. You got to let me in there, Baby. You got to let me in there."

A person passing and overhearing his monologue would have been certain of his insanity. Had a psychiatrist passed, perhaps he would have been overjoyed. This could have been his first case of a man with a mail-slot fetish. But no one came by. No one heard. When he stopped and the staccato breathing behind the door stopped, all was silent. He still held her index finger. She tried to pull it away.

"I won't let you go until you open the door."

She pulled harder. Both fingers were well lubricated, and there was no way he could hold hers.

"You owe it to yourself to let me in. There are better ways to have sex, easier ways, too. I have a thing that fits better than your finger, better than my finger, too."

His pleadings were fruitless. Silence reigned behind the door. Had he not seen the figure and sunk his fingers in her sex, he would have doubted that anyone was there at all. Maybe no one was. Maybe she had some method of slipping away after her orgasm and left him there to plead to the empty room. The thought so angered him that he pounded hard on the door. Recognizing that act as folly, he hurried off the porch to deliver the rest of his mail.

The next morning he decided on definitive action. He walked up the path, climbed the steps, and knocked on the door. No answer. He noticed a doorbell and rang that. Still no answer. He knocked on the door again, louder and longer this time. That brought no answer either. He stooped to look through the mail slot. The room was vacant. He waited some time, taking peeks through the mail slot. He saw nothing. The house stood as silent and undisturbed as usual. He poked the mail through the slot and went on.

"Well, Jenkins," he told himself, "the direct approach didn't buy you anything. You should have known better than to try that. She's a cagey one, she is, damn her!"

He was frustrated not to have her to play with. He did not remember that he was frustrated when he did have her, which doubled his frustration at her absence. He bent letters, shoving them through mail slots. He tore magazines. He misdelivered many letters. All in all, he had a very bad day indeed, a regular abortion.

Not wishing to be denied again Friday, he approached 39 Walsingham in his normal manner: walking up, opening the slot, dropping the mail. He realized that he could go on without leaning to look through the slot. He thought he could go on without looking, but he leaned to look anyhow. It was there. He had ceased to think of the body as belonging to a person: it was a cunt that waited behind a mail slot. For all he knew the object of his thoughts could have rolled there on wheels.

They repeated their finger exercises of the previous Wednesday. He repeated his pleadings verbatim. At least, he did not consciously vary them. Results were exactly the same: a moment of heavy breathing, a sigh, and absence. The irony of the repetitious event inspired him.

"I'll belt her with a little humor," he thought. "It can't hurt. It might help."

He sat on the porch and wrote a note on a post office routing slip:

Oh, Sweet Invisible Cunt,
Do not post your box with inadequate stamps. Unzip your code, and let me post it with the real thing.
Your loving postman.

He dropped the note through the mail slot and went whistling down the street.

Their index fingers entwined inside the vagina, grappling like two wrestlers.

When he returned to the office, Johnson called him to his desk. Two inspectors were sitting with Johnson. One of them was holding the note.

"Jenkins, did you write this?"

Johnson handed him the note.

"What is it?"

He read it slowly, aping as much disbelief as he possibly could. One of the inspectors spoke.

"We have compared it with your signature, Mr. Jenkins. It appears to be your handwriting. And your literary—style."

"It was turned in with a complaint from Mrs. La Vallière at 39 Walsingham. You were delivering that route today, weren't you, Mr. Jenkins?" The shorter, fat inspector added the rhetorical question.

"You didn't do that, did you?"

Johnson didn't believe that he had.

"It's his handwriting," the tall inspector reminded Johnson.

"Anybody could have dropped this through her mail slot. It's not locked," Jenkins said.

"Write it on a post office routing slip and sign it, 'Mr. Postman'? Hardly, Mr. Jenkins." The short inspector was incredulous.

"We can't have postmen doing things like this," the tall inspector said.

"Jenkins, did you? Johnson asked.

"You're goddamn right I did. For three weeks some bitch stuck her cunt in front of that mail slot every time I came by to drop the mail. At first she diddled herself off, and then she let me diddle her. That's enough to drive any man crazy. So I wrote that note to let her know I'd had enough."

"You didn't," Johnson said.

"That's not the way to handle these situations," the short inspector said.

"What the hell should I have done?"

"You should have reported it to your supervisor, Mr. Johnson, and he would have taken the proper steps to handle it."

"It looks like I handled it myself," Jenkins said reflexively.

"I'm afraid you did," the tall inspector said, his brows bent in disappointment.

Jenkins had nothing more to say. No one else spoke. Johnson shook his head. Johnson was smiling, but the two inspectors sat solemn and pontifical.

"Well, what about it?" Jenkins snorted.

"I'm afraid we have to release you," the tall inspector said. "We can't very well have postmen going to houses and dropping suggestive notes with the mail."

"You can't have postmen—what about that old bitch out there?"

"Could you identify her?"

"How can you identify a woman if you've only seen her cunt?"

"The only substantial evidence we have, Mr. Jenkins, is your outrageous note and Mrs. La Vallière's complaint. On that basis, we have to release you."

"Johnson, what are they doing to me?"

"You should not have written that note. That was a stupid thing to do."

"All right, but I had reason to do it. My God, I shouldn't be fired for that."

"You occupy a federal position, Mr. Jenkins, that requires both restraint and control. Your behavior exhibited neither."

Jenkins was speechless.

"We have with us the necessary forms that you must sign for your release. If you sign them, you will receive your retirement pay and vacation pay, but you cannot claim any of your sick leave, since your release is immediate."

"You can stick those up your ass."

"Mr. Jenkins, do not think for one moment that we necessarily need your signature to release you. Considering the circumstances, I personally think that in these sex-perversion cases, personnel should be released without benefits. If you want that, we can arrange that, too."

"I want a hearing before a qualified mediator. Not you two gooks. I get a hearing, don't I?"

"I don't see what difference it could make if you are unable to identify the woman in question."

"I want that goddamned hearing!"

The tall inspector wrote on the forms that they had wanted him to sign.

"All right, Mr. Jenkins, you are now temporarily relieved of your position, dependent on the outcome of a hearing to be held in Room 213, Main Post Office, Wednes-

day morning, nine o'clock. The case will be terminated then.

"Terminated? Hey, I want that bitch La Vallière down there that morning."

"Mr. Jenkins, we are not a court with the power to summon people."

"If she has a complaint against me, then she ought to be there to back it up in front of me. If she doesn't show, there can't be much to her complaint."

"That's for the mediator to decide," the tall inspector said.

The inspectors gathered their papers, zipped them in briefcases, shook hands with Johnson, ignored Jenkins, and left.

"Johnson, can you get me out of it. I've been a good worker. I want you down there that morning to tell them that."

"Can't you see, Jenkins, it doesn't matter? It doesn't matter why you wrote the note, but the fact that you wrote it will be enough for them to release you."

"You just get down there, and we'll see."

Visions of destruction filled Jenkins all weekend, visions of breaking a door with an axe and garroting the frail female behind it. On Saturday night he even drove by 39 Walsingham. Several cars were parked in the driveway. Light streamed from every window. There seemed to be a party going on in the large house.

At exactly 8:50 Wednesday morning Jenkins was sitting in his postal uniform in Room 213. Four minutes later Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Henderson joined him. Davis came in the room at 8:55. Then at about 8:58 the two inspectors entered, followed by a third man with a manila folder under his arm. They went to the front of the room and took chairs behind the big desk there. They spread papers in front of them on the desk. Among the papers was the routing slip on which Jenkins had written the note.

At nine o'clock Mr. and Mrs. La Vallière entered. Mr. La Vallière was a man of medium height, square-jawed, with slightly graying hair. He wore a dark suit, tie, and vest. He looked very successful. Mrs. La Vallière hung on his arm. She was tall with aquiline features. Her hair was piled in a bouffant. Huge pearls hung from her ears matching the string of pearls that lay on her bare collar bones. She wore a white chemise that did little to hide the shape of her body. Her hips moved slightly.

"The bitch," Jenkins mused, "she wore that dress so I would know for certain it was her."

The trim, elegant lower body matched exactly the body he had seen so often through the mail slot. Without speaking to anyone, the La Vallières took seats on the opposite side of the room. The unknown man behind the desk began to speak.

"I'm Mr. Arnold, assistant chief inspector for the Western Regional Post Office. I flew into Oakland this morning and have no previous knowledge of the people involved in this complaint. Does anyone object to having me sit as mediator at this arbitrational hearing?"

No one did.

"This hearing was called for the benefit of Mr. Jenkins, against whom a complaint has been lodged, of a serious enough nature to warrant his release by this department. Mrs. La Vallière has filed a complaint concerning a suggestive note dropped with her mail and signed by Postman Jenkins—or so the handwriting indicates. Is this correct?"

"Yes, it is," Mr. La Vallière spoke.

"Mr. Jenkins has admitted writing the note, has he not, Mr. Kronski?"

"Yes, he has," the short inspector said.

"Mr. Jenkins?"

"Yes, I wrote the note, Sir, but I feel that there were mitigating circumstances connected with my act."

"Then please tell this hearing what circumstances you consider that important."

"Well, I was arbitrarily assigned Route 326 Piedmont. I delivered mail for two months on that route until one day the mail wouldn't go through the mail slot at 39 Walsingham. I stooped to look in, and there was a hand behind the slot. While I watched, the hand moved and exposed female parts. The hand then played with the parts. She masturbated while I watched. This went on every day. She stuck her cunt behind the mail slot and diddled herself while I looked. Then she let me diddle her."

Mr. La Vallière jumped to his feet.

"Mr. Arnold, I will not permit my wife to be subjected to this diatribe of filth and innuendo. I don't care if you are a federal office or a governmental—"

"I didn't say it was your wife!" Jenkins screamed. "It could have been your maid."

"We don't have a maid. Only a cleaning lady who comes once a week."

"If your wife is the only woman in the house, then it had to be your wife; there was a cunt showing through that mail slot every morning for two weeks."

"Mr. Jenkins, I can sue you for—"

"Please!" Mr. Arnold shouted.

Mrs. La Vallière jumped to her feet. Her face was livid.

"Mr. Arnold!" she screamed.

In the silence after her outburst, she drew a deep breath. Her face filled with total scorn and disgust.

"Mr. Arnold, do you think that I am such a bawdy, libidinous beast that I must stoop to exposing myself through a mail slot to some itinerant postman in order to gain sexual satisfaction?"

"No, I don't," Mr. Arnold answered.

"Then there isn't much reason for us being here, is there?"

"No. You may go," Mr. Arnold said.

She took her husband's arm, smiled a cold smile at the room in general, walked haughtily across the room and out the door. Jenkins stared at those slim, elegant hips. He imagined those loins moving in steamy rotations, bucking, yearning, palpitating. He knew it had been her. He also knew he had lost. ○—

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COMING IN THE OCTOBER PENTHOUSE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND SEPTEMBER 14

THE ARROGANCE OF POWER

Quick: what highly secretive federal agency has sufficient clout and power to defy both the president and Congress?

No, we're not talking about the CIA. Next month *Penthouse* publishes an inside look at the Federal Reserve Bank. Created to bring some order to the nation's banking system, the "Fed" may, in fact, have botched the job. Many financial experts believe it has not only failed to protect the public from the economic traumas of the past few years but also may actually be the cause of many of these near-catastrophies. Financial reporter Lee Berton scrutinizes this "citadel of secrecy," which—says at least one congressman—is the nearest thing we have to a closed government autocracy.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

In 1959 the Teamsters Union almost "shut down" New York City in an attempt to unionize the police department, an effort that prompted the incumbent commissioner to declare, "If the police are unionized . . . Hoffa would be the police commissioner." Jimmy Hoffa apparently decided that the power was not worth the publicity and halted the plan. But times have changed. Unionized cops are becoming less exception—and more rule. Hoffa is gone, presumably dead, and he's been replaced by a circle of men who may be far less scrupulous about their use of power. Once again the Teamsters are organizing law-enforcement agencies. You think cops wouldn't want to affiliate with such a notorious union? Think again. *Wall Street Journal* reporter Jonathan Kwitny unearths some startling facts about the growing number of policemen, sheriff's deputies, state troopers, prison guards, and even officers who feel that the big muscle of the Teamsters is just the kind of power they desire.

QUITTERS, INC.

Everyone who smokes has thoughts about quitting. Everyone who doesn't knows someone who should. The big question is, how to do it. In Stephen King's short story, we learn of a very select organization that promises a complete cure for people who have unsuccessfully tried tapering off, going cold-turkey, buying low-tar brands, undergoing group therapy or hypnosis, or switching to dried cabbage leaves. Perhaps the organization's ends did not justify the extreme means, but the method always worked—one way or another.

THE FEBRUARY FANTASY

What if you and your lover agreed that once a month, one of you would cater to any sexual fantasy the other stipulated? Would the arrangement add an exciting fillip to an otherwise fulfilling relationship? Or would it lead to experiences better left in the realm of imagination? Fiction writer Eric Hiller has written a sometimes funny, frequently arousing tale about a man and a woman who attempt to save their marriage by making their fantasies take flesh-to-flesh form. When the incarnated fantasies work, they are very, very good. But when they don't, it's —well, that would be telling . . .

THE MASQUERADE BALL

Tired of attending yet another boring orgy? Humorist Craig S. Karpel relates what happens when *Masque* Magazine throws a group-sex party at which nobody takes off his or her clothes. At this "masquerade ball," in fact, costume sex is *de rigueur*, and the well-taken identities—and best-costume competition—make for a bizarre scene of couplings undreamt of.

PLUS

The Amorous Astrologer's passionate portents for Libra and others . . . Satire by Norman Mark . . . The Least Expensive Four-wheel-drive Automobile on the Market . . . What's Your Best Buy in 35-Millimeter Cameras? . . . The Further Fabulous Adventures of Wicked Wanda . . . Mankoff's Guide to Lusty Travel Around the Globe . . . And the Lovely Ladies of *Penthouse*, too.

ADVISER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

$6,000 for *Parthian Shot*. His winning of this award, given for "the best first novel by an American published during the previous year," further supports *Penthouse*'s conviction that Vietnam veterans have much to say about today's America and its problems. Little is presently at work on his second novel. His subject is the "Golden Triangle" in Southeast Asia, a prime source of opium and hence the cradle of drug problems experienced by Vietnam veterans—and non-veterans.

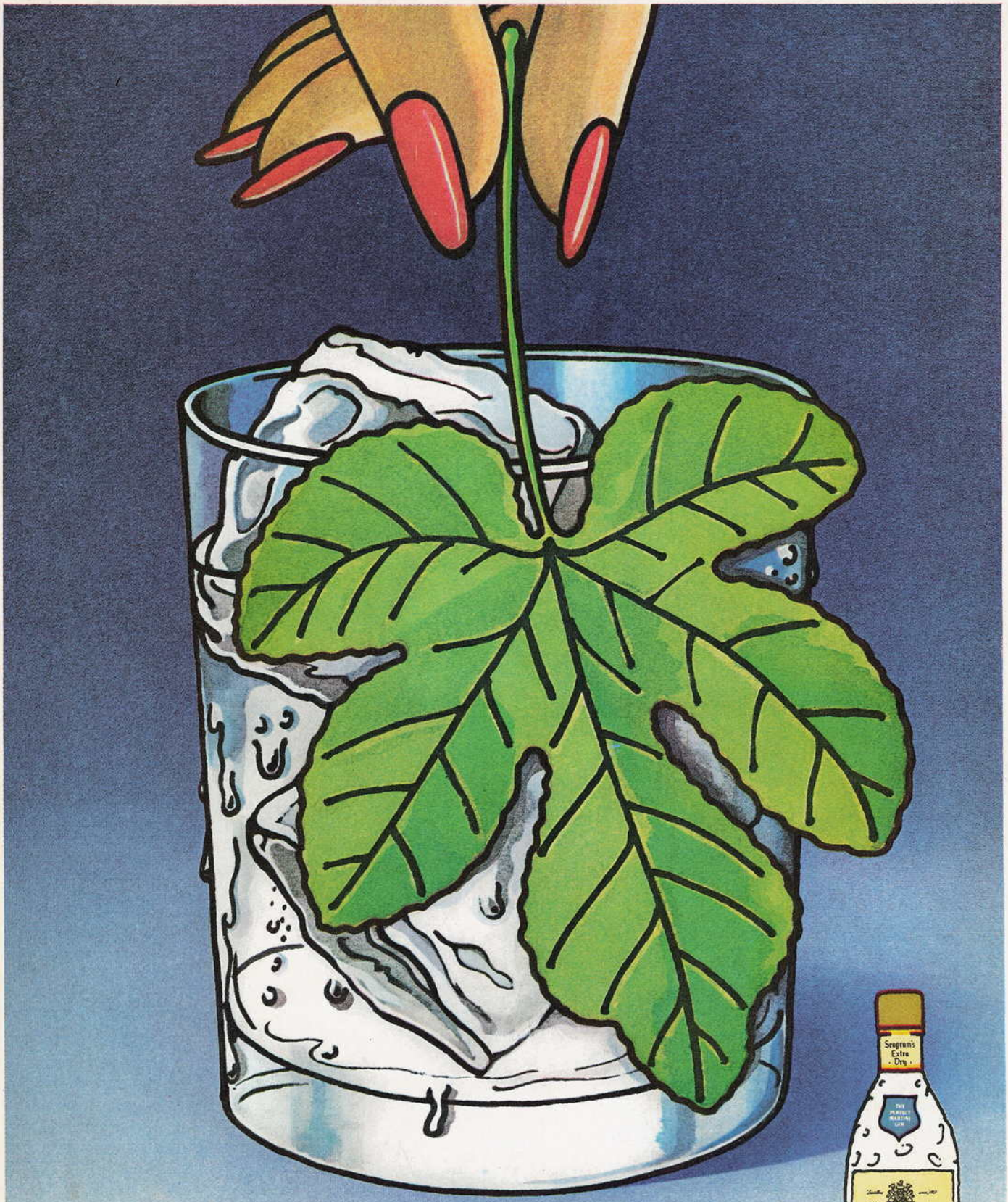
In addition to authoring poems and novels, Vietnam veterans are using the medium of drama to express the war's impact on soldier and civilian. One such playwright is David Rabe, who was drafted out of Villanova and served in Vietnam from 1965 to 1967. Rabe has received awards from the New York Drama Critics, as well as a Tony and an award from *Variety*. The young dramatist has also been honored with an Obie Award for his plays, which include *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, *Sticks and Bones*, *The Orphan*, and *Boom Boom Room*.

According to Henry Hewes of the *Saturday Review*, Rabe's most recent play, *Streamers*, is "probably the best new play of the season." *Streamers* takes place in 1965 in an army camp where a group of soldiers are waiting to be shipped to Vietnam. In this familiar, commonplace context, staged within a single barracks room, David Rabe sets forth the pre-combat fears of three young soldiers. Carlyle, one of the principal characters, sums it up by saying the following, "This whole Vietnam thing—I do not dig it . . . it ain't our war no how, because it ain't our country and that's what burns my ass . . . that and everybody just sittin' and takin' it. . . ."

Many viewers of *Streamers*, critic Hewes also notes, "may find the unpleasant combination of overt homosexual activity and gory violence too strong to take. Yet these manifestations are essential to the fabric of the most beautiful play that Rabe has yet written." Rabe makes us wince—but lessons of the soul are not cheaply won.

In David Rabe the Vietnam veterans have a strong voice to tell their story, a gifted dramatist who can portray not only the large-as-life realities of their terrifying wartime experiences but also the griefs and confusions of the postwar experience.

In the judgment of *Penthouse*, the hard-won successes of Bryan Floyd, Lloyd Little, and David Rabe are indications that a battalion of gifted young writers is emerging from the war years. Their efforts signal an honest attempt to find truth and meaning in the anguish of Vietnam and in what it reveals to us about ourselves. In this quest, it is only fitting that the veterans of that war lead the way. The emerging literature of their spokesmen can only enrich our national consciousness and our individual lives.



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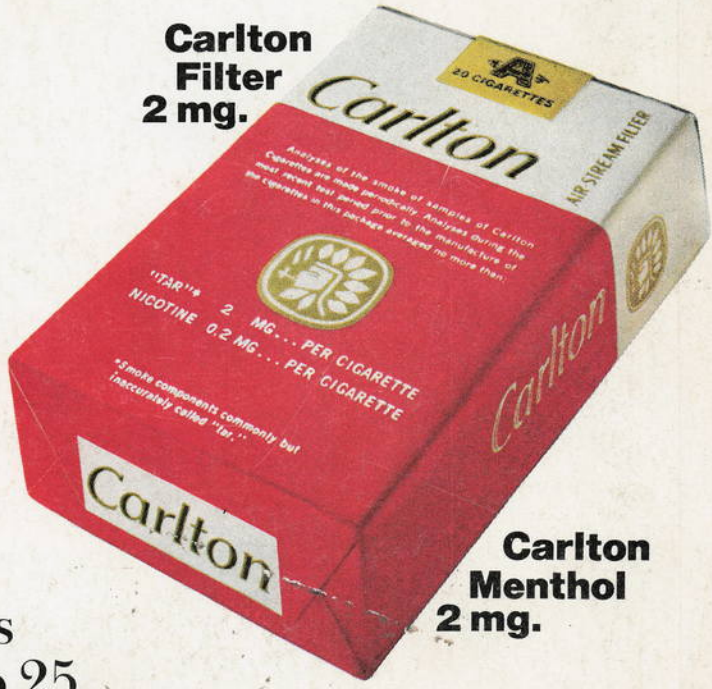

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